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A WHOLESOME STIMULUS TO HIGHER POLITICS.

SINCE the war with Spain was begun, it is remarkable how every action of the government and every stage of public opinion has been true to the fundamental impulses of our race and to our own history. It was begun, as most of our wars were, to uproot an intolerable wrong, but in this case to the righteousness of its provocation was added a dash of revenge; it was prosecuted, as our previous wars were prosecuted, impetuously and without preparation, and the sheer love of adventure quickened our indignation; it was conducted humanely to the enemy and recklessly to our land forces; after the close of hostilities, we framed a treaty of peace which throws on ourselves not only all the grave responsibilities of our own action, but also the burden of the centuries of accumulated abuse of the enemy's power; and when it was all done, we fell vigorously to debating a policy that had already been made inevitable. At every step, the fundamental temper and the ancient traditions of our race have so displayed themselves that the course of events has not been stayed or shapen to any perceptible degree by declarations or resolutions, or by anything that has been done indoors.

And the world, including our kinsmen and ourselves, has measured us by the right measure at last, — not as a heterogeneous mass of men, without definite tendencies and ideals, but as the republican branch of the English family, with impulses, thoughts, and actions even more truly characteristic of the race

than if we had never rebelled against British abuse of colonial power.

Our duty, then, is not hard to see, nor is it hard to foresee how we shall meet it; for our policy is determined by greater forces than senatorial resolutions and peace treaties. To understand how inevitable a policy it is, we have only to keep in mind the cumulative effect of three great forces, — so great that no other three forces in modern times may be put beside them: the successful world-girdling spread of our family, first as colonizers in temperate climates, and then as guarantors of order and promoters of commerce in the tropics; the continuity of English history in our own history, of English institutions in our institutions, most of all of English blood in our blood, and of English ways in our ways; and the third fact, that in efficiency for practical tasks the American, with free opportunity for development during all the generations of his independence, has outstripped his insular kinsman, man for man, and has at last come to understand his capacity.

Our history and our ideals forbid our having "colonies" in the old sense, as dependencies to be governed for the direct benefit of those that govern. In fact, it was we who taught Great Britain a lesson in colonial methods that has done much toward the successful building of her empire, and that has improved the manners of wise home governments toward colonies ever since. The conception of a colony has radically changed

with the spread of democratic ideas. It had one meaning in the early days of British authority in India, and it has another meaning in these days of British authority in Egypt. It may be our good fortune still further to humanize and to soften this meaning, until it come to signify only help toward free government; for the only kind of government that we can be a party to is a government as free as conditions will permit, and guaranteed by us as fast as conditions will permit to become self-government. We have neither an historical nor a moral right to fix our rule, as a permanent foreign rule, over any people. But the duty is laid on us so to direct and to control the helpless political life of these old Spanish colonies as to bring it as fast and as far toward self-government as may be, relaxing our hold as their advancement permits. In character the problem is the same in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in the Philippine Islands, and it differs in the several cases only in the stage of its solution. It matters little whether it be ten years or a century before we can be rid of the obligation to control and to direct their political life; but it matters much whether we recognize in the beginning that we have not the right of conquerors, but only the duty of protectors.

Our character and capacity as a branch of the greatest colonizing and protecting race in the world have made our duty plain; our history and our ideals make plain our aims; and the practical methods of wisely administering this trust are made clear by the experience of our kinsmen who have similar trusts in thousands of islands. They have developed a system of colonial administration that is a product of race character,—is, in fact, more characteristic of the race than any other thing that it has developed; for what distinguishes the British from all other peoples is their empire, especially their successful management of undeveloped communities.

This success does not lie in any trick or mere system of laws, but comes from a fundamental race quality which has produced the system. The French, for example, might copy English laws and imitate English methods, yet they could never develop backward races and extend the area of productive civilization. But since we have the mettle for such a task, we may hope, naturally, to find the right method native to us.

And the right method is one that already lay before us as a duty in the management of our own affairs,—to take our colonial service, as we must take our consular and diplomatic service, clean out of party politics. This was the way the British service was raised from pillage to justice. It is easy to foresee the results of such a change, for the most impressive lesson of the war was the demonstration of the instant and almost uniform efficiency of our navy: every man was eager to take any risk, anywhere, at any time, to serve the country. Yet the officers of the navy are not in any way exceptional Americans. They are only the legitimate products of a proper system of appointment and of training. We shall have as high and as uniform efficiency in any branch of the civil service, if we make it permanent, honorable, and lucrative; for service in the navy is harder and less well paid than similar service in commercial or professional life. It has only the advantages of permanence and of honor.

In our dull and sordid periods of politics, we have sometimes forgotten that worthily to serve the state is the strongest ambition of all high-minded youth in a republic; and we deny the state good service in non-elective offices only by wrong systems of appointment and removal. Our diplomatic service has at all times commanded some of our greatest men; but at all times it has been uneven, and in its lower ranks it has at many times been vulgarly ineffi-

cient. As soon as we see fit to dignify it by making it permanent, honorable, and well paid, so that the best equipped men may make careers as diplomatists and administrators, we may have in a single generation as good a foreign service as there is in the world. Our universities will become its recruiting grounds. The pressure of our colonial problem ought to quicken our action in opening the doors of this service to a picked and well-trained body of our most capable men. When this is done, we may hope to carry on the practical work of distant administration with success.

We shall shun the single danger in the future if we remember that the necessity to protect and to train these dependent communities forbids their participation in our own government. We should not keep our government a self-government if we admitted to it representatives of untrained aliens. One of the weaknesses of our Constitution is the method of admitting states into the Union; for it has tempted both parties to increase their strength in Congress and in the electoral college by the admission of unripe territories to statehood. But we have our own experience as a warning, and we may learn a lesson from British experience as well; for not even the greatest self-governing colonies have representatives in Parliament. The inchoate and respectable anti-imperialist party, if it outlive its initial impulse of protest and its amateur management, may do good service in the future by checking the humanitarian zeal in which partisan desperation sometimes conceals itself. We should not be who we are if we were to lose either our dominant impulse to action or our secondary habit of protesting — after the act. Thus do we keep our civilization under constant examination without checking its orbic movement.

Both the vigor of action and the earnestness of protest give evidence that we

once more have a public subject that appeals to the imagination. It draws new party lines and gives meaning to our politics, which have so long been well-nigh meaningless and insufferably parochial and dull. There is now a sort of heroic temper in the time, for we have not only to solve the problem of Spain's fallen empire, but to strengthen our own confidence in the Republic, and to give it its proper position alongside the other dominant and responsible Great Power of the world. This is the most wholesome exercise in constructive patriotism that this generation of Americans has had.

When they come to be seen in their proper perspective, the war and our "colonial" policy that must follow it will seem only incidents in a long chain of logical and natural events; but an era of renewed interest in public affairs ought to date from the beginning of such a policy. And a renewed interest in public affairs is of greater importance to us than the war itself or the problems that it may bring. Consider, for example, the logical and probable effect on civil service reform. For twenty-five years or more a small group of patriotic and persistent men have unselfishly worked to promote it, against the indifference of the mass of citizens. The progress that the reform has made is one of the most cheering facts in the political history of the time. But it has made slow progress, it has never been beyond danger of reverses, and it has not yet reached its logical and proper development. To the mass of men, — even of right-thinking men, — engaged in their own pursuits, it has seemed rather a policy affecting the disposition of a few thousand clerks than a great principle affecting the dignity and stability of the government. The reform has been inconspicuous, and in the indifference of the larger public to it the spoilsmen have found their opportunity and encouragement. But since civil servants must now be chosen for impor-

tant posts, upon which the eyes of the whole world will rest, the principle of choosing all non-elective public officers by merit will be more likely to attract public attention and to win general approval. The subject is sure now to have such dramatic presentation as will impress the popular imagination.

If civil service reform has developed slowly because of popular indifference, so has every other important movement to lift up and dignify our public life. Indeed, in popular indifference every boss in the land has found his opportunity.

For lethargy, the only cure is action; and activity in public discussion and administration is the only method of keeping the health of the republic. In fact, every period of activity in our history — every time a new and important subject has come forward — has called into public life abler men than those that sought office in stagnant eras. If consciousness of world influence is the best result of the war, there is reason to hope that a more active political life will be the best result of the new policy that follows it.

SOME CRANKS AND THEIR CROTCHETS.

"Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her
time!"

Merchant of Venice, I. i.

ABOUT five-and-twenty years ago, when I was assistant librarian at Harvard University, much of my time was occupied in revising and bringing toward completion the gigantic pair of twin catalogues — of authors and subjects — which my predecessor, Dr. Ezra Abbot, had started in 1861. Twins they were in simultaneity of birth, but not in likeness of growth. Naturally, the classified catalogue was much bigger than its brother, filled more drawers, cost more money, and made a vast deal more trouble. For while some books were easy enough to classify, others were not at all easy, and sometimes curious questions would arise.

One day, for example, I happened to be looking at a pamphlet on the value of π ; and should any of my readers ask what that might mean, I should answer that π (π) is the Greek letter which geometers use to denote the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. The arithmetical value of this symbol is

3.1415926536 and so on in an endless fraction. Is it not hard to see what there can be in such an innocent decimal to irritate human beings and destroy their peace of mind? Yet so it is. Many a human life has been wrecked upon π . To a certain class of our fellow creatures its existence is maddening. It interferes with the success of a little scheme upon which they have set their hearts: nothing less than to construct a square which shall be exactly equivalent in dimensions to a given circle. Nobody has ever done such a thing, for it cannot be done. But when mathematicians tell these poor people that such is the case, they howl with rage, and, dipping their pens in gall, write book after book bristling with figures to prove that they have "squared the circle." The Harvard library does not buy such books, but it accepts all manner of gifts, and has thus come to contain some queer things.

When I consulted the subject catalogue, to see under what head it had been customary to classify these lucubrations on π , I found, sure enough, that it was Mathematics § Circle-Squaring. Following this cue, I explored the drawers

in other directions, and found that books on "perpetual motion" formed a section under Physics, while crazy interpretations of the book of Daniel were grouped along with works of solid Biblical scholarship by such eminent writers as Reuss and Kuenen and Cheyne. Clearly, here was a case for reform. The principle of classification was faulty. In one sense, the treatment of the quadrature of the circle may be regarded as a section under the general head of mathematics; as, for example, when Lindemann, in 1882, showed that π cannot be represented as the root of any algebraic equation with rational coefficients. But our circle-squaring literature is very different. It is usually written by persons whose mathematical horizon scarcely extends beyond long division: just as the writers on perpetual motion know nothing of physics; just as so many expositors have dealt with the ten-horned beast in blissful ignorance alike of ancient history and of the principles of literary criticism. What all such books illustrate, however various may be their ostensible themes, is the pathology of the human mind. They are specimens of Insane Literature. As such they have a certain sort of interest; and to any rational being it is the only sort they can have.

So I culled from many a little drawer the cards appertaining to divers printed products of morbid cerebration, and gathered them into a class of Insane Literature; and under this rubric such sections as Circle-Squaring, Perpetual Motion, Great Pyramid, Earth not a Globe, etc., were evidently in their proper place. The name of the class was duly inscribed on the outside of its drawer, and the matter seemed happily disposed of.

The way of the reformer, however, is beset with difficulties, and it is seldom that his first efforts are crowned with entire success. Not many days had elapsed since this emendation of the catalogue, when one of my assistants brought me

the card of a book on the Apocalypse, by a certain Mr. Smallwit, and called my attention to the fact that it was classified as Insane Literature.

"Very well," I said, "so it is."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said she; "but the author lives over in Chelsea, and I saw him this morning in one of the alcoves. Perhaps, if he were to look in the catalogue and see how his book is classified, he might n't altogether like it. Then, as I looked a little further along the cards, I came upon this pamphlet by Herr Dummkopf, of Breslau, upsetting the law of gravitation; and — do you know? — Herr Dummkopf is spending the winter here in Cambridge!"

"To be sure," said I, "it was very stupid of me not to foresee such cases. Of course we can't call a man a fool to his face. In a catalogue which marshals the quick along with the dead some heed must be paid to the amenities of life. Pray get and bring me all those cards."

By the time they arrived a satisfactory solution of the difficulty had suggested itself. I told the assistant simply to scratch out "Insane," and put "Eccentric" instead. For while the harsh Latin epithet would of course infuriate Messrs. Dummkopf, Smallwit & Co., it might be doubted if their feelings would be hurt by the milder Greek word. Some people of their stripe, to whom notoriety is the very breath of their nostrils, would consider it a mark of distinction to be called eccentric. At all events, the harshness would be delicately veiled under a penumbra of ambiguity.

Thus the class Eccentric Literature was established in our catalogue, and there it has remained, while the books in the library have increased from a hundred thousand to half a million. Once or twice, I am told, has some disgusted author uttered a protest, but the quiet of Gore Hall has not been disturbed thereby. Care is needed in treating such a subject, and my rule was that no amount of mere absurdity, no extremity of dis-

sent from generally received opinions, should consign a book to the class of Eccentric Literature, unless it showed unmistakable symptoms of crankery or the buzzing of a bee in the author's bonnet. This rule has been strictly followed. One lot of books — the Bacon-Shakespeare stuff — which I intended to put in this class, but forgot to do so because of sore stress of work, still remain absurdly grouped along with the books on Shakespeare written by men in their senses. With this exception, the class offers us a fairly comprehensive view of the literature of cranks.

Just where the line should be drawn between sanity and crankery is not always easy to determine, and must usually be left to soundness of judgment in each particular case, as with so many other questions of all grades, from the supreme court down to the kitchen. One of the most frequent traits of your crank is his megalomania, or self-magnification. His intellectual equipment is so slender that he cannot see wherein he is inferior to Descartes or Newton. Without enough knowledge to place him in the sixth form of a grammar school, he will assail the conclusions of the greatest minds the world has seen. His mood is belligerent; since people will not take him at his own valuation, he is apt to regard society as engaged in a conspiracy to ignore and belittle him. Of humor he is pretty sure to be destitute; an abounding sense of the ludicrous is one of the best safeguards of mental health, and even a slight endowment will usually nip and stunt the fungus growth of crankery.

The slightest glimmering sense of humor would have restrained that inveterate circle-squarer, James Smith, from publishing (in 1865) his pamphlet entitled *The British Association in Jeopardy*, and Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, in the Stocks without Hope of Escape. His case, with those of many other ingenious lunatics, was racily set forth by

the late Professor De Morgan in his *Budget of Paradoxes* (London, 1872), a bulky book dealing with the author's personal experiences with cranks and their crotchets. It was De Morgan's lot as an eminent mathematician to be outrageously bored by circle-squarers and their kin, and it was a happy thought to put on record the queer things that happened. His friends asked him again and again why he took the trouble to mention and expose such absurdities. He replied that when your crank publishes a book "full of figures which few readers can criticise, a great many people are staggered to this extent, that they imagine there must be the indefinite *something* in the mysterious *all this*. They are brought to the point of suspicion that the mathematicians ought not to treat *all this* with such undisguised contempt, at least. Now I have no fear for π ; but I do think it possible that general opinion might in time demand that the crowd of circle-squarers, etc., should be admitted to the honors of opposition; and this would be a time-tax of five per cent, one man with another, upon those who are better employed." At any rate, continues De Morgan, with a twinkle in the corner of his eye, whether in chastising cranks he has any motive but public good "must be referred to those who can decide whether a missionary chooses his pursuit solely to convert the heathen." He confesses that perhaps he may have a little of the spirit of Colonel Quagg, whose principle of action was thus succinctly expressed: "I licks ye because I kin, and because I like, and because ye's critters that licks is good for!"

Among the creatures whose malady seemed to call for such drastic treatment was Captain Forman, R. N., who in 1833 wrote against the law of gravitation, and got not a word of notice. Then he wrote to Sir John Herschel and Lord Brougham, asking them to get his book reviewed in some of the quarter-

lies. Receiving no answer from these gentlemen, he addressed in one of the newspapers a card to Lord John Russell, inveighing against their "dishonest" behavior. Still getting no satisfaction, the valorous captain wrote to the Royal Astronomical Society with a challenge to controversy. To this letter came a polite but brief answer, advising him to study the rudiments of mechanics. It was not in the paradoxer's nature to submit tamely to such treatment; and he answered in a printed pamphlet, wherein he called that learned society "craven dunghill cocks" and bestrewed them with other choice flowers of rhetoric, much to the relief of his feelings.

One of this naval officer's fellow sufferers was a farm laborer who took it into his head that the Lord Chancellor had offered £100,000 reward to any one who should square the circle. So Hodge went to work and squared it, and then hied him to London, blissfully dreaming of sudden wealth. Hearing that De Morgan was a great mathematician, he left his papers with him, including a letter to the Lord Chancellor, claiming the £100,000. De Morgan returned the papers with a note, saying that no such prize had ever been offered, and gently hinting that the worthy Hodge had not sufficient knowledge to see in what the problem consisted. This elicited from the rustic philosopher a long letter, from which I must quote a few sentences, so characteristic of the circle-squaring talent and temper:—

Doctor Morgan, Sir. Permit me to address you

Brute Creation may perhaps enjoy the faculty of beholding visible things with a more penetrating eye than ourselves. But Spiritual objects are as far out of their reach as though they had no being. Nearest therefore to the brute Creation are those men who suppose themselves to be so far governed by external objects as to believe nothing

but what they See and feel And Can accommodate to their Shallow understanding and Imaginations

. . . When a Gentleman of your Standing in Society . . . Can not understand or Solve a problem That is explicitly explained by words and Letters and mathematically operated by figuers He had best consult the wise proverd

Do that which thou Canst understand and Comprehend for thy good.

I would recommend that Such Gentleman Change his business

And appropriate his time and attention to a Sunday School to Learn what he Could and keep the Litle Children form during their Close

With Sincere feelings of Gratitude for your weakness and Inability I am

Sir your Superior in Mathematics.

X. Y.

A few days after this elegant epistle there came to De Morgan another from the same hand. Hodge had sent his papers to some easy-going American professor, whose reply must clearly have been too polite. It is never safe to give your crank an inch of comfort; it will straightway become an ell of assurance. This American savant, crows Rusticus, "highly approves of my work. And Says he will Insure me Reward in the States I write this that you may understand that I have knowledge of the unfair way that I am treated in my own nati County I am told and have reasons to believe that it is the Clergy that treat me so unjust. I am not Desirious of heaping Disonors upon my own nation. But if I have to Leave this kingdom without my Just dues. The world Shall know how I am and have been treated

"I am Sir Desirous of my Just dues
X. Y."

A cynical philosopher once said that you cannot find so big a fool but there will be some bigger fool to swear by

him; and so our agricultural friend had his admiring disciple who felt bound to break a lance for him with the unappreciative De Morgan:—

“He has done what you nor any other mathematician as those who call themselves such have done. And what is the reason that you will not candidly acknowledge to him . . . that he has squared the circle shall I tell you? it is because he has performed the feat to obtain the glory of which mathematicians have battled from time immemorial that they might encircle their brows with a wreath of laurels far more glorious than ever conqueror won it is simply this that it is a poor man a humble artisan who has gained that victory that you don't like to acknowledge it you don't like to be beaten and worse to acknowledge that you have miscalculated, you have in short too small a soul to acknowledge that he is right. . . . I am backed in my opinion not only by Mr. Q. a mathematician and watchmaker residing in the boro of Southwark but by no less an authority than the Professor of mathematics of * * * College United States Mr. Q and I presume that he at least is your equal as an authority and Mr. Q says that the government of the U. S. will recompense X. Y. for the discovery he has made if so what a reflection upon Old england the boasted land of freedom the nursery of the arts and sciences that her sons are obliged to go to a foreign country to obtain that recompense to which they are justly entitled.”¹

Ordinarily, the aim of the paradoxers is to achieve renown by doing what nobody ever did. Hence the fascination exercised upon them by those apparently simple problems which already in ancient times were recognized as “old stickers,” the quadrature of the circle, the trisection of angles, and the duplication of the cube. The ancients found

these geometric problems insolvable, though it was left for modern algebra to point out the reason, namely, that no quantities can be geometrically constructed from given quantities, except such as can be formed from them algebraically by the solution of quadratic equations; if the algebraic solution comes as the root of a cubic or biquadratic equation, it cannot be constructed by geometry. Against this hopeless wall the crowd of paradoxers will doubtless continue to break their heads until the millennium dawns.

Sometimes, however, our crank has a practical end in view, as in the numerous attempts to discover “perpetual motion,” or, in other words, to invent a machine out of which you can get indefinitely more energy than you put in. It is not strange that many thousands of dollars have been wasted in this effort to recover Aladdin's lost lamp. The notorious Keely motor is but one of a host of contrivances born and bred of crass ignorance of the alphabet of dynamics. But perpetual motion is not the only form assumed by wealth-seeking crankery. In 1861, a Captain Roblin, of Normandy, having ascertained to his own satisfaction, from the prolonged study of the zodiac of Denderah, the sites of sundry gold mines, came forward with proposals for a joint stock company to dig and be rich. The labors of Herr Johannes von Gumpach were of a more philanthropic turn. He published in 1861 a pamphlet entitled *A Million's Worth of Property and Five Hundred Lives annually lost at Sea by the Theory of Gravitation*. A *Letter on the True Figure of the Earth*, addressed to the Astronomer Royal. Next year this pamphlet grew into a stout volume. It maintained that a great many shipwrecks were occasioned by errors of navigation due to an erroneous conception of the shape of the earth. Since Newton's time it has been supposed to be flattened at the poles, whereas the

¹ Budget of Paradoxes, pp. 9, 178, 259, 260, 336.

amiable Gumpach calls upon his fellow creatures to take notice that it is elongated, and to mend their ways accordingly.

The desire to prove great men wrong is one of the crank's most frequent and powerful incentives. The name of Newton is the greatest in the history of science: how flattering to one's self it must be, then, to prove him a fool! In eccentric literature the books against Newton are legion. Here is a title: *David and Goliath, or an Attempt to prove that the Newtonian System of Astronomy is directly opposed to the Scriptures.* By William Lander, Mere, Wilts, 1833. And here is De Morgan's terse summary of the book: "Newton is Goliath; Mr. Lander is David. David took five pebbles; Mr. Lander takes five arguments. He expects opposition; for Paul and Jesus both met with it."

There are few subjects over which cranks are more painfully exercised than the figure of the earth, and its relations to the heavenly bodies. Aristotle proved that the earth is a globe; Copernicus showed that it is one of a system of planets revolving about the sun; Newton explained the dynamics of this system. But at length came a certain John Hampden, who with dauntless breast maintained that all this is wrong! His pamphlet was prudently dedicated "to the unprofessional public and the common sense men of Europe and America;" he knew that it could find no favor with bigoted men of science. This Hampden, like his great namesake, is nothing if not bold. "The Newtonian or Copernican theory," he tells us, "from the first hour of its invention, has never dared to submit to an appeal to facts!" Again, "Defenders it never had; and no threats, no taunts or exposure, will ever rouse the energies of a single champion." In other words, astronomers do not waste their time in noticing Mr. Hampden's taunts and threats. Why is this so? His next

sentence reminds us that "cowardice always accompanies conscious guilt." He goes on to tell us the true state of the case: "The Earth, as it came from the hands of its Almighty Creator, is a motionless Plane, based and built upon foundations which the Word of God expressly declares cannot be searched out or discovered. . . . The stars are hardly bigger than the gas jets which light our streets, and if they could be made to change places with them, no astronomer could detect the difference." The North Pole is the centre of the flat earth, and its extreme southern limit is not a South Pole, but a circle 30,000 miles in circumference. Night is caused by the sun passing behind a layer of clouds 7000 miles thick. It is not gravitation which makes a river run downhill, but the impetus of the water behind pressing on the water before. Is not this delicious? As for Newton, poor fellow, he "lived in a superstitious age and district; he was educated among an illiterate peasantry." This is like the way in which the Baconizing cranks dispose of Shakespeare. So zealous was Mr. Hampden that in 1876 he began publishing a periodical called *The Truth-Seeker's Oracle*. Similar views were set forth by one Samuel Rowbotham, who wrote under the name of "Parallax," and by a William Carpenter, whose pamphlet, *One Hundred Proofs that the Earth is not a Globe* (Baltimore, 1885), is quite a curiosity; for example, Proof 33: "If the earth were a globe, people — except those on top — would certainly have to be fastened to its surface by some means or other; . . . but as we know that we simply walk on its surface, without any other aid than that which is necessary for locomotion on a plane, it follows that we have herein a conclusive proof that Earth is not a globe." Since Mr. Carpenter understands the matter so thoroughly, can we wonder at the earnestness with which he rebukes the late Richard Proctor?

"Mr. Proctor, we charge you that, whilst you teach the theory of the earth's rotundity, you KNOW that it is a plane!"

More original than Messrs. Hampden and Carpenter are the writers who maintain that the earth is hollow, and supports a teeming population in its interior. Early in the present century this idea came with the force of a revelation to the mind of Captain John Cleves Symmes, a retired army officer engaged in trade at St. Louis. In 1818 he issued a circular, of which the following is an abridgment: "To ALL THE WORLD I declare the earth is hollow and habitable within; containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles twelve or sixteen degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the hollow, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking. . . . My terms are [Hear, Messrs. Quay and Platt! and give ear, O Tammany!] *the PATRONAGE of THIS and the NEW WORLDS*. . . . I select Dr. S. L. Mitchell, Sir H. Davy, and Baron Alexander von Humboldt as my protectors. I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia, in the fall season, with reindeer and sleighs, on the ice of the frozen sea. I engage we find a warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree northward of latitude 82°. We will return in the succeeding spring."

This circular was sent by mail to men of science, colleges, learned societies, legislatures, and municipal bodies, all over the United States and Europe; for when it comes to postage, your crank seems always to have unlimited funds at his disposal. At Paris, the distinguished traveler, Count Volney, doubtless with a significant shrug, presented the precious document to the Academy of Sciences, by which it was mirthfully laid upon the table. Nowhere did learned

men take it seriously; it was generally set down as a rather stupid hoax. But, nothing daunted by such treatment, the worthy Symmes began giving lectures on the subject, and succeeded in making some impression upon an uninstructed public. In 1824, his audience at Hamilton, Ohio, at the close of a lecture, "*resolved*, that we esteem Symmes' Theory of the Earth deserving of serious examination and worthy of the attention of the American people." At a theatre in Cincinnati a benefit was given for the proposed polar expedition, and verses were recited suitable to the occasion:—

"Has not Columbia one aspiring son
By whom the unfading laurel may be won?
Yes! history's pen may yet inscribe the
name
Of SYMMES to grace her future scroll of
fame."

The captain's petitions to Congress, however, praying for ships and men, were heartlessly laid on the table, and nothing was left him but to keep on crying in the wilderness, which he did until his death in 1829. In the cemetery at Hamilton, the freestone monument over his grave, placed there by his son, Americus Symmes, is surmounted with a hollow globe, open at the poles.

Half a century later the son published a pamphlet,¹ in which he gave a somewhat detailed exposition of his father's notions. From this we learn that the interior world is well lighted; for the sun's rays, passing through "the dense cold air of the verges" (that is, the circular edge of the big polar hole), are powerfully refracted, and after getting inside they are forthwith reflected from one concave surface to another, with the result that the whole interior is illuminated with a light equal to 3600 times that of the full moon. We learn, too, that the famous Swedish geographer, Norpensjould (*semper sic!*), after passing the magnetic pole, found a timbered country

¹ The Theory of Concentric Spheres, Louisville, 1878; second edition, 1885.

with large rivers and abundant animal life. Afterward one Captain Wiggins visited this country, where he found flax and wheat, highly magnetic iron ore and rich mines of copper and gold. The trees are as big as any in California; hides, wool, tallow, ivory, and furs abound. The inhabitants are very tall, with Roman noses, and speak Hebrew. Yes, echoes Captain Tuttle, an old whaler, who also has visited this new country, they speak Hebrew, and are a smart people. "Would it not be logical," writes Americus, "to think that this was one of the lost tribes of Israel? for we read in the Bible that they went up the Euphrates to the north and dwelt in a land where man never dwelt before." Just so; evidently, Messrs. "Norpensjould," Wiggins, and Tuttle sailed "across the verge" and into the interior country, the concave world, which shall henceforth be known as Symmzonias! The book ends with the triumphant query, "Where were those explorers if not in the Hollow of the Earth, and would they not have come out at the South Pole if they had continued on their course?"

It is sad to have such positive conclusions disputed, but even in eccentric lore the doctors are found to disagree. Scarcely had Americus put forth his revised edition, when a pamphlet entitled *The Inner World*, by Frederick Culmer, was published at Salt Lake City (1886). Its chapters have resounding titles: I. The Universal Vacuity of Centres; II. The Polar Orifices of the Earth; III. The Alleged Northwest Passage and Symmes' Hole. We are told that although the polar orifices have diameters of about a thousand miles each, nevertheless, in spite of Wiggins and Tuttle, "there is no passage to the inner world on the north of America;" on the contrary, it must be sought within the antarctic circle. But Mr. Culmer would discourage rash attempts at exploration, and believes that "no man will be able to plant the standard of his

country on any land in that region worth one dime to himself or any one else at present." For this gloomy outlook we must try to console ourselves with the knowledge that Mr. Culmer has detected the true explanation of the Aurora Borealis: "it is the sun's rays shining on a placid interior ocean and reflecting upon the outer atmosphere."

A favorite occupation of cranks is the discovery of hidden meanings in things. Whether we are to say that the passionate quest of the occult has been prolific in mental disturbances, or whether we had better say that persons with ill-balanced minds take especial delight in the search for the occult, the practical result is about the same. The impelling motive is not very different from that of the circle-squarers; it is pleasing to one's self-love to feel that one discerns things to which all other people are blind. Hence the number of mare's-nests that have been complacently stared into by learned donkeys is legion. Mere erudition is no sure safeguard against the subtle forms which the temptation takes on, as we may see from the ingenuity that has been wasted on the Great Pyramid. In 1864, Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, published his book entitled *Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid*, and afterward followed it with other similar books. Whatever may have been the original complexion of this gentleman's mind, it was not such as to prevent his attaining distinction and achieving usefulness as a practical astronomer. But the pyramids were too much for his mental equilibrium. As De Morgan kindly puts it, "his work on Egypt is paradox of a very high order, backed by a great quantity of useful labor, the results of which will be made available by those who do not receive the paradoxes."

The pyramidal tombs of Egyptian kings were an evolution in stone or brick from the tumulus of earth which in prehistoric ages was heaped over the body

of the war chief. They are objects of rare dignity and interest, not only from their immense size, but from sundry peculiarities in their construction. In their orientation great care was taken, though usually with imperfect success. Their sides face the four cardinal points, and the descending entry-way forms a kind of telescope, from the bottom of which an observer, sixty centuries ago, could look out at what was then the polestar. These and other features of the pyramids are no doubt connected with Egyptian religion, and may very likely have subserved astrological purposes. But what say the pyramid cranks, or "pyramidalists," as they have been called?

According to them, the builders of the Great Pyramid were supernaturally instructed, probably by Melchizedek, King of Salem. Thus they were enabled to place it in latitude 30° N.; to make its four sides face the cardinal points; to adopt the sacred cubit, or one twenty-millionth part of the earth's polar axis, as their unit of length; "and to make the side of the square base equal to just so many of these sacred cubits as there are days and parts of a day in a year. They were further by supernatural help enabled to square the circle, and symbolized their victory over this problem by making the pyramid's height bear to the perimeter of the base the ratio which the radius of a circle bears to the circumference."¹ In like manner, by immediate divine revelation, the builders of the pyramid were instructed as to the exact shape and density of the earth, the sun's distance, the precession of the equinoxes, etc., so that their figures on all these subjects were more accurate than any that modern science has obtained, and these figures they built into the pyramid. They also built into it the divinely revealed and everlasting standards of "length, area, capacity, weight, density, heat, time, and money," and finally they wrought into its struc-

ture the precise date at which the millennium is to begin. All this valuable information, handed down directly from heaven, was thus securely bottled up in the Great Pyramid for six thousand years or so, awaiting the auspicious day when Mr. Piazzzi Smyth should come and draw the cork. Why so much knowledge should have been bestowed upon the architects of King Cheops, only to be concealed from posterity, is a pertinent question; and one may also ask, why was it worth while to bring a Piazzzi Smyth into the world to reveal it, since plodding human reason had after all discovered every bit of it, except the date of the millennium? Why, moreover, did the revelation thus elaborately buried in or about B. C. 4000 come just abreast of the scientific knowledge of A. D. 1864, and there stop short? Is it credible that old Melchizedek knew nothing about the telephone, or the Roentgen ray, or the cholera bacillus? Our pyramidalists should be more enterprising, and elicit from their venerable fetish some useful hints as to wireless telegraphy, or the ventilation of Pullman cars, or the purification of Pennsylvania politics. Perhaps the last-named problem might vie in difficulty with squaring the circle!

The lucubrations of Piazzzi Smyth, like those of Miss Delia Bacon, called into existence a considerable quantity of eccentric literature. For example, there is Skinner's *Key to the Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery in the Source of Measures* originating the British Inch and the Ancient Cubit, published in Cincinnati in 1875, a tall octavo of 324 pages, bristling with diagrams and decimals, Hebrew words and logarithms. The book begins by getting the circle neatly squared, and then goes on to aver that sundry crosses, including the Christian cross, are an emblematic display of the origin of measures. The "mound-builders" come in for a share of the author's attention; for the mounds are "alike Typhonic emblems with the pyramid of

¹ Proctor, *The Great Pyramid*, p. 43.

Egypt and with Hebrew symbols." A Typhonic emblem relates to Typhon, the "lord of sepulture," whose Egyptian representative was the crocodile, as his Hebrew representative was the hog; "exemplified in the Christian books by the devil leaving the man and passing into the herd of swine, which thereupon rushed into the sea, another emblem of Typhon." Yet another such emblem is a mound in Ohio which simulates the contour of an alligator. A certain Aztec pyramid, described by Humboldt, has 318 niches, apparently in allusion to the days of the old Mexican civil calendar. Mr. Skinner sees in this numeral the value of Pi, and furthermore informs us that 318 is the Gnostic symbol for Christ, as well as the number of Abraham's trained servants. Frequent use of it is made in the Great Pyramid; for example, multiplied by six it gives the height of the king's chamber, and multiplied by two it gives half the base side of that apartment. Our author then puts the pyramid into a sphere, and after this feat it is an easy transition to Noah's flood, the zodiac, and modern ritualism. Of similar purport, though more concise than this octavo, is Dr. Watson Quinby's *Solomon's Seal, a Key to the Pyramid*, published at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1880. From this little book we learn that "in the early days of the world some one measured the earth, and found its diameter, in round numbers, to be 41,569,000 feet, or 498,828,000 inches;" also that "Vishnu means Fish-Nuh, Noah-the-Fish, in allusion to his sojourn in the ark." Moreover, the Institutes of Manu were written by Noah, since Maha-Nuh = Great-Noah! With equal felicity, Rev. Edward Dingle (in his *The Balance of Physics, the Square of the Circle, and the Earth's True Solar and Lunar Distances*, London, 1885, pp. 246) declares that "my success, let it be held what it may, was secured by cleaving to the Mosaic initiation of the Sabbatic number for my radius." At the end of his

book Mr. Dingle exclaims, "To the Lord be all thanksgiving, who has kept my intellect and the directing of its thoughts sound, while seeking to deliver his word from the exulting shouts of his enemies and the seducers of mankind!"

From these grotesque rigmarales it is not a long step to the lucubrations of the writers in whose bonnets the bee of prophecy has buzzed until they have come to fancy themselves skilled interpreters. There is apt to be the same droll mixing of arithmetic with history that we find among the pyramid cranks, and to the performance of such antics the book of Daniel and the Apocalypse present irresistible temptations. In my library days, I never used to pick up a commentary on either of those books without looking for some of the stigmata or witch-marks of crankery. Many a feeble intellect has been toppled over by that shining image, with head of gold and feet of iron and clay, which Nebuchadnezzar beheld in a dream. For example, let us take a few sentences from Emmanuel. An Original and Exhaustive Commentary on Creation and Providence Alike. By an Octogenarian Layman, London, 1883, pp. 420: "Upwards of thirty years ago, a fancy for chronological research, fostered by boundless leisure and a competent facility in mental calculation, riveted my attention on the metallic image, in the vague hope of symmetrizing the four sections of the collective emblem with the successive dominations of the individual empires. Failing in so shadowy an aspiration, I seemed to be more than compensated by detecting an identity of duration, equally pregnant and positive, between the gold and the silver and the brass and the iron taken together on the one hand, and the mountain that was to crush them all to powder on the other, — the former aggregate being assumed to stretch from Nebuchadnezzar's succession in 606 B. C. to the dethronement of Augustulus in 476 A. D., and the lat-

ter again from the epoch just specified to Elizabeth's purgation of the Sanctuary in 1558." Having thus taken two equal periods of 1082 years, our Octogenarian proceeds to break them up (Heaven knows why!) each into four periods of 68, 204, 269, and 541 years. Then we are treated to the following equations:—

$$\begin{aligned} 68 &= 2 \times 34 \\ 204 &= 6 \times 34 \\ 269 &= 5 \times 34 + 3 \times 33 \\ 541 &= 13 \times 34 + 3 \times 33 \end{aligned}$$

Hence, "with such a fulcrum as the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world, and such a lever as the span of the Victim's sublunary humiliation, was I too rash in aiming at a result infinitely grander than Archimedes's speculative displacement of the earth?"

That eminent mathematician, Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, used to say that sometimes, when Laplace passed from one equation to the next with an "evidently," he would find a week's study necessary to cross the abyss which the transcendent mind of the master traversed in a single leap. I fancy that more than a week would be needed to fathom the Octogenarian's "hence," and it would by no means be worth while to go through so much and get so little. After a few pages of the Octogenarian, we are prepared to hear that in 1750 one Henry Sullamar squared the circle by the number of the Beast with seven heads and ten horns; and that in 1753 a certain French officer, M. de Causans, "cut a circular piece of turf, squared it, and deduced original sin and the Trinity."¹

The reader is doubtless by this time weary of so much tomfoolery; but as it is needful, for the due comprehension of crankery and its crotchets, that he should by and by have still more of it, I will give him a moment's relief while I tell of a little game with which De Morgan and Whewell once amused themselves. The task was to make a sentence which

should contain all the letters of the alphabet, and each only once. "No one," says De Morgan, "has done it with *v* and *j* treated as consonants; but *you* and *I* can do it" (*u* and *i*: oh, monstrous pun!). Dr. Whewell got only separate words, and failed to make a sentence: *phiz, styx, wrong, buck, flame, quid*. Very pretty, but De Morgan beat him out of sight with this weird sentiment: *I, quartz pyx, who fling muck beds!* Well, what in the world can that mean? "I long thought that no human being could say it under any circumstances. At last I happened to be reading a religious writer—as he thought himself—who threw aspersions on his opponents thick and threefold. Heyday! came into my head, this fellow flings muck beds: he must be a quartz pyx. And then I remembered that a pyx is a sacred vessel, and quartz is a hard stone, as hard as the heart of a religious foe-cursor. So that the line is the motto of the ferocious sectarian, who turns his religious vessels into mud-holders for the benefit of those who will not see what he sees."²

I cite this drollery to show the world-wide difference between the playful nonsense of the wise man and the strenuous nonsense of the monomaniac; in this little *cabbala alphabetica*, moreover, a great deal of the cabalistic lore which cumbrous library shelves is neatly satirized.

As already observed, my rule was never to put into the class of eccentric literature any books save such as seemed to have emanated from diseased brains. To hold an absurd belief, to write in its defense, to shape one's career in accordance with it, is no proof of an unsound mind. Of the hundreds of enthusiasts who spent their lives in quest of the philosopher's stone, many were doubtless cranks; but many were able thinkers who made the best use they could of the scientific resources of their time. Wrong

¹ De Morgan, p. 179.

² Id., p. 163.

ways must often be tried before the right way can be found. Even the early circle-squarers cannot fairly be charged with crankery; they sinned against no light that was accessible to them. But anybody who to-day should advertise a recipe for turning base metals into gold would meet with a chill welcome from chemists. He would speedily be posted as a quack, though doubtless many weak heads would be turned by him. It is the perverse sinning against light that is one of the most abiding features of crankery, and from this point of view such a book as *Coin's Financial School* has many claims for admission to the limbo of eccentric literature.

About seventy years ago, one John Ranking published in London a volume entitled *Historical Researches on the Conquest of Peru, Mexico, Bogota, Natchez, and Talomeco*,¹ in the Thirteenth Century, by the Mongols, accompanied with Elephants. It is well known that in 1281 the Mongols, after conquering pretty much everything from the Carpathian Mountains and the river Euphrates to the Yellow Sea, invaded Japan. A typhoon dispersed their fleet, and their army of more than 100,000 men, cut off from its communications, was completely annihilated by the Japanese. But Mr. Ranking believed that this wholesale destruction was a fiction of the chroniclers. He maintained that most of the army escaped in a new fleet and crossed the Pacific Ocean, taking with them a host of elephants, with the aid of which they made extensive conquests in America and founded kingdoms in Mexico and Peru. The widespread fossil remains of the American mastodon he took to be the bones of these Mongolian elephants. Now, this is an extremely wild theory, unsound and untenable in every particular, but it does not bring Mr. Ranking's book within the class of eccentric literature.

¹ A site not far from that of Evansville, Indiana.

The author was deficient in scholarship and in critical judgment, but he was not daft.

A very different verdict must be rendered in the case of Mr. Edwin Johnson's book, called *The Rise of Christendom*, published in London in 1890, an octavo of 500 pages. According to Mr. Johnson, the rise of Christendom began in the twelfth century of our era, and it was preceded by two centuries of Hebrew religion, which started in Moslem Spain! First came Islam, then Judaism, then Christianity. The genesis of both the latter was connected with that revolt against Islam which we call the Crusades. What we suppose to be the history of Israel, as well as that of the first eleven Christian centuries, is a gigantic lie, concocted in the thirteenth century by the monks of St. Basil and St. Benedict. The Roman emperors knew nothing of Christianity, and the multifarious allusions to it in ancient writers are all explained by Mr. Johnson as fraudulent interpolations. As for the Greek and Latin fathers, they never existed. "The excellent stylist, who writes under the name of Lactantius, not earlier than the fourteenth century;" "the Augustinian of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, who writes the romantic *Confessions*:" such is the airy way in which the matter is disposed of. As for the New Testament, "it is not yet clear whether the book was first written in Latin or in Greek." This reminds me of something once said by Rev. Robert Taylor, a crazy clergyman who in 1827 suffered imprisonment for blasphemy, and came to be known as the Devil's Chaplain. Taylor declared that for the book of Revelation there was no Greek original at all, but Erasmus wrote it in Switzerland, in the year 1516. The audience, or part of it, probably took Taylor's word as sufficient; and in like manner not a syllable of proof is alleged for Mr. Johnson's prodigious assertions. From cover to cover there is no trace of

a consciousness that proof is needed; it is simply, Thus saith Edwin Johnson. The man who can write such a book is surely incapable of making a valid will.

Another acute phase of lunacy is exemplified in Nason's History of the Pre-historic Ages, written by the Ancient Historic Band of Spirits (Chicago, 1880). This is a mediumistic affair. The ancient band consists of four-and-twenty spirits, the eldest of whom occupied a material body 46,000 years ago, and the youngest 3000 years ago. They dictated to Mr. Nason the narrative, which begins with the origin of the solar system and comes down to Romulus and Remus, betraying on every page the preternatural dullness and ignorance so characteristic of all the spirits with whom mediums have dealings.

Concerning the Bacon-Shakespeare folly, a word must suffice. As I have elsewhere shown,¹ the doubt concerning the authorship of Shakespeare's plays was in part a reaction against the extravagances of doting commentators; but in its original form it was simply an insane freak. The unfortunate lady who gave it currency belonged to a distinguished Connecticut family, and the story of her malady is a sad one. At the age of eight-and-forty she died in the asylum at Hartford, two years after the publication of her book, *The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded*. The suggestion of her illustrious namesake, and perhaps kinsman, as the author of Shakespeare's works was a clear instance of the megalomania which is a well-known symptom of paranoia; and her book has all the hazy incoherence that is so quickly recognizable in the writings of the insane. A friend of mine once asked me if I did not find it hard to catch her meaning. "Meaning!" I exclaimed. "There's none to catch." Among the books of her followers are all degrees of eccentricity. That of Nathaniel Holmes stands upon the threshold of the limbo,

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1897.

while as for Ignatius Donnelly, all his works belong in its darkest recesses.

The considerations which would lead one to consign a book to that limbo are often complex. There is Miss Marie Brown's book, *The Icelandic Discoverers of America*; or, *Honour to whom Honour is Due*. In maintaining that Columbus knew all about the voyages of the Northmen to Vinland, and was helped thereby in finding his way to the Bahamas, there is nothing necessarily eccentric. Professor Rasmus Anderson has defended that thesis in a book which is able and scholarly, a book which every reader must treat with respect, even though he may not find its arguments convincing. But when Miss Brown declares that the papacy has been partner in a conspiracy for depriving the Scandinavians of the credit due them as discoverers of America, and assures us that this is a matter in which the interests of civil and religious liberty are at stake, one begins to taste the queer flavor; and taking this in connection with the atmosphere of rage which pervades the book, one feels inclined to place it in the limbo. For example: "What but Catholic genius, the genius for deceit, for trickery, for secrecy, for wicked and diabolical machinations, could have pursued such a system of fraud for centuries as the one now being exposed! What but Catholic genius, a prolific genius for evil, would have attempted to rob the Norsemen of their fame, . . . and to foist a miserable Italian adventurer and upstart upon Americans as the true candidate for these posthumous honours,—the man or saint to whom they are to do homage, and through this homage allow the Church of Rome to slip the yoke of spiritual subjection over their necks!"

A shrill note of anger is sometimes the sure earmark of a book from Queer Street. Anger is, indeed, a kind of transient mania, and eccentric literature is apt to be written in high dudgeon. When you take up a pamphlet by "Vin-

dex," and read the title, *A Box on Both Ears to the Powers that ought not to be at Washington*, you may be prepared to find incoherency. I once catalogued an edition of Plutarch's little essay on Superstition, and was about to let it go on its way, along with ordinary Greek books, when my eye happened to fall upon the last sentence of the editor's preface: "I terminate this my Preface by consigning all Greek Scholars to the special care of Beelzebub." "Oho!" I thought, "there's a cloven foot here; perhaps, if we explore further, we may get a whiff of brimstone." And it was so.

It thus appears that the topics treated in eccentric literature are numerous and manifold. Not only, moreover, has this department its vigorous prose writers; it has also its inspired poets. Witness the following lines from the volume entitled *Eucleia* (Salem, 1861):—

"Hark, hear that distant boo-oo-oo,
As walking by moonlight,
He whistles, instructing Carlo
To be still, and not bite."

But even this lofty flight of inspiration is outflown by Mr. John Landis, who was limner and draughtsman as well as poet. In his *Treatise on Magnifying God* (New York 1843) he gives us an engraved portrait of himself surrounded by ministering angels, and accompanies it by an ode to himself, one verse of which will suffice:—

"With Messrs. Milton, Watts, and Wesley,
Familiar thy Name will e'er be.
Of America's Poets thou
Stand'st on the foremost list now;
On the pinions of fame does shine,
Landis! brightened by ev'ry line,
From thy poetic pen in rhyme,
Thy name descends to the end of time."

Immortality of fame is something desired by many, but attained by few. Physical immortality is something which has hitherto been supposed to be inexorably denied to human beings. The phrase "All men are mortal" figures in textbooks of logic as the truest of truisms.

But we have lately been assured that this is a mistake. It is only an induction based upon simple enumeration, and the first man who escapes death will disprove it. So, at least, I was told by a very downright person who called on me some years ago with a huge parcel of manuscript, for which he wanted me to find him a publisher. He had been cruelly snubbed and ill used, but truth would surely prevail over bigotry, as in Galileo's case. I took his address and let him leave his manuscript. Its recipe for physical immortality, diluted through 600 foolscap pages, was simply to learn how to go without food! Usually such a regimen will kill you by the fifth day, but if, at that critical moment, while at the point of death, you make one heroic effort and stay alive, why, then you will have overcome the King of Terrors once for all. I returned the gentleman's manuscript with a polite note, regretting that his line of research was so remote from those to which I was accustomed that I could not give him intelligent aid.

On one of the beautiful hills of Petersham, near the centre of Massachusetts, there dwelt a few years since a small religious community of persons who believed that they were destined to escape death. Not science, but faith had won for them this boon. They believed that the third person of the Trinity was incarnated in their leader or high priest, Father Howland. This community, I believe, came from Rhode Island about forty years ago, and at the height of its prosperity may have numbered twenty-five or thirty men and women. Their establishment consisted of one large mansard-roofed house, with barns and sheds and a good-sized farm. Their housekeeping was tidy, and they put up apple sauce. They maintained that the eighteen and a half centuries of the so-called Christian era have really been the dispensation of John the Baptist, and that the true Christian era was ushered in by the Holy

Ghost in the person of Father Howland, through believing in whom Christians might attain to eternal life on this planet. They had their Sabbath on Saturday, and worked in the fields on Sunday; and they made sundry distinctions between clean and unclean foods, based upon their slender understanding of the Old Testament.

For a few years these worthy people enjoyed the simple rural life on their pleasant hillside without having their dream of immortality rudely tested. When one member fell ill and died, and was presently followed by another, it was easy to dispose of such cases by asserting that the deceased were not true believers; they were black sheep, hypocrites, pretenders, whited sepulchres, and their deaths had purified the flock. But the next one to die was Father Howland himself. On a warm summer day of 1875, as he was driving in his buggy over a steep mountain road, the horse shied so violently as to throw out the venerable sage against a wood-pile, whereupon sundry loose logs fell upon his head and shoulders, inflicting fatal wounds. Then a note of consternation mingled with the genuine mourning of the little community. It was a perplexing providence. About two months afterward I made my first visit to these people, in company with my friend Dr. William James and five carriageloads of city folk who were spending the summer at Petersham. It was a Saturday morning, and all the worshipers were in their best clothes. They received us with a quiet but cordial welcome, and showed us into a spacious parlor that was simply brilliant with cheerfulness. Its west windows looked down upon a vast and varied landscape, with rich pastures, smiling cornfields, and long stretches of pine forest covering range upon range of hills moulded in forms of exquisite beauty. Beyond the foreground of delicate yellow and soft green tints the eye rested upon the sombre

green of the woodland, and behind it all came the rich purple of the distant hills, fitfully checkered with shadows from the golden clouds. Here and there gleamed the white church spires of some secluded hamlet, while on the horizon, seventy miles distant, arose the lofty peak of old Greylock. Thence to Mount Grace, in one huge sweep, the entire breadth of Vermont was displayed, a wilderness of pale blue summits blending with the sky; and over all, and part of it all, was the radiant glory of the September sunshine.

"Truly," said I to one of the brethren, a man of saintly face, "if you are expecting to dwell forever upon the earth, you could not have chosen a more inspiring and delightful spot." "Yes, indeed," he replied, "it seems too beautiful to leave." The topic which agitated the little community was thus brought up for discussion, and, except for a brief prayer, the ordinary Sabbath exercises were set aside for this purpose. All these people seemed polite and gentle in manner; their simple-mindedness was noticeable, and their ignorance was abysmal, though I believe they could all read the Bible and do a little writing and arithmetic. In the facial expression of every one I thought I could see something that betrayed more or less of a lapse from complete sanity. Only one of the whole number showed any sense of humor, a keen-eyed old woman, yecept Sister Caroline, who could argue neatly and make quaint retorts. She and the man of saintly face were the only interesting personalities; the rest were but soulless clods.

It soon appeared that the belief in terrestrial immortality had not yet been seriously shaken by Father Howland's demise. There were some curious incipient symptoms of a resurrection myth. Their leader's death had been heralded by signs and portents. One aged brother, while taking his afternoon nap in a rocking-chair, fell forward upon the

floor, bringing down the chair upon his back; and at that identical moment another brother rushed in from the garden, exclaiming, "I have seen with these eyes the glory of the Lord revealed!" Evidently, the fall of the rocking-chair prefigured the fall of the wood-pile, and the moment of Howland's fatal injury was the moment of his glorification. Then it was remembered by Sister Caroline and others that he had lately foretold his apparent death, and declared that it was to be only an appearance. "Though I shall seem to be dead, it will only be for a little while, and then I shall return to you."

The morning's conversation made it clear that these simple folk were unanimous in believing that the completion of Father Howland's work demanded his presence for a short time in the other world, and that he would within a few weeks or months return to them. It seemed to Dr. James and myself that the conditions were favorable to the sudden growth of a belief in his resurrection, and for some time after that visit we half expected to hear that one or more of the household had seen him. In this, however, we were disappointed. I suspect that its mental soil may, after all, have been too barren for such a growth.

Seven years elapsed before my second and last visit to these worthy people. In the meantime a large addition had been made to the principal house, nearly doubling its capacity; and I was told that the community had been legally incorporated under the Hebrew title of Adoni-sham, or, "The Lord is there." One would naturally infer that the membership had increased, but the true explanation was very different. On a Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1882, in company with fifteen friends, I visited the community. Our reception this time was something more than polite; there was a noticeable warmth of welcome about it. We were ushered

into one of the newly built rooms, — a long chapel, with seats on either side and a reading-desk at one end. All the women, both hosts and guests, took their seats on one side, all the men on the other. A whisper from my neighbor informed me that the community was reduced to twelve persons: thus the guests outnumbered the hosts. The high priest, Father Richards, a venerable man of ruddy hue, with enormous beard as white as snow, stood by the reading-desk, and in broken tones gave thanks to God, while abundant tears coursed down his cheeks. Now, he said, at last the word of the Lord was fulfilled. Two or three years ago the word had come that they must build a chapel and add to their living-rooms, for they were about to receive a large accession of new converts. So — just think of it, gentle reader, in the last quarter of this skeptical century — there was faith enough on that rugged mountain side to put three or four thousand dollars, earned with pork and apple sauce, into solid masonry and timber-work! And now at last, said Father Richards, in the arrival of this goodly company the word of the Lord was fulfilled! It seemed cruel to disturb such jubilant assurance, but we soon found that we need not worry ourselves on that score. The old man's faith was a rock on which unwelcome facts were quickly wrecked. Though we took pains to make it clear that we had only come for a visit, it was equally clear to him that we were to be converted that very afternoon, and would soon come to abide with the Adoni-sham.

Then Sister Caroline, stepping forward, made a long metaphysical harangue, at the close of which she walked up one side of the room and down the other, taking each person by the hand and saying to each a few words. When she came to me she suddenly broke out with a stream of gibberish, and went on for five mortal minutes, pouring it forth

as glibly as if it had been her mother tongue. After the meeting had broken up, I was informed that this "speaking with tongues" was not uncommon with the Adoni-sham. A wicked wag in our party then asked Sister Caroline if she knew what language it was in which she had addressed me. "No, sir," she replied, "nor do I know the meaning of what I said: I only uttered what the Lord put into my mouth." "Well," said this graceless scoffer, with face as sober as a deacon's, "I am thoroughly familiar with Hebrew, and I recognized at once the very dialect of Galilee as spoken when our Saviour was on the earth!" At this, I need hardly add, Sister Caroline was highly pleased.

By this time there had been so many deaths that induction by simple enumeration was getting to be too much for the Adoni-sham. They were beginning to realize the old Scotchman's conception of the elect: "Eh, Jamie! hoo mony d'ye thank there be of the alact noo alive on earth?" "Eh! mabbee a doozen." "Hoot, mon, nae sae mony as thot!" We found our worthy hosts less willing than of old to discuss their doctrine of terrestrial immortality, and there were symptoms of a tendency to give it a Pickwickian construction. Since that day their little community has vanished, and its glorious landscape knows it no more.

It is a pity that before the end it should not have had a visit from Mr. Hyland C. Kirk, whose book on *The Possibility of not Dying* was published in New York, in 1883. In this book the philosophic plausibleness of the opinion that a time will come when we shall no longer need to shuffle off this mortal coil is argued at some length, but the question as to how this is to happen is ignored. Mr. Isaac Jennings, in his *Tree of Life* (1867), thinks it can be accomplished by total abstinence from "alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, animal food, spices, and caraway." This is

sufficiently specific; but Mr. Kirk's treatment of the question is so hazy as to suggest the suspicion that he has nothing to offer us.

I once knew such a case of a delusion without any theory, or, if you please, the grin without the Cheshire cat. In the course of a lecturing journey, some thirty years ago, I was approached by a refined and cultivated gentleman, who imparted to me in strict confidence and with much modesty of manner the fact that he had arrived at a complete refutation of the undulatory theory of light! To ask him for some statement of his own theory was but ordinary courtesy; but whenever we arrived at this point—which happened perhaps half a dozen times—he would put on a smile of mystery and decline to pursue the subject. I once assured him that he need have no fear of my stealing his thunder, for I had not the requisite knowledge; but he grew more darkly mysterious than ever, and said that the time for him to speak had not yet come.

A few months later, this gentleman, whom I will designate as Mr. Flighty, appeared in Cambridge, and came to my desk in the college library. Distress was written in his face. He had called upon Professor Silliman and other professors in Eastern colleges, and had been shabbily treated. Nobody had shown him any politeness except Professor Youmans, in whom he believed he had found a convert. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "then you told him your theory; perhaps the time has come when you can tell it to me." But no; again came the subtle smile, and he began to descant upon the persecution of Galileo, a favorite topic with cranks of all sorts. He asked me for some of the best books on the undulatory theory, and I gave him Cauchy, whereat he stood aghast, and said the book was full of mathematics which he could not read. But he would like to see Newton's *Opticks*, for that book did not uphold the undulatory

theory. "Oh!" said I, "then are you falling back on the corpuscular theory?"

"No, indeed; mine is neither the one nor the other," and again came the Sibylline smile. As I went for the book I found Professor Lovering in the alcove, half-way up a tall ladder. "Hallo!" said I *sotto voce*. "There is a man in here who has upset the undulatory theory of light; do you want to see him?" "Heavens, no! Can't you inveigle him into some dark corner, while I run away?" "Don't worry," I replied, — "make yourself comfortable; I'll keep him from you." So I lured Mr. Flighty into a discourse on the bigotry of scientific folk, while Old Joe, whose fears were not so easily allayed, soon stealthily emerged from his alcove and hurried from the hall.

The next time I was in New York, chatting with Youmans at the Century Club, I alluded to Mr. Flighty, who believed he had made a convert of him.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Youmans, "and he said the same of you."

"Indeed! Well, I suspected as much. Unless you drive a crank from the room with cuffs and jeers, he is sure to think you agree with him. I do not yet know what Mr. Flighty's theory is."

"Nor I," said Youmans.

"Do you believe he has any theory at all?"

"Not a bit of it. He is a madman, and his belief that he has a theory is simply the form which his delusion takes."

"Exactly so," I said; and so it proved. Severe business troubles had wrecked Mr. Flighty's mind, and it was not long before we heard that he had killed himself, in a fit of acute mania.

My story must not end with such a gruesome affair. Out of the many queer people I have known, let me mention one who is associated with pleasant memories of childhood and youth. This man was no charlatan, but a learned naturalist, of solid and genuine scientific attainments, who came to be a little daft in

his old age. Dr. Joseph Barratt, whose life extended over three fourths of the present century, was born in England. He was at one time a pupil of Cuvier, and cherished his memory with the idolatrous affection which that wonderful man seems always to have inspired. Dr. Barratt, as a physician practicing in Middletown, Connecticut, is one of the earliest figures in my memory, — a quaint and lovable figure. His attainments in botany and comparative anatomy were extensive; he was more or less of a geologist, and well read withal in history and general literature, besides being a fair linguist. Though eminently susceptible of the tender passion, he never married; he was neither a householder nor an autocrat of the breakfast table, but dwelt hermit-like in a queer snuggerly over somebody's shop. His working-room was a rare sight; so much confusion has not been seen since this fair world weltered in its primeval chaos. With its cases of mineral and botanical specimens, stuffed birds and skeletons galore; with its beetles and spiders mounted on pins, its brains of divers creatures in jars of alcohol, its weird retorts and crucibles, its microscopes and surgeon's tools, its shelves of mysterious liquids in vials, its slabs of Portland sandstone bearing footprints of Triassic dinosaurs, and near the door a grim pterodactyl keeping guard over all, it might have been the necromancing den of a Sidrophel. Maps and crayon sketches, mingled with fémurs and vertebræ, sprawled over tables and sofas and cumbered the chairs, till there was scarcely a place to sit down, while everywhere in direst helter-skelter yawned and toppled the books. And such books! There I first browsed in Geoffroy St. Hilaire and Lamarck and Blainville, and passed enchanted hours with the *Règne Animal*. The doctor was a courtly gentleman of the old stripe, and never did he clear a chair for me without an apology, saying that he only awaited a leisure day to put all things

in strictest order. Dear soul! that day never came.

Dr. Barratt was of course intensely interested in the Portland quarries, and they furnished the theme of the monomania which overtook him at about his sixtieth year. He accepted with enthusiasm the geological proofs of the antiquity of man in Europe, and presently undertook to reinforce them by proofs of his own gathering in the Connecticut Valley. An initial difficulty confronted him. The red freestone of that region belongs to the Triassic period, the oldest of the secondary series. It was an age of giant reptiles, contemporary with the earliest specimens of mammalian life, and not a likely place in which to look for relics of the highest of mammals. But Dr. Barratt insisted that this freestone is Eocene, thus bringing it into the tertiary series; and while geologists in general were unwilling to admit the existence of man before the Pleistocene period, he boldly carried it back to the Eocene. Thus, by adding a few million years to the antiquity of mankind and subtracting a few million from that of the rocks, he was enabled at once to maintain that he had discovered in the Portland freestone the indisputable remains of an ancient human being with only three fingers, upon whom he bestowed the name of *Homo tridactylus*. For companions he gave this personage four species of kangaroo, and from that time forth discoveries multiplied.

Such claims, when presented before learned societies with the doctor's quaint enthusiasm, and illustrated by his marvelous crayon sketches, were greeted with shouts of laughter. Among the geologists who chiefly provoked his wrath was the celebrated student of fossil footprints, Dr. Edward Hitchcock. "Why, sir," he would exclaim, "Dr. Hitchcock is a perfect fool, sir! I can teach ten of him, sir!" In spite of all scoffs and re-

buffs, the old gentleman moved on to the end serene in his unshakable convictions. A courteous listener was, of course, a rare boon to him; and so, in that little town, it became his habit to confide his new discoveries to me. When I was out walking, if chary of my half-hours (as sometimes happened), a long detour would be necessary, to avoid his accustomed haunts; and once, on my return from a journey, I had hardly rung the doorbell when he appeared on the veranda with an essay entitled *An Eocene Picnic*, which he hoped to publish in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and which he insisted upon reading to me then and there. At one time a very large bone was found in one of the quarries, which was pronounced by Dr. Hitchcock to have belonged to an extinct batrachian; but Dr. Barratt saw in it the bone of a pachyderm. "Why, sir," said he, "it was their principal beast of burden, — as big as a rhinoceros and as gentle as a lamb. The children of *Homo tridactylus* used to play about his feet, sir, in perfect safety. I call him *Mega-ergaton docile*, 'the teachable great-worker.' Liddell and Scott give only the masculine, *ergates*, but for a beast of burden, sir, I prefer the neuter form. A gigantic pachyderm, sir; and Dr. Hitchcock, sir, perfect fool, sir, says it was a bullfrog!"

The mortal remains of this gentle palæontologist rest in the beautiful Indian Hill cemetery at Middletown, and his gravestone, designed and placed there by a dear friend, is appropriate and noble. For the doctor was after all a sterling man, whose unobtrusive merits were great, while his foibles were not important. The stone is a piece of fossil tree-trunk, brought over from Portland, imbedded in an amorphous block untouched by chisel, save where, on a bit of polished surface, one reads the name and dates, with the simple legend, "The Testimony of the Rocks."

John Fiske.

OUR CONTEMPORARY ANCESTORS IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

At the close of the Revolutionary War there were about two and one half million people in the American colonies. To-day there are in the Southern mountains approximately the same number of people — Americans for four and five generations — who are living to all intents and purposes in the conditions of the colonial times! These people form an element unaccounted for by the census, unreckoned with in all our inventories of national resources. And their remoteness is by no means measured by the mere distance in miles. It is a longer journey from northern Ohio to eastern Kentucky than from America to Europe; for one day's ride brings us into the eighteenth century. Naturally, then, these eighteenth-century neighbors and fellow countrymen of ours are in need of a friendly interpreter; for modern life has little patience with those who are "behind the times." We hear of the "mountain whites" (they scorn that appellation as we would scorn the term "Northern whites") as illiterates, moonshiners, homicides, and even yet the mountaineers are scarcely distinguished in our thought from the "poor white trash." When we see them from the car window, with curious eyes, as we are whirled toward our Southern hotel, their virtues are not blazoned on their sorry clothing, nor suggested by their grave and awkward demeanor. They are an anachronism, and it will require a scientific spirit and some historic sense to enable us to appreciate their situation and their character.

The case of the mountain whites illustrates in a most impressive manner the importance of intercommunication as a means of progress. To a marvelous degree the Northern frontiersman was kept in touch with the thought centres of the

East. He ascended the lordly Hudson, and that was his highway to the seaboard. The Hudson was too short, and De Witt Clinton lengthened it with the Erie Canal, so that all the lake region was hitched to civilization. Thus the waterways maintained communication until the railways appeared, and the pioneer shared in large degree the progress of the metropolis.

Now, the ancestors of our mountain friends "went West" under the same mighty impulse which peopled western New York and Ohio. But they unconsciously stepped aside from the great avenues of commerce and of thought. This is the excuse for their Rip Van Winkle sleep. They have been beleaguered by nature. The vastness of the mountain region which has enveloped this portion of our fellow countrymen has been concealed by the fact that it was parceled out among so many different commonwealths. The mountainous back yards of nine states abut upon the lofty ridges which separate the Virginias, bound Kentucky on the east, divide Tennessee from North Carolina, and end in Georgia and Alabama. There are some two hundred mountain counties, covering a territory much larger than New England. This is one of God's grand divisions, and in default of any other name we shall call it Appalachian America. It has no coast line like Scotland, no inland lakes or navigable rivers like Switzerland. The surface varies greatly in elevation and geologic structure, but as a place for human habitation the entire region has one characteristic — the lack of natural means of communication. Its highways are the beds of streams; commerce and intercourse are conditioned by horseflesh and saddlebags.

In this vast inland and upland realm may be found a contemporary survival of that pioneer life which has been such a striking feature in American history. Beginning with the survivals in matters external, we are at once introduced to the first type of American architecture, — the log cabin. The blind or windowless one-room cabin is replaced in the broader valleys by the double log cabin, — two cabins side by side, with a roofed space between serving for dining-room most of the year; in county towns even a second story with balcony is sometimes developed. In the Carolinas "stick chimneys" prevail, but in Tennessee and Kentucky substantial stone chimneys are the rule, æsthetically placed upon the outside of the wall. The great characteristic in the log-cabin stage of life is the absence of "conveniences." For a camping party this is very interesting, though sometimes embarrassing. To the mountain people, as to our pioneer ancestors, it is a matter of course. The writer recalls an early experience when enjoying the hospitality of a mountain home. His feminine companion thought of a possible return of hospitalities, wondering whether her hostess ever came to Berea, fifteen miles away, for shopping.

"When you cannot get what you need at this little store down by the creek, where do you go?"

The mountain woman answered with a frank smile, "I go without."

And it appeared that she had never been to any town or city in her life! It is brought home to a visitor in this region that the number of things which people can go without is very great. We expected to find our sylvan hosts without electric lights, but it did strike us as barbarous for them to burn kerosene lamps without chimneys. Still, it is a delicate matter to carry a lamp chimney safely over twenty miles of mountain road, on horseback. Possibly if we lived where they do we should live somewhat as they do!

One of our college women, in a "university extension" tour, desired to starch her waist, and asked her wondering hostess for a little wheat flour.

"Oh yes," was the reply, "we 've got some wheat flour." And then followed the search. No storeroom, flour bin, or even flour barrel or flour bag appeared. The woman's eyes were cast among the rafters whence depended numerous bags and bunches.

"Oh yes, we 've got some wheat flour." And at last it came forth from a cleft between the logs, a scant pint of flour "wrapped up in a napkin." The dreariness of this destitution is greatly relieved by what are to us the novel resources of sylvan life. If these primitive folk cannot step to the telephone and by a supernatural fiat "order" whatever may be desired, they can step into the forest and find or fashion some rude substitute. (Though in truth the handmade product is not a substitute, but an archetype.) Is the lamp chimney lacking? The mountain potteries are still making flambeaux, lamps of almost classic pattern in which grease is burned with a floating wick. Is the sawmill remote? In the high mountains where streams are small and mills impracticable the whipsaw is brought into use, and two men will get out three or four hundred feet of boards from the logs in a day. Handmills for grinding can still be constructed by well-brought-up mountain men, and in some places they have not yet lost the tradition of the fashioning of the old English crossbow! And who does not have a feeling akin to reverence in the presence of a hand loom? When a mountain maid speaks of her "wheel" she does not refer to a bicycle, but to the spinning-wheel of our ancestors, her use of which here in our mountains calls to mind the sudden and entire disappearance of cloth-making from the list of household industries. Not a single member of the Sorosis could card, spin, dye, or weave. Their mothers, for the

most part, had forgotten these arts, yet their grandmothers, and their foremothers for a hundred generations, have been spinners. Spinning, in fact, has helped to form the character of our race, and it is pleasant to find that here in Appalachian America it is still contributing to the health and grace and skill of womankind.

Along with these Saxon arts we shall find startling survivals of Saxon speech. The rude dialect of the mountains is far less a degradation than a survival. The Saxon pronoun "hit" holds its place almost universally. Strong past tenses, "holp" for helped, "drug" for dragged, and the like, are heard constantly; and the syllabic plural is retained in words in -st and others. The greeting as we ride up to a cabin is "Howdy, strangers. 'Light and hitch yer beasties." Quite a vocabulary of Chaucer's words which have been dropped by polite lips, but which linger in these solitudes, has been made out by some of our students. "Pack" for carry, "gorm" for muss, "feisty" for full of life, impertinent, are examples.

The lumber industry — driving and rafting logs — is still in these mountains the chief means of contact with the outside world. The trades are the primitive ones of the blacksmith, miller, and cobbler. The "upright farms" yield principally corn. String beans are on the table almost the year round. There are small patches of flax, cotton, and tobacco for home consumption. Some lands are held two or three dollars higher per acre — a double price — because of the coal which will some time be of incalculable value.

Two other pioneer reminders are large families and a scarcity of money. Barter is carried on at every store, where the tall gaunt figure and immobile face, so well described by Miss Murfree, and proverbially characteristic of Americans in the pioneer stage of development, still predominate at every counter.

A little sympathy and patience are necessary if we would recognize these marks of our contemporary ancestors through the exterior which is, at first sight, somewhat rude and repellent. The characteristics thus far noted are only on the surface; it will require still more insight and imagination to really know the heart of a mountain man. As in external matters the great characteristic is "going without things," so in the realm of ideas we are first impressed by the immense blank spaces. Can you divest your mind of those wonderful ideas which have been born since the Revolution, and have expanded and filled the modern world — evolution and the rest? Appalachian America may be useful as furnishing a fixed point which enables us to measure the progress of the moving world! And yet to set down the mountain people with the scornful verdict "behind the times" would be almost brutal. There is a reason for their belated condition, and they have large claims upon our interest and our consideration.

Subtract the ideas which have been born since the Revolution, and we come back to some very distinct and interesting notions. To begin with, we have the Revolutionary patriotism. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has recently told anew the story of the battle of King's Mountain, in which the backwoodsmen of Appalachian America annihilated a British army. Cedar kegs used as canteens, and other accoutrements which saw service in that enterprise, may still be found in mountain cabins. As Appalachian America has received no foreign immigration, it now contains a larger proportion of "Sons" and "Daughters" of the Revolution than any other part of our country.

The feeling of toleration and justification of slavery, with all the subtleties of state rights and "South against North," which grew up after the Revolution did not penetrate the mountains. The result

was that when the civil war came there was a great surprise for both the North and the South. Appalachian America claved to the old flag. It was this old-fashioned loyalty which held Kentucky in the Union, made West Virginia "secede from secession," and performed prodigies of valor in east Tennessee, and even in the western Carolinas. The writer was describing this loyalty to a woman's club in a border city when a fine old Southern lady, with entire good nature but much spirit, exclaimed, "Ah, sir, if those mountain folks had been educated they would have gone with their states!" Probably she was right.

The political ideas of the mountains are, of course, those of the Southern rather than those of the Northern colonies, born of the county system of Virginia, and lacking the training of the New England town meeting. Two results are noticeable: a greater individuality and hesitancy in coöperation, and a tendency not to combine for a principle or a policy, but to follow a leader in the old feudal way. Here is the psychological explanation of "the use of money at the polls" in some mountain counties. To a portion of the people the issues of national or state politics seem remote, and the election appeals to them as a personal encounter between Judge Goodlet, we will say, and Judge Britteredge. A part of these voters are attached by family or other traditional ties to one of these chieftains, and a part to the other. The adherents of Judge Goodlet could on no account be induced to vote for his opponent; that would strike them as altogether out of character. But in voting for Judge Goodlet they feel that they are doing him a favor, and they expect a dollar on election day as a kind of feudal largess. The receiving of such a gift does not involve the moral degradation of a "bribe," although it would be possible only where political consciousness is still in a rudimentary state. Yet the unlettered voter sometimes grasps a political issue with real

argumentative ability. Kentucky and West Virginia were carried for "sound money" two years ago because the mountain men responded to the appeal, "Ef yeou lend a neighbor a bag o' flour yeou don't want ter be paid back in meal."

If the mountaineer's patriotism is old-fashioned, his literary sustenance, if such it may be called, is simply archaic. His music is in a weird minor key, and like that of Chaucer's Prioress, "entuned in hire nose full swetely." The hymns which are lined out and sung in unison in very slow time are usually quite doleful. The banjo, as well as most secular music, is commonly accounted wicked. Yet not a few old English ballads, familiar in Percy's *Reliques*, have been handed down from mother to daughter, with interesting variants like those of the *Homeric lays*. For example, the mountain minstrel represents the hero of Barbara Allen as coming not "out of the west countree," but (for all the world!) out of the Western States! And besides these transmissions there is a certain mass of stock phrases, anecdotes always related in the same words, standing illustrations, and the like, which are of the nature of literature, and might be called the literature of the illiterate. As an instance of this we recently jotted down the following apothegm of a mountain preacher. "Yeou cayn't help a-havin' bad thoughts come inter yer heads, but yeou hain't no necessity fer ter set 'em a cheer." The saying was repeated in a gathering of ministers in the East, and an aged man who was born in England said that he had heard the same thing from an unlearned country preacher when he was a boy. Doubtless that saying has been passed from mouth to mouth for generations. With these literary treasures may be mentioned the examples of slow Saxon wit exhibited in the names of places in the mountains. The post-office department has pruned away many expressive names like "Hell-fer-sartin" and "Stand-around" (why not as clas-

sic as Tarrytown ?), but has spared many imaginative and picturesque designations, as Fair Play, Wide-Awake, Cutshin, Quality Valley, Saddler, Amity, Troublesome, Stamping Ground, and Nonesuch.

In examining social life, and its variations in the mountains, we discover a new kind of isolation, a higher potency of loneliness. The people are not only isolated from the great centres and thoroughfares of the world, but also isolated from one another. The families who live along one valley form a community by themselves, and the children grow up with almost no examples or analogies of life outside these petty bounds. As we need a fresh air fund for the little ones of the city, we need a fresh idea fund for these sons and daughters of solitude. The very words by which a stranger is directed are suggestive of this isolation of each locality. In place of the street and number of a city, or the "range" and "section" of the west, we are directed by the watercourses. We are told to follow the middle fork of the Kentucky River, go up such a creek, and turn off on such a branch. The mountain world is mapped out by "forks," "creeks," and "branches." This double isolation produces many marked variations in social conditions. It may happen, for example, that one or two leading families on the "branch" — the pillars of the narrow society — die out, or move out, and the social state, left unsupported, collapses. The tales of awful degradation in the mountains may be true. But such tales are not to be taken as representative. The very next valley may be filled with homes where home-spun linen table-cloths, and texts and hymns handed down by tradition, witness to a self-respect and character that are unmistakable.

We have only to read our Old Testament to be reminded that mere illiteracy is not fatal to character. The patriarchs were illiterate, and there are people in the

mountains who remind us of them, — men and women who with deep though narrow experiences have reflected upon the problems of life, and subjected themselves to its disciplines, until they have gained the poise and power of true philosophers. This is something different from that repose of manner, quite common in the South, which comes from the mere absence of all haste, and makes the veriest roustabout somewhat akin to the representatives of our most distinguished leisure class.

The ancestry of the mountain folk is for the most part creditable. As has been indicated already it is almost wholly Revolutionary and British. In Kentucky a majority of the families may be traced back to rural England, both by distinct English traits and by the common English names like Chrisman, Baker, Allen, and Hazelwood. In other parts of the mountains the Scotch-Irish strain predominates, with corresponding names, including all the Maes. The impression has been made that some of the early settlers in the Southern colonies were "convicts," but it must be remembered that many of them were only convicted of having belonged to Cromwell's army, or of persisting in attending religious meetings conducted by "dissenters." But, whatever their origin, the "leading families" of the mountains are clearly sharers in the gracious influences which formed the English and Scottish people, and when a mountain lad registers by the name of Campbell or Harrison we have learned to expect that he will not prove unworthy of his clan.

A word deserves to be said of the native refinement of many of the mountain women. The staid combination of a black sunbonnet and a cob pipe is not unusual, and the shrill voice that betokens desperation in life's struggles may be heard. There is an utter frankness in questioning a stranger. "Who might you-all be? Where are ye aimin' ter go? What brung ye up this air way off

branch? Where do ye live at? Where's yer old man? [This to a lady engaged in extension work!] How old be ye?" Yet there is withal a real kindliness and a certain shy modesty, and often a passionate eagerness to note points of superiority which may be imitated. As a rule, the proprieties of life are observed to a surprising degree; and a mountain woman certainly proves her descent from Eve when she appears at a meeting on the hottest summer's day wearing woolen mitts as her tribute to conventionality! Love of home and kindred is nowhere more marked than among these simple dwellers in the hills. The mountaineer has fewer passions than we, but his passions are more irresistible. When all the living branches of a family are in one county, perhaps in one valley, and a girl has never slept beneath more than a single roof, she deserves the name of heroine for starting off to a distant school, and may be pardoned for some homesickness after she is there.

The reverse side of family affection is the blood feud, which still survives in full vigor. Thoroughly to trace the origin, motives, and code of the blood feud in the mountains would require an article by itself. As an institution it has its roots deep in Old World traditions. Yet it seems to have been decadent when the confusions of the civil war gave it a new life. It is made possible by the simple fact that the people of this region have not yet grasped the decidedly modern notion of the sacredness of life. Mountain homicides are not committed for purposes of robbery. They are almost universally performed in the spirit of an Homeric chieftain, and the motive is some "point of honor."

Among the social virtues of the mountaineer hospitality has a high place. This virtue is to be found in solitary places the world over. Its two blending motives are compassion for a stranger, and curiosity to learn whatever news he may bring; and both motives are creditable.

While we cannot here trace all the social codes of mountain life, it is important to note that there are social codes and moral standards which are most strictly observed. Herein the "mountain white" shows his genus. It is his social standards and his independent spirit that prove his worth, or at least his promise. He is not a degraded being, although, to tell the truth, he has not yet been graded up! The "poor whites" were degraded by actual competition with slave labor. The "mountain whites" had little contact with slavery, and retained that independent spirit which everywhere belongs to the owners of land. Mr. John Fox, Jr., is responsible for the statement that when a man was sent with a sum of money to relieve distress in a plague-stricken district in the mountains of Kentucky, he could find none who would confess their need, and rode for days without being able to execute his commission. The mountaineer is not a suppliant for old clothes. When Mr. Fox gave a reading from his Cumberland tales in Berea, the mountain boys were ready to mob him. They had no comprehension of the nature of fiction. Mr. Fox's stories were either true or false. If they were true, then he was "no gentleman" for telling all the family affairs of people who had entertained him with their best. If they were not true, then, of course, they were libelous upon the mountain people! Such an attitude may remind us of the general condemnation of fiction by the "unco' gude" a generation ago.

This proof of the narrowness of their horizon may prepare us to understand their religion. Here they have distinctly degenerated; they have lost the great Protestant idea that a minister must be an educated man. Ignorance makes men positive, and the barriers of orthodoxy have been raised to a very commanding height. The same positiveness leads to a multitude of sects, and is reinforced by the feudal spirit for following a par-

tisan leader. Theological thought turns upon such points as the validity of baptism not performed in running water, and the origin of Melchizedek. Naturally, and happily, such discussions do not greatly affect practical life. With some tenets, however, the case is different. The mountains seem the natural home of fatalism. It is in helplessness that they cry out beside the bedside of their dear one, "If he's to die, he's to die." And this "hardshell" predestinarian teaching does not hesitate to condemn missions and Sunday-schools as an unwarrantable interference with the decrees of the Almighty. The habit of literal interpretation has raised up many champions of the doctrine of a flat earth. "Dew yeou perpose to take Joshuar inter yeour leetle school, and larn him the shape of the yearth? Don't the Bible tell us that the yearth's got eends, an' foundations, an' corners? And that the sun runs from one eend on hit ter the other? Let God be true and every man a liar!" With all this ranting, however, there are some noble men among the mountain preachers. Occasionally we have real eloquence, and in rare instances even some liberality. An example of the latter occurred recently when, after a long discourse in which the natural obstacles in the narrow way were quite lost sight of while the preacher brought the opening down to a mere crack by the piling in of ritualistic and doctrinal tests, at the close the good man, with a glance at one of our extension lecturers who was present, exclaimed, "I hain't a-sayin' that God cayn't let in a truly repentant sinner that don't come up ter this yere standard. The Lord air powerful good, an' if he neow and then lets in a sinner as has plumb repented, even if he don't come up to this yere standard, I hain't a-goin' ter object. There may be some in other churches as don't know no better, and the Lord may, now an' then, take pity on some on 'em. But, brethering, mine's the reg'lar way."

Though the points of resemblance between these lonely people of the hills and our forefathers on the bleak New England shore are numerous and striking, there are one or two points of contrast which place them very far apart. Judged by modern standards, the early settlers in the New World were rude of speech, and stinted in all material resources. More than this, they were but babes in all scientific conceptions, and strangers to many of the ideas with which every modern child is familiar. They were crude, poor, narrow, *but they were at the head of the procession.* They shared the best thought of their time, and were consciously in motion. They were inspired by the great task of nation building. The mountain folk, on the contrary, the best of them, are consciously stranded. They are behind relatively as well as absolutely, and their pride is all the more vehement because conscious of an insecure foundation. Shy, sensitive, undemonstrative, the mountain man and woman are pathetically belated. The generations of scorn from the surrounding lowlands have almost convinced them, inwardly, that "what is, must be," and they are but feebly struggling with destiny.

Such people are so far out of touch with modern life that they surprise and disappoint some who, without intimate acquaintance, try to give them assistance. Few teachers can really begin simply enough, and condescend to teach the things which "we always knew." I recall a breezy mountain top, and a young hunter — a Doryphorus rather than an Apollo — whose woodcraft had won my admiration. Delicately I touched upon the question of education.

"Can you write numbers?"

The answer came slow and guarded. "Reckon I can write some numbers."

Then on a piece of bark I drew the nine digits. He read them all. Next came the combination of figures, and I included the date 1897.

"I don't guess I can tell that thar."

I explained it. And then a new test occurred to me.

"Do you know what 1897 means?"

"Hit 's the year, hain't hit?"

"But why is this year called 1897? It is 1897 years since what?"

"I never heard tell."

Another instance came to light through the distribution of reading matter. When I was young in the mountains I distributed a barrel of copies of the *New York Independent*, and had great satisfaction in observing the eagerness with which they were taken. A little later I discovered that these simple folk could not comprehend the high themes discussed in that excellent periodical, and that their eagerness was only to secure paper for the walls of their cabins! Yet in many places a mere scrap of printed paper will be cherished. More than once one of our extension lecturers has been intercepted in attempting to throw into the fire the paper which had been wrapped around some toilet article.

"Don't burn thet thar, stranger, hit mought have some news on hit."

So, too, it is pitiful to see how helpless these people are in estimating the things of the outside world. "Furriners" have impressed them with the wonders of train and telegraph, and they have no standard from which to decide where credulity should stop. The story is quite credible of the mountaineer in Georgia who inquired why the folks of the county town were not more "tore up" over the Spanish war. "It 'hav been giv out in our settlement," said he, "thet them Spanish has flyin' squad-rooms, and we 'low thet if one of them things should 'light in our parts they would be as hard on us as the rebs."

But the mountain folk should inspire more than an antiquarian interest. They are part and parcel of the nation, and their place in it and their future are topics of general concern. When we

consider the separate elements of our population the mountaineer must not be overlooked. He certainly belongs to the category of the "native born." But his characteristics are the exact complement of those which we now consider American. Lacking the intelligence which is the leading trait of latter-day Americans, he has the unjaded nerves which the typical modern lacks. And while in more elegant circles American families have ceased to be prolific, the mountain American is still rearing vigorous children in numbers that would satisfy the patriarchs. The possible value of such a population is sufficiently evident.

The few representatives of this obscure people who have made their way to regions of greater opportunity have shown no mean native endowment. Lincoln himself is an example. His great career hinged upon the fact that his mother had six books: he was "that much" ahead of contemporary mountain lads, and it gave him his initiative. The principal building of Berea College is named after this greatest American, and we expect to find other similar outcroppings from the same strata. The latent ability of these people often shows itself in other lines, and is sometimes accidentally discovered; as in the case of a totally unlettered man who was aroused by the incoming of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and took and executed large contracts, managing cuts, fills, tunnels, and bridges, and handling armies of workmen, without the aid of either pen or pencil. Another fact to be considered in appraising this mountain population is its central location in the heart of the South. When once enlightened this highland stock may reinforce the whole circle of Southern States.

How the mountains are to be enlightened, however, is a double problem; first as to the means, and secondly as to the method. The first question is one of philanthropy, and the second question is one

of pedagogies. There could not be a clearer call for the intervention of intelligent, patriotic assistance. We are sometimes remonstrated with for breaking in upon this Arcadian simplicity, and we have had our own misgivings. But it must be remembered that ruthless change is knocking at the door of every mountain cabin. The jackals of civilization have already abused the confidence of many a highland home. The lumber, coal, and mineral wealth of the mountains is to be possessed, and the unprincipled vanguard of commercialism can easily debauch a simple people. The question is whether the mountain people can be enlightened and guided so that they can have a part in the development of their own country, or whether they must give place to foreigners and melt away like so many Indians.

The means for extending this saving aid must be furnished by the patriotic people of the nation. It cannot be left to the states concerned; for these are all poor Southern states, inexperienced in popular education. Appalachian America is a ward of the nation, such a ward as we have never had before. The mountain man is not to be compared with the negro, except in the basal fact of need. Nor can he be compared with the Western pioneer, for the Western frontier had always a certain proportion of educated leaders, and it was closely knit by family and commercial ties with the older and richer parts of the land. But Appalachian America is a frontier without any related back tier, and must be dealt with accordingly.

The question of the method by which these contemporary ancestors of ours are to be put in step with the world is an educational one. I wish only to bring forward two suggestions. In the first place, the aim should be to make them intelligent without making them sophisticated. As a matter both of taste and of common sense, we should not try to

make them conform to the regulation type of Americans; they should be encouraged to retain all that is characteristic and wholesome in their present life. Let us not set them agog to rush into the competition of cities, but show them how to get the blessings of culture where they are. Let them not be taught to despise the log cabin, but to adorn it. So, too, the whole aim of our aid should be to make them able to help themselves. Industrial education, instruction in the care of their forests, rotation of crops, and similar elementary matters will make them sharers in the gifts of science. Normal instruction will help them to get some benefit from the newly organized and very inadequate public schools. Publications adapted to their present needs, and university extension lectures upon such elementary themes as hygiene, United States history, and settling quarrels without bloodshed, are in order.

The native capacity of the mountain people is well established, and their response to well-directed efforts has been surprisingly ready. On more than one occasion they have adjourned court to listen to an extension lecture. Mountain boys will walk a hundred miles, over an unknown road, in quest of an education whose significance they can but dimly comprehend. Why may we not expect to see *our* people as worthy and intelligent as those of Drumtochty? Suppose that Drumtochty had had only a bridle path to connect it with the world, so that its farmers and shepherds could reach the market town only twice a year instead of twice a week; suppose there had been no university on the far horizon to beckon its aspiring lads; and then suppose that Drumsheuch and the "meenisster" had been illiterate men, jealous of all "high-heeled notions" from the outside world. Who would have known whether there was ever a scholar born in Drumtochty or not?

William Goodell Frost.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

II.

EDUCATION AND BEHAVIOR.

IN our previous paper we were led to frame a very simple conception of what an education means. In the last analysis, it consists in the organizing of *resources* in the human being, of powers of conduct which shall fit him to his social and physical world. An "uneducated" person is one who is nonplused by all but the most habitual situations. On the contrary, one who is educated is able practically to extricate himself, by means of the examples with which his memory is stored and of the abstract conceptions which he has acquired, from circumstances in which he never was placed before. Education, in short, cannot be better described than by calling it *the organization of acquired habits of conduct and tendencies to behavior*.

To illustrate. You and I are each and all of us educated, in our several ways, and we show our education at this present moment by different conduct. It would be quite impossible for me, with my mind technically and professionally organized as it is, and with the optical stimulus which your presence affords, to remain sitting here entirely silent and inactive. Something tells me that I am expected to speak, and must speak; something forces me to keep on speaking. My organs of articulation are continuously innervated by outgoing currents, which the currents passing inward at my eyes and through my educated brain have set in motion; and the particular movements which they make have their form and order determined altogether by the training of all my past years of lecturing and reading. Your conduct, on the other hand, might seem at first sight purely receptive and inactive, — leaving out those among you who

happen to be taking notes. But the very *listening* which you are carrying on is itself a determinate kind of conduct. All the muscular tensions of your body are distributed in a peculiar way as you listen; your head, your eyes, are fixed characteristically. And when the lecture is over, it will inevitably eventuate in some stroke of behavior, as I said on the previous occasion. You may be guided differently in some special emergency in the schoolroom by some word which I now let fall. So it is with the impressions you will make there on your pupil. You should get into the habit of regarding them all as instrumental to the acquisition by him of capacities for behavior, emotional, social, bodily, vocal, technical, or what not. And this being the case, you ought to feel willing, in a broad, general way, and without hair-splitting or farther ado, to take up with the biological conception of the mind, as of something given us for practical use. That conception, at any rate, will conveniently cover the greater part of your own educational work.

If we reflect upon the various ideals of education that are prevalent in the different countries, we see that what they all aim at is to organize capacities for conduct. This is most immediately obvious in Germany, where the explicitly avowed aim of the higher education is to turn the student into an instrument for advancing scientific discovery. The German universities are proud of the number of young specialists whom they turn out every year, — not necessarily men of any original force of intellect, but men so trained to research that when their professor gives them an historical or philological thesis to prepare, or a bit of laboratory work to do, with a general indication as to the best method, they can go off by themselves and use apparatus

and consult sources in such a way as to grind out in the requisite number of months some little peppercorn of new truth worthy of being added to the store of extant human information on that subject. Little else is recognized in Germany as a man's title to academic advancement than his ability thus to show himself an efficient instrument of research.

In England, it might seem at first sight as if what the higher education of the universities aimed at were the production of certain static types of character, rather than the development of what one may call this dynamic scientific efficiency. Professor Jowett, when asked what Oxford could do for its students, is said to have replied, "Oxford can teach an English gentleman how to be an English gentleman." But if you ask what it means "to be an English gentleman," the only reply is in terms of conduct and behavior. An English gentleman is a bundle of specifically qualified reactions, a creature who for all the emergencies of life has his line of behavior distinctly marked out for him in advance. Here, as elsewhere, "England expects every man to do his duty."

THE NECESSITY OF REACTIONS.

If all this be true, then immediately one general aphorism emerges which ought by logical right to dominate the entire conduct of the teacher in the classroom. *No reception without reaction, no impression without correlative expression*, — this is the great maxim which the teacher ought never to forget. An impression which simply flows in at the pupil's eyes or ears, and in no way modifies the active life, is an impression gone to waste. It is physiologically incomplete. It leaves no fruits behind it in the way of capacity acquired. Even as mere impression it fails to produce its proper effect upon the memory; for, to remain fully amongst the acquisitions of this latter faculty, it must be wrought

into the whole cycle of our operations. Its motor consequences are what *clinch* it. Some effect, due to it in the way of an activity, must return to the mind in the form of the sensation of having acted, and connect itself with the impression. The most durable impressions, in fact, are those on account of which we speak or act, or else are inwardly convulsed.

The older pedagogic method of learning things by rote, and reciting them parrot-like in the schoolroom, rested on the truth that a thing merely read or heard, and never verbally reproduced, contracts the weakest possible adhesion in the mind. Verbal recitation or reproduction is thus a highly important kind of reactive behavior on our impressions, and it is to be feared that, in the reaction against the old parrot recitations as the beginning and end of instruction, the extreme value of verbal recitation as an element of complete training may nowadays be too much forgotten.

When we turn to modern pedagogics, we see how enormously the field of reactive conduct has been extended by the introduction of all those methods of concrete object teaching which are the glory of our contemporary schools. Verbal reactions, useful as they are, are insufficient. The pupil's words may be right, but the conceptions corresponding to them are often direfully wrong. In a modern school, therefore, they form only a small part of what the pupil is required to do. He must keep notebooks, make drawings, plans, and maps, take measurements, enter the laboratory and perform experiments, consult authorities, and write essays. He must do in his fashion what is often laughed at by outsiders when it appears in prospectuses under the title of "original work," but what is really the only possible training for the doing of original work thereafter. The most colossal improvement which recent years have seen in secondary education lies in the introduction of the manual

training schools; not because they will give us a people more handy and practical for domestic life and better skilled in trades, but because they will give us citizens with an entirely different intellectual fibre. Laboratory work and shop work engender a habit of observation, a knowledge of the difference between accuracy and vagueness, and an insight into nature's complexity and into the inadequacy of all abstract verbal accounts of real phenomena, which once wrought into the mind remain there as lifelong possessions. They confer precision; because if you are *doing* a thing, you must do it definitely right or definitely wrong. They give honesty; for when you express yourself by making things, and not by using words, it becomes impossible to dissimulate your vagueness or ignorance by ambiguity. They beget a habit of self-reliance; they keep the interest and attention always cheerfully engaged, and reduce the teacher's disciplinary functions to a minimum. Of the various systems of manual training, so far as woodwork is concerned, the Swedish sloyd system, if I may have an opinion on such matters, seems to me by far the best, psychologically considered. Manual-training methods, fortunately, are being slowly, but surely, introduced into all our large cities; but there is still an immense distance to traverse before they shall have gained the extension which they are destined ultimately to possess.

No impression without expression, then, — that is the first pedagogic fruit of our evolutionary conception of the mind as something instrumental to adaptive behavior. But a word may be said in continuation. The expression itself comes back to us, as I intimated a moment ago, in the form of a still farther impression, — the impression, namely, of what we have done. We thus receive sensible news of our behavior and its results. We hear the words we have

spoken, feel our own blow as we give it, or read the success or failure of our reactions in the bystander's eyes. Now, this return wave of impression pertains to the completeness of the whole experience, and a word about its importance in the schoolroom may not be out of place. It would seem only natural to say that since after acting we normally get some return impression of result, it must be well to let the pupil get such a return impression in every possible case. Nevertheless, in schools where examination marks and "standing" and other returns of result are concealed, the pupil is frustrated of this natural termination of the cycle of his activities, and often suffers from the sense of incompleteness and uncertainty; and there are persons who defend this system as encouraging the pupil to work for the work's sake, and not for extraneous reward. Of course, here as elsewhere, concrete experience must prevail over psychological deduction. But as far as our psychological deduction goes, it would suggest that the pupil's eagerness to know how well he does is in the line of his normal completeness of function, and should never be balked except for very definite reasons indeed.

NATIVE REACTIONS AND ACQUIRED REACTIONS.

We are by this time fully launched upon the biological conception. Man is an organism for reacting on impressions; his mind is there to help determine his reactions, and the purpose of his education is to make them numerous and perfect. *Our education means, in short, little more than a mass of possibilities of reaction*, acquired at home, at school, or in the training of affairs. The teacher's task is that of supervising the acquiring process.

This being the case, I will immediately state a principle which underlies the whole process of acquisition and governs the entire activity of the teacher. It is this: —

Every acquired reaction is, as a rule, either a complication grafted on a native reaction, or a substitute for a native reaction which the same object originally tended to provoke.

The teacher's art consists in bringing about the substitution or complication; and success in the art presupposes a sympathetic acquaintance with the reactive tendencies natively there.

Without an equipment of native reactions on the child's part, the teacher would have no hold whatever upon the child's attention or conduct. You may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; and so you may take a child to the schoolroom, but you cannot make him learn the new things you wish to impart, except by soliciting him in the first instance by something which natively makes him react. He must take the first step himself. He must *do* something before you can get your purchase on him. That something may be something good or something bad. A bad reaction is better than no reaction at all; for if bad, you can couple it with consequences which awake him to its badness. But imagine a child so lifeless as to react in *no* way to the teacher's first appeals, and say how you can possibly take the first step in his education.

To make this abstract conception more concrete, assume the case of a young child's training in good manners. The child has a native tendency to snatch with his hands at anything that attracts his curiosity; also to draw back his hands when slapped, to cry under these latter conditions, to smile when gently spoken to, and to imitate one's gestures.

Suppose now you appear before the child with a new toy intended as a present for him. No sooner does he see the toy than he seeks to snatch it. You slap the hand; it is withdrawn, and the child cries. You then hold up the toy, smiling and saying, "Ask for it nicely,

—so!" The child stops crying, imitates you, receives the toy, and crows with pleasure, — and that little cycle of training is complete. You have substituted the new reaction of "asking" for the native reaction of snatching, when that kind of impression comes.

Now, if the child had no memory, the process would not be educative. No matter how often you came in with a toy, the same series of reactions would fatally occur, each called forth by its own impression: see, snatch; slap, cry; hear, imitate; ask, receive. But with *memory* there, the child, at the very instant of snatching, recalls the rest of the earlier experience, thinks of the slap and the frustration, recollects the asking and the reward, inhibits the snatching impulse, substitutes the "nice" reaction for it, and gets the toy immediately by eliminating all the intermediary steps. If a child's first snatching impulse is excessive or his memory poor, many repetitions of the discipline may be needed before the acquired reaction comes to be an ingrained habit; but in an eminently educable child a single experience will suffice.

One might easily represent the whole process by a brain-diagram; but such a diagram would be little more than a symbolic translation of the immediate experience into spatial terms, so I omit it.

The first thing, then, for the teacher is to understand the pupil's native reactive tendencies, — the impulses and instincts of childhood, — so as to be able to substitute one for another, and turn them on to artificial objects.

It is often said that man is distinguished from the lower animals by having a much smaller assortment of native instincts and impulses than they; but this is a great mistake. Man, of course, has not the marvelous egg-laying instincts which some articulates have; but if we compare him with the mammalia, we are forced to confess that he is ap-

pealed to by a much larger array of objects than any other mammal, that his reactions on these objects are characteristic and determinate in a very high degree. The monkeys, and especially the anthropoids, are the only beings that approach him in their analytic curiosity and width of imitativeness. His instinctive impulses, it is true, get overlaid by the secondary reactions due to his superior reasoning power; and thus man loses the *simply* instinctive demeanor. But the life of instinct is only disguised in him, not lost; and when the higher brain functions are in abeyance, as happens in imbecility or dementia, his instincts sometimes show their presence in truly brutish ways.

I will therefore say a few words about those instinctive tendencies which are the most important from the teacher's point of view.

WHAT THE NATIVE REACTIONS ARE.

First of all, *fear*. Fear of punishment has always been the great weapon of the teacher, and will always, of course, retain some place in the conditions of the schoolroom. The subject is so familiar that nothing more need be said about it. And the same is true of *love*, and the instinctive desire to please those whom we love. The teacher who succeeds in getting herself loved by the pupils will obtain results which one of a more forbidding temperament finds it impossible to secure.

Next, a word may be said about *curiosity*. This is perhaps a rather poor term by which to designate the *impulse toward better cognition* in its full extent; but you will readily understand what I mean. Novelties in the way of sensible objects, especially if their sensational quality is bright, vivid, startling, invariably arrest the attention of the young, and hold it until the desire to know more about the object is assuaged. In its higher form, the impulse toward completer knowledge takes the charac-

ter of scientific or philosophic curiosity. In both its sensational and its intellectual form, the instinct is more vivacious during childhood and youth than in after life. Young children are possessed by curiosity about every new impression that assails them. It would be quite impossible for a young child to listen to a lecture for more than a few minutes, as you are now listening to me. The outside sights and sounds inevitably carry his attention off. And for most people in middle life, the sort of intellectual effort required of the average schoolboy in mastering his Greek or Latin lesson, his algebra or physics, would be out of the question. The middle-aged citizen attends exclusively to the routine details of his business, and new truths, especially when they require involved trains of close reasoning, are no longer within the scope of his potentiality.

The sensational curiosity of childhood is appealed to more particularly by certain determinate kinds of objects. Material things, things that move, human actions and accounts of human action, will win the attention better than anything that is more abstract. Here again comes in the advantage of the object-teaching and manual-training methods. The pupil's attention is spontaneously held by any problem that involves a new material object or an activity on any one's part. The teacher's earliest appeals, therefore, must be through objects shown, or acts performed or described. Theoretic curiosity, curiosity about the rational relations between things, can hardly be said to awake until adolescence is reached. The sporadic metaphysical inquiries of children as to who made God, and why they have five fingers, need hardly be counted here. But when the theoretic instinct is once alive in the pupil, an entirely new order of pedagogic relations begins for him, a fact with which all teachers are familiar. And both in its sensible and in its rational developments, disinterested curiosity

may be successfully appealed to in the child with much more certainty than in the adult, in whom this intellectual instinct has grown so torpid as usually to require quickening by entering into association with some selfish personal interest. Of this latter point I will say more anon.

Imitation. Man has always been recognized as the imitative animal *par excellence*; and there is hardly a book on psychology, however old, which has not devoted at least one paragraph to this fact. It is strange, however, that the full scope and pregnancy of the imitative impulse in man has had to wait till the last dozen years to become adequately recognized. M. Tarde led the way in his admirably original work *Les Lois de l'Imitation*; and in our own country Professors Royce and Baldwin have kept the ball rolling with all the energy that could be desired. Each of us is in fact what he is almost exclusively by virtue of his imitativeness. We become conscious of what we ourselves are by imitating others. The consciousness of what the others are precedes; the sense of self grows by the sense of pattern. The entire accumulated wealth of mankind — languages, arts, institutions, and sciences — is passed on from one generation to another by what Baldwin has called social heredity, each generation simply imitating the last. Into the particulars of this most fascinating chapter of psychology I have no time to go. The moment one hears Tarde's proposition uttered, however, one feels how supremely true it is. Invention — using the term most broadly — and imitation are the two legs, so to call them, on which the human race historically has walked.

Imitation shades imperceptibly into *emulation*. Emulation is the impulse to imitate what you see another doing, in order not to appear inferior; and it is hard to draw a sharp line between the

manifestations of the two impulses, so inextricably do they mix their effects. Emulation is the very nerve of human society. Why are you, my hearers, sitting here before me? If no one whom you ever heard of had attended a "summer school" or teachers' institute, would it have occurred to any one of you to break out independently and do a thing so unprescribed by fashion? Probably not. Nor would your pupils come to you unless the children of their parents' neighbors were all simultaneously being sent to school. We wish not to be lonely or eccentric, and we wish not to be cut off from our share in things which to our neighbors seem desirable possessions.

In the schoolroom, imitation and emulation play absolutely vital parts. Every teacher knows the advantage of having certain things performed by whole bands of children at a time. The teacher who meets with most success is the teacher whose own ways are the most imitable. A teacher should never try to make the pupils do a thing which she cannot do herself. "Come and let me show you how" is an incomparably better stimulus than "Go and do it as the book directs." Children admire a teacher who has skill, and are inspired with emulation. It is useless for a dull and devitalized teacher to exhort her pupils to wake up and take an interest. She must first take one herself; then her example is effective as no exhortation can possibly be.

Every school has its tone, moral and intellectual. And this tone is a mere tradition kept up by imitation, due in the first instance to the example set by teachers and by previous pupils of an aggressive and dominating type, copied by the others, and passed on from year to year, so that the new pupils take the cue almost immediately. Such a tone changes very slowly, if at all; and then always under the modifying influence of new personalities, aggressive enough in

character to set new patterns and not merely to copy the old. The classic example of this sort of tone is the often quoted case of Rugby under Dr. Arnold's administration. He impressed his own character as a model on the imagination of the oldest boys, who in turn were expected and required to impress theirs upon the younger set. The contagiousness of Arnold's genius was such that a Rugby man was said to be recognizable all through life by a peculiar turn of character which he acquired at school.

It is obvious that psychology as such can give in this field no precepts of detail. Here, as in so many other fields of teaching, success depends mainly on the native genius of the teacher,—the sympathy, tact, and perception which enable one to seize the right moment and to set the right example.

Amongst the recent modern reforms of teaching methods, a certain disparagement of emulation, as a laudable spring of action in the schoolroom, has often made itself heard. More than a century ago, Rousseau, in his *Emile*, branded rivalry between one pupil and another as too base a passion to play a part in an ideal education. "Let *Emile*," he said, "never be led to compare himself to other children. No rivalries, not even in running, as soon as he begins to have the power of reason. It were a hundred times better that he should not learn at all what he could only learn through jealousy or vanity. But I would mark out every year the progress he may have made, and I would compare it with the progress of the following years. I would say to him: 'You are now grown so many inches taller. There is the ditch which you jumped over, there is the burden which you raised. There is the distance to which you could throw a pebble, there the distance you could run over without losing breath. See how much more you can do now!' Thus I should excite him

without making him jealous of any one. He would wish to surpass himself. I can see no inconvenience in this emulation with his former self."

Unquestionably, emulation with one's former self is a noble form of the passion of rivalry, and has a wide scope in the training of the young. But to veto and taboo all possible rivalry of one youth with another, because such rivalry may degenerate into greedy and selfish excess, does seem to savor somewhat of sentimentality, or even of fanaticism. The feeling of rivalry lies at the very basis of our being, all social improvement being largely due to it. There is a noble and generous passion of rivalry as well as a spiteful and greedy one; and the noble and generous form is particularly common in childhood. All games owe the zest which they bring with them to the fact that they are rooted in the emulous passion; yet they are the chief means of training in fairness and magnanimity. Can the teacher afford to throw such an ally away? Ought we seriously to hope that marks, distinctions, prizes, and other goals of effort, based on the pursuit of recognized superiority, should be forever banished from our schools? As a psychologist, I must confess my doubts. The wise teacher will use this instinct as he uses others, reaping its advantages, and appealing to it in such a way as to reap a maximum of benefit with a minimum of harm; for, after all, we must confess, with a French critic of Rousseau's doctrine, that the deepest spring of action in us is the sight of action in another. The spectacle of effort is what awakens and sustains our own effort. No runner running all alone on a race track will find in his own will the power of stimulation which his rivalry with other runners incites, when he feels them at his heels about to pass. When a trotting horse is "speeded," a running horse must go beside him to keep him to the pace.

As imitation slides into emulation, so emulation slides into *ambition*; and ambition connects itself closely with *pugnacity* and *pride*. Consequently, these five instinctive tendencies form an interconnected group of factors, hard to separate in the determination of a great deal of our conduct. The *ambitious impulses* would perhaps be the best name for the whole group.

Pride and pugnacity have often been considered unworthy passions to appeal to in the young; but in their more refined and noble forms they play a great part in the schoolroom, and in education generally, being in some characters most potent spurs to effort. Pugnacity need not be thought of merely in the form of physical combativeness. It can be taken in the sense of a general unwillingness to be beaten by any kind of difficulty. It is what makes us feel "stumped" and challenged by arduous achievements, and is essential to a spirited and enterprising character. We have had of late too much of the philosophy of tenderness in education; "interest" must be assiduously awakened in everything, difficulties must be smoothed away. *Soft* pedagogies have taken the place of the old steep and rocky path to learning. But from this lukewarm air the bracing oxygen of effort is left out. It is nonsense to suppose that every step in education *can* be interesting. The fighting impulse must often be appealed to. Make the pupil feel ashamed of being "scared" at fractions, of being "downed" by the law of falling bodies, rouse his pugnacity and pride, and he will rush at the difficult places with a sort of inner anger at himself that is one of his best moral faculties. A victory scored under such conditions becomes a turning point and crisis of his character. It represents the high-water mark of his powers, and serves thereafter as an ideal pattern for his self-imitation. The teacher who never rouses this sort of pugnacious excitement in his pupils falls

short of one of his best forms of usefulness.

The next instinct which I shall mention is that of *ownership*, also one of the radical endowments of the race. It often is the antagonist of imitation. Whether social progress is due more to the passion for keeping old things or to the passion of imitating new ones may in some cases be a difficult thing to decide. The sense of ownership begins in the second year of life; among the first words which an infant learns to utter are the words "my" and "mine." The depth and primitiveness of this instinct would seem to discredit psychologically all radical forms of communistic utopia in advance. Private proprietorship cannot be abolished. It seems essential to mental health that the individual should have something beyond the bare clothes on his back to which he can assert exclusive possession, and which he may defend adversely against the world. Even those religious orders who make the most stringent vows of poverty have found it necessary to relax the rule a little in favor of human nature, made unhappy by reduction to too disinterested terms. The monk must have his books; the nun must have her little garden, and the images and pictures in her room.

In education, the instinct of ownership is fundamental, and can be appealed to in many ways. In the house, training in order and neatness begins with the arrangement of the child's own personal possessions. In the school, ownership is particularly important in connection with one of its special forms of activity, the collecting impulse. An object possibly not very interesting in itself, like a shell, a postage stamp, or a single map or drawing, will acquire an interest if it fills a gap in a collection or helps to complete a series. Much of the scholarly work of the world, so far as it is mere bibliography, memory, and eru-

dition (and this lies at the basis of all our human scholarship), would seem to owe its interest rather to the way in which it gratifies the accumulating and collecting instinct than to any special appeal which it makes to rational desire. A man wishes a complete collection of information, wishes to know more about a subject than anybody else, much as another may wish to own more dollars, or more early editions, or more engravings before the letter, than anybody else.

The teacher who can work this impulse into the school tasks is fortunate. Almost all children collect something. A tactful teacher may get them to take pleasure in collecting books; in keeping a neat and orderly collection of notes; in starting, when they are mature enough, a card catalogue; in preserving every drawing or map which they may make. Neatness, order, and method are thus instinctively gained, along with the other benefits which the possession of the collection entails. Even such a noisome thing as a collection of postage stamps may be used by the teacher as an inciter of interest in the geographical and historical information which she desires to impart. Sloyd successfully avails itself of this instinct in causing the pupil to make a collection of wooden implements fit for his own private use at home. Collecting is of course the basis of all natural history study; and probably nobody ever became a good naturalist who was not an unusually active collector when a boy.

Construction is the other great instinctive tendency with which the schoolroom has to contract an alliance. Up to the eighth or ninth year of childhood, one may say that the child does hardly anything else than handle objects, explore things with his hands, doing and undoing, setting up and knocking down, putting together and pulling apart; for, from the psychological point of view, construction

and destruction are two names for the same manual activity. The result of all this is that familiarity with the physical environment, that acquaintance with the properties of material things, which is really the foundation of human consciousness. To the very last, in most of us, the conceptions of objects and their properties are limited to the notion of what we can *do with them*. A "stick" means something we can lean upon or strike with; "fire," something to cook, or warm ourselves, or burn things up withal; "string," something with which to tie things together. In geometry, the cylinder, circle, sphere, are defined as so many results of construction. The more different kinds of things a child thus gets to know by treating and handling them, the more confident grows his sense of kinship with the world in which he lives. An unsympathetic adult will wonder at the fascinated hours which a child will spend in putting his "blocks" together and rearranging them. But the wise education takes the tide at the flood, and from the kindergarten upward devotes the first years of education to training in construction and to object teaching. I need not recapitulate here what I said awhile back about the superiority of the objective and experimental methods. They occupy the pupil in a way most congruous with the spontaneous interests of his age. They absorb him, and leave impressions durable and profound. Compared with the youth taught by these methods, one brought up exclusively by books carries through life a certain remoteness from reality; he stands, as it were, out of the pale, and feels that he stands so, and often suffers a kind of melancholy from which he might have been rescued by a more "real" education.

There are other impulses, such as love of approbation or vanity, shyness and secretiveness, of which a word might be said, but they are too familiar to need

it. You can easily pursue the subject by your own reflection. There is one general law, however, that relates to many of our instinctive tendencies, and that has no little importance in education. I must refer to it briefly before I leave the subject. It has been called the law of transitoriness in instincts. Many of our impulsive tendencies ripen at a certain period, and if the appropriate objects be then and there provided, habits of conduct toward them are acquired, which last. But if the objects be not forthcoming then, the impulse may die out before a habit is formed, and later it may be hard to teach the creature to react appropriately in those directions. The sucking instinct in mammals, the following instinct in certain birds and quadrupeds, are examples of this; they disappear shortly after birth.

In children we observe a ripening of impulses and interests in a certain determinate order. Creeping, walking, climbing, imitating vocal sounds, constructing, drawing, calculating, possess the child in succession; and in some children the possession, while it lasts, may be of a semi-frantic and exclusive sort. Later, the interest in any one of these things may wholly fade away. Of course, the proper pedagogic moment to work in skill and to clinch the useful habit is when the native impulse is most acutely present. Crowd on the athletic opportunities, the mental arithmetic, the verse-learning, the drawing, the botany, or what not, the moment you have reason to think the hour is ripe. It may not last long; and whilst it continues you

may safely let all other occupations take a second place. In this way you economize time and deepen skill; for many an infant prodigy, artistic or mathematical, has a flowering epoch of but a few months.

One can draw no specific rules for all this. It depends on close observation in the particular case, and parents here have a great advantage over teachers.

Such then is the little interested and impulsive psychophysical organism whose springs of action the teacher must divine, and to whose ways he must become accustomed. He must start with the native tendencies, and enlarge the pupil's entire passive and active experience. He must ply him with new objects and stimuli, and make him taste the fruits of his behavior, so that now that whole context of remembered experience is what shall determine his conduct when he gets the stimulus, and not the bare immediate impression. As the pupil's life thus enlarges, it gets fuller and fuller of all sorts of memories and associations and substitutions; but the eye accustomed to psychological analysis will discern, underneath it all, the outlines of our simple psychophysical scheme.

Respect, I beg you, always the original reactions, even when you are seeking to overcome their connection with certain objects, and to supplant them with others that you wish to make habitual. Bad behavior, from the point of view of the teacher's art, is as good a starting point as good behavior; in fact, a better starting point than good behavior would be.

William James.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

IV. BOSTON IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES.

IN the autumn of 1844 we returned from our wedding journey, and took up our abode in the near neighborhood of the city of Boston, of which, at intervals, I had already enjoyed some glimpses. These had shown me Margaret Fuller, holding high communion with her friends in her well-remembered conversations; Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was then breaking ground in the field of his subsequent great reputation; and many another who has since been widely heard of. I count it as one of my privileges to have listened to a single sermon from Dr. Channing, with whom I had some personal acquaintance. The time was one in which the Boston community, small as it then was, exhibited great differences of opinion, especially regarding the new transcendentalism and the anti-slavery agitation, which were both held much in question by the public at large. While George Ripley, moved by a fresh interpretation of religious duty, was endeavoring to institute a phalanstery at Brook Farm, the caricatures of Christopher Cranch gave great amusement to those who were privileged to see them. One of these represented Margaret Fuller driving a winged team attached to a chariot on which was inscribed the name of her new periodical, the *Dial*, while the Rev. Andrews Norton regarded her with holy horror. Another illustrated a passage from Mr. Emerson's essay on Nature — "I play upon myself. I am my own music" — by depicting an individual with a nose of preternatural length, pierced with holes like a flageolet, upon which his fingers sought the stops. Yet Mr. Cranch belonged among the transcendentalists both by taste and by persuasion.

As my earliest relations in Boston were with its recognized society, I naturally gave some heed to the views therein held regarding the transcendental people. What I liked least in these last, when I met them, was a sort of jargon which characterized their speech. I had been taught to speak plain and careful English, and though always a student of foreign languages, I had never thought fit to mix their idioms with those of my native tongue. Apropos of this, I remember that the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck once said to me of Margaret Fuller, "That young lady does not speak the same language that I do, — I cannot understand her." Mr. Emerson's English was as new to me as that of any of his contemporaries; but in his case I soon felt that the thought was as novel as the language, and that both marked an epoch in literary history. The grandiloquence which was common at that time now appears to me to have been the natural expression of an exhilaration of mind which carried the speaker or writer beyond the bounds of commonplace speech. The intellect of the time had outgrown the limits of Puritan belief. The narrow literalism, the material and positive view of matters highly spiritual, abstract, and indeterminate, which had been handed down from previous generations, had become as irrelevant to the foremost minds of that day. They had no choice but to enter the arena as champions of the new interpretation of life which the cause of truth imperatively demanded.

I speak now of the transcendental movement as I had opportunity to observe it in Boston. Let us not ignore the fact that it was a world movement. The name seems to have been borrowed

from the German phraseology, in which the philosophy of Kant was termed "the transcendental philosophy." Furthermore, the breath which kindled among us this new flame of hope and aspiration came from the same source. For this was the period of Germany's true glory. The intellectual radiance outshone and outlived the military meteor¹ which for a brief moment obscured all else to human vision. The great vitality of the German nation, the indefatigable research of its learned men, its wholesome balance of sense and spirit, all made themselves widely felt, and infused fresh blood into veins impoverished by ascetic views of life. Its philosophers were apostles of freedom; its poets sang the joy of living, not the bitterness of sin and death.

These good things were brought to us piecemeal, by translations, by disciples. Dr. Hedge published an English rendering of some of the masterpieces of German prose. Longfellow gave us lovely versions of many poets. John S. Dwight produced his ever precious volume of translations of the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller. Margaret Fuller translated Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*. Carlyle wrote his wonderful essays, inspired by the new thought, and adding to it daring novelty of his own. The whole is matter of history now, quite beyond the domain of personal reminiscence.

I have spoken of the transcendentalists and the abolitionists as if they had been quite distinct bodies of believers. Reflecting more deeply, I feel that both were features of the new movement. In the transcendentalists the enthusiasm of emancipated thought was paramount, while the abolitionists followed the vision of emancipated humanity. The lightning flash which illuminated the heaven of the poets and philosophers fell also on the fetters of the slave, and showed them to the thinking world as

¹ Napoleon.

a disgrace no longer to be tolerated by civilized peoples.

I had formerly seen Boston as a petted visitor from another city would be apt to see it. I had found it altogether hospitable, and rather eager to entertain a novelty. It was another matter to see it with its consideration cap on, pondering whether to like or dislike a new claimant to its citizenship. I had known what we may term the Boston of the Forty, if New York may be called the city of the Four Hundred. I was now to make acquaintance with quite another city, — with the Boston of the teachers, of the reformers, of the cranks, and also — of the apostles. Wondering and floundering among these new surroundings, I was often at a loss to determine what I should follow, what relinquish. I endeavored to enter reasonably into the functions and amusements of general society, and at the same time to profit by the new resources of an intellectual life which opened out before me. One offense against fashion I would commit: I would go to hear Theodore Parker preach. My society friends shook their heads.

"What is Julia Howe trying to find at Parker's meeting?" was asked one day, in my presence.

"Atheism," replied the lady thus addressed.

I said at once, "Not atheism, but a theism."

The change had already been great from my position as a family idol and "the superior young lady of an admiring circle" to that of a wife overshadowed for the time by the splendor of her husband's reputation. This I had accepted willingly. But the change from a life of easy circumstances and brilliant surroundings to that of the mistress of a suite of rooms in the Institution for the Blind at South Boston was much greater. The building was two miles distant from the city proper, the only public conveyance being an om-

nibus which ran but once in two hours. My friends were residents of Boston, or of places still more remote from my new home, and South Boston was then, as it has continued to be, a distinctly unfashionable suburb. My husband did not desire that I should undertake any work in connection with the Institution under his charge. I found its teachers pleasant neighbors, and was glad to have Laura Bridgman continue to be a member of the household.

During the first years of my residence at the Institution Dr. Howe delighted in inviting his friends to weekly dinners, which cost me many unhappy hours. My want of training and of forethought often caused me to forget some very important item of the repast. My husband's eldest sister, who lived with us, and who had held the reins of the house-keeping until my arrival, was averse to company, and usually absented herself on the days of the dinner parties. In her absence, I often did not know where to look for various articles which were requisite and necessary. I remember one dinner for which I had relied upon a form of ice as the principal feature of the dessert. The company was of the best, and I desired that the feast should correspond with it. The ice, which had been ordered from town, did not appear. I did my best to conceal my chagrin, but was scarcely consoled when the missing refreshment was found, the next morning, in a snowbank near our door, where the messenger had deposited it without word or comment. The same mischance might, indeed does sometimes happen at this later date. I should laugh at it now, but then I almost wept over it. Our kitchen and dining room were on one floor, and a convenient slide allowed dishes to be passed from one room to the other. On a certain occasion, my sister being with me, I asked her whether my dinner had gone off well enough. "Oh yes," she replied; "only the slide was left open, and

through it I saw the cook buttering the venison."

Dr. Howe had a fancy for a piece of property which lay very near the Institution. In due time he purchased it. We found an ancient cottage on the place, and made it habitable by the addition of one or two rooms. Our new domain comprised several acres of land, and my husband took great pleasure in laying out an extensive fruit and flower garden and in building a fine hothouse. We removed to this abode on a lovely summer day; and when we entered the grounds I involuntarily exclaimed, "This is green peace!" Somehow, the nickname, jocosely given, remained in use. The estate still stands on legal records as "the Green Peace Estate." Friends would sometimes ask us, "How are you getting on at Green Beans,—is that the name?" My husband was so much attached to this place that when, after a residence of many years in the city, he returned thither to spend the last years of his life, he spoke of it as Paradise Regained.

It partly amuses and partly saddens me to recall, at this advanced period of my life, the altogether mistaken views which I once held regarding certain sets of people in Boston, of whom I really knew little or nothing. The veil of prejudice through which I saw them was not, indeed, of my own weaving, but I was content to dislike them at a distance, until circumstances absolutely compelled me to take a nearer and a truer view.

I had supposed the abolitionists to be men and women of rather coarse fibre, abounding in cheap and easy denunciation, and seeking to lay rash hands on the complex machinery of government and of society. My husband, who largely shared their opinions, had no great sympathy with either their methods or their personality. Theodore Parker held them in high esteem, and it was through him that one of my strongest imaginary

dislikes vanished as though it had never been. The object of this dislike was William Lloyd Garrison, whom I had never seen, but of whose malignity of disposition I entertained not the smallest doubt.

It happened that I met him at one of Parker's Sunday evenings at home. I soon felt that this was not the man for whom I had cherished so decided a distaste. Finding him gentle and unassuming in manner, with a pleasant voice, a benevolent countenance, and a sort of glory of sincerity in his ways and words, I could only wonder at the falsehoods that I had heard and believed concerning him.

The Parkers had recently received the gift of a piano from members of Mr. Parker's congregation. A friend began to play hymn tunes upon it, and those of us who could sing gathered in little groups to read from the few hymn books which were within reach. Dr. Howe presently looked up and saw me singing from the same book with Mr. Garrison. He told me afterward that few things in the course of his life had surprised him more. From this time forth the imaginary Garrison ceased to exist for me. I learned to respect and honor the real one more and more, though as yet little foreseeing how glad I should be one day to work with and under him. The persons most frequently named as prominent abolitionists, in connection with Mr. Garrison, were Maria Weston Chapman and Wendell Phillips.

Mrs. Chapman presided with much energy and grace over the anti-slavery bazaars which were held annually in Boston through a long space of years. For this labor of love she was somewhat decried, and the sobriquet of "Captain Chapman" was given her in derision. She was handsome and rather commanding in person, endowed also with an excellent taste in dress. I cannot remember that she ever spoke in public, but

her presence often adorned the platform at anti-slavery meetings. She was the editor of *The Liberty Bell*, and was a valued friend and ally of Wendell Phillips.

Of Mr. Phillips I must say that I at first regarded him through the same veil of prejudice which had caused me so greatly to misconceive the character of Mr. Garrison. I was a little softened by hearing that at one of the bazaars he had purchased a copy of my first volume of poems, with the remark, "She does n't like me, but I like her poetry." This naturally led me to suppose that he must have some redeeming traits of character. I had not then heard him speak, and I did not wish to hear him; but I met him, also, at one of the Parker Sunday evenings, and, after a pleasant episode of conversation, I found myself constrained to take him out of my chamber of dislikes.

Mr. Phillips was entitled, by birth and education, to an unquestioned position in Boston society. His family name was of the best. He was a graduate both of Harvard College and of its Law School. No ungentlemanly act had ever tarnished his fame. His offense was that, at a critical moment, he had espoused an unpopular cause, — one which was destined, in less than a score of years, so to divide the feeling of our community as to threaten the very continuance of our national life. Oh, to have been in Faneuil Hall on that memorable day when the pentecostal flame first visited him; when he leaped to the platform, all untrained for such an encounter, and his eloquent soul uttered itself in protest against a low and sordid acquiescence in the claims of oppression and tyranny! In that hour he was sealed as an apostle of the higher law, to whose advocacy he sacrificed his professional and social interests. The low-browed, chain-bound slave had now the best orator in America to plead his cause. It was the beginning of the end. Mr. Phillips, with-

out doubt, sometimes used intemperate language. I myself have at times dissented quite sharply from some of his statements. Nevertheless, a man who rendered such great service to the community as he did should be judged by his best, not by his least meritorious performance. He was for years an unwelcome prophet of evil to come. Society at large took little heed of his warning; but when the evil days did come, he became a counselor "good at need."

I recall now a scene in Tremont Temple just before the breaking out of our civil war. An anti-slavery meeting had been announced, and a scheme had been devised to break it up. As I entered I met Mrs. Chapman, who said, "These are times in which anti-slavery people must stand by each other." On the platform were seated a number of the prominent abolitionists. Mr. Phillips was to be the second speaker, but when he stepped forward to address the meeting a perfect hubbub arose in the gallery. Shrieks, howls, and catcalls resounded. Again and again the great orator essayed to speak. Again and again his voice was drowned by the general uproar. I sat near enough to hear him say, with a smile, "Those boys in the gallery will soon tire themselves out." And so, indeed, it befell. After a delay which appeared to some of us endless, the noise subsided, and Wendell Phillips, still in the glory of his strength and manly beauty, stood up before the house, and soon held all present spellbound by the magic of his speech. The clear silver ring of his voice carried persuasion with it. From head to foot, he seemed aflame with the passion of his convictions. He used the simplest English, and spoke with such distinctness that his lowest tones, almost a whisper, could be heard throughout the large hall. Yerrinton, the only man who could report Wendell Phillips's speeches, once told my husband that it was like reporting chain lightning.

On the occasion of which I speak, the unruly element was quieted once for all, and the further proceedings of the meeting suffered no interruption. The mob, however, did not abandon its intention of doing violence to the great advocate. Soon after the time just mentioned Dr. Howe attended an evening meeting, at the close of which a crowd of rough men gathered outside the public entrance, waiting for Phillips to appear, with ugly threats of the treatment which he should receive at their hands. The doors presently opened, and Phillips came forth, walking calmly between Mrs. Chapman and Lydia Maria Child. Not a hand was raised, not a threat was uttered. The crowd gave way in silence, and the two brave women parted from Phillips at the door of his own house. My husband spoke of this as one of the most impressive sights that he had ever witnessed. His report of it moved me to send word to Mr. Phillips that, in case of any recurrence of such a disturbance, I should be proud to join his bodyguard.

Mr. Phillips was one of the early advocates of woman suffrage. I remember that I was sitting in Theodore Parker's reception room conversing with him, when Wendell Phillips, quite glowing with enthusiasm, came in to report regarding a woman's rights convention recently held at Worcester. Of the doings there he spoke in warm eulogy. He complained that Horace Mann had written a non-committal letter, in reply to the invitation sent him to take part in the convention. Ralph Waldo Emerson, he said, had excused himself from attendance on the ground that he was occupied in writing a life of Margaret Fuller, which, he hoped, would be considered as a service in the line of the objects of the meeting.

This convention was held in October of the year 1850, before the claims of women to political efficiency had begun to occupy the attention and divide the

feeling of the American public. When, after the close of the civil war, the question was again brought forward, with a new zeal and determination, Mr. Phillips gave it the great support of his eloquence, and continued through a long course of years to be one of its most earnest advocates.

The last time that I heard Wendell Phillips speak in public was in December, 1883, at the unveiling of Miss Whitney's statue of Harriet Martineau, in the Old South Meeting House. Mrs. Livermore was one of the speakers of that occasion. When the stated exercises were at an end, she said to me, "Let us thank Mr. Phillips for what he has just said. We shall not have him with us long." I expressed surprise at this, and she said further, "He has heart disease, and is far from well." Soon after this followed his death, and the splendid public testimonial given in his honor. I was one of those admitted to the funeral exercises, in which friends spoke of him most lovingly. I also saw his remains lying in state in Faneuil Hall, on the very platform where, in his ardent youth, he had uttered his first scathing denunciation of the slave power and its defenders. The mournful and reverent crowd which gathered for one last look at his beloved countenance told, better than words could tell, of the tireless services, long continued, which had won for him the heart of the community. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

I first heard of Theodore Parker as the author of the sermon on *The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity*. At the time of its publication I was still within the fold of the Episcopal Church, and, judging by hearsay, was prepared to find the discourse a tissue of impious and sacrilegious statements. Yet I ventured to peruse a copy of it which fell into my hands. I was surprised to find it reverent and appreciative in spirit, although somewhat startling in its conclusions.

At that time the remembrance of Mr. Emerson's Phi Beta address was fresh in my mind. This discourse of Parker's was a second glimpse of a system of thought very different from that in which I had been reared. Not long after my marriage, being in Rome with my husband, I was interested to hear of Parker's arrival there. As Dr. Howe had some slight acquaintance with him, we soon invited him to dine with us. He was already quite bald, and this untimely blemish appeared in strange contradiction of the youthful energy of his facial expression. He was accompanied by his wife, whose mild countenance, compared with his, suggested even more than the usual contrast between husband and wife. One might have said of her that she came near being very handsome. Her complexion was fair, her features were regular, and the expression of her face was naïf and gentle. A certain want of physical maturity seemed to have prevented her from blossoming into full beauty. It was a great grief both to her and to her husband that their union was childless.

Theodore Parker's reputation had already reached Rome, and there as elsewhere brought him many attentions from scholars, and even from dignitaries of the Catholic Church. He remained in the Eternal City, as we did, through the winter, and we saw him frequently.

In the spring our eldest child was born, and I desired that she should be christened by Parker. This caused some uneasiness to my sisters, who were with me at the time. One of them took occasion to call upon Parker at his lodgings, and to inquire how the infant was to be christened, in what name. Our friend replied that he had never heard of any baptismal formula other than the usual one: "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." My sister was much relieved, and the baptism was altogether satisfactory.

This was the beginning of a family

intimacy which lasted many years, ending only with Parker's life. After our return to America my husband went often to the Melodeon, where Parker preached until he took possession of the Music Hall. The interest which my husband showed in these services led me in time to attend them, and I remember with deep gratitude the years in which I listened to Theodore Parker.

Those who knew Parker only in the pulpit did not half know him. Apart from the field of theological controversy, he was one of the most sympathetic and delightful of men. I have rarely met any one whose conversation had such a ready and varied charm. His idea of culture was encyclopædic, and his reading, as might have been inferred from the size of his library, was enormous. The purchase of books was his single extravagance. One whole floor was given up to them, and in spite of this they overflowed into hall and drawing room. He was generous in lending them, and I often profited by his kindness in this respect.

His affection for his wife was very great. From a natural love of paradox, he was accustomed to style this mild creature "Bear," and he delighted to carry out this pleasantry by adorning his *étagère* with miniature bears, in wood-carving, porcelain, and so on. His gold shirt stud bore the impress of a bear. At one Christmas time he showed me a breakfast cup upon which a bear had been painted, by his express order, as a gift for his wife. At another he granted me a view of a fine silver candlestick in the shape of a bear and staff, which was also intended for her. He even confided to me the first clauses of a little catechism, which ran as follows: —

"What creature is this?"

"A bear."

"What sort of bear is it?"

"The very best sort of bear."

"What shall it do to be saved?"

"Have cubs."

Which, alas! the poor Bear did never accomplish.

To my husband Parker often spoke of the excellence of his wife's discernment of character. He would say: "My quiet little wife, with her simple intuition, understands people more readily than I do. I sometimes invite a stranger to my house, and tell her that she will find him as pleasant as I have found him. It may turn out so; but if my wife says, 'Theodore, I don't like that man; there's something wrong about him,' I always find, in the end, that I have been mistaken, — that her judgment was correct."

Parker's ideal of culture included a knowledge of music. His endeavors to attain this were praiseworthy, but unsuccessful. I have heard the late John S. Dwight say that when he was a student in Harvard Divinity School, Parker, who was then his fellow student, desired to be taught to sing the notes of the musical scale. Dwight volunteered to give him lessons, and began, as is usual, by striking the dominant *do* and directing the pupil to imitate the sound. Parker responded, and found himself able to sing this one note; but when Dwight passed on to the second and the third, Parker could only repeat the note already sung. He had no ear for music, and his friend advised him to give up the hopeless attempt to cultivate his voice. In like manner, at an earlier date, Dr. Howe and Charles Sumner joined a singing class, but both evincing the same defect were dismissed as impossible cases. Parker attended sedulously the concerts of classical music given in Boston, and no doubt enjoyed them after a fashion. I once tried to explain to him the difference between having an ear for music and not having one. I failed, however, to convince him of any difference.

The years during which I heard him most frequently were momentous in the history of our country and of our race.

They presaged and preceded grave crises on both sides of the Atlantic. In Europe was going on the ferment of ideas and theories which led to the revolutions of 1848, and the temporary upturning of states and of governments. In the United States, the seed of thought sown by prophetic minds was ripening in the great field of public opinion. Slavery and all that it involved became not only hateful, but intolerable to men of right mind, and the policy which aimed at its indefinite extension was judged and condemned.

Parker at this time had need in truth of the two-edged sword of the Spirit. On the one hand he encountered the foes of religious freedom, on the other the advocates and instruments of political oppression. His sermons on theism belonged to one of these domains, those which treated of public men and measures to the other. Among the latter, I remember best that on Daniel Webster, and the terrible Lesson for the Day which denounced Judge Loring for the part which he had taken in the rendition of Anthony Burns.

The discourse which treated of Webster was indeed a memorable one. I recall well the solemnity of its opening sentences, and the earnest desire shown throughout to do justice to the great gifts of the great man, while no one of his public misdeeds was allowed to escape notice. The whole performance, painful as it was in parts, was very uplifting, as the exhibition of true mastery must always be. Its unusual length caused me to miss the omnibus which should have brought me to South Boston in good time for our Sunday dinner. As I entered the house and found the family somewhat impatient of the unwonted delay, I cried, "Let no one find fault! I have heard the greatest thing that I shall ever hear!"

At the time of the attempted rendition of the fugitive slave Shadrach a meeting was held in the Melodeon, at

which various speakers gave utterance to the indignation which aroused the whole community. Parker had been the prime mover in calling this meeting. He had written for it some verses to be sung to the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and he made the closing and most important address. It was on this occasion that I first saw Colonel Higginson, who was then known as the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, pastor of a Unitarian society in Worcester, Massachusetts. The part assigned to him in the exercises was to read portions of Scripture appropriate to the day. This he did with excellent effect. Parker, in the course of his address, held up a torn coat, and said, "This is the coat of our brother Shadrach," reverting in his mind to the Bible story of the torn coat of Joseph over which his father grieved so sorely. As I left the hall I heard some mischievous urchins commenting upon this. "Nonsense!" cried one of them, "that was n't Shadrach's coat at all. That was Theodore's old coat." Parker was amused when I told him of this.

From time to time Parker would speak in his sermons of the position which woman should hold in a civilized community. The question of suffrage had not then been brought into prominence, and, as I remember, he insisted most upon the claim of the sex to equality of education and of opportunity. On one occasion he invited Lucretia Mott to his pulpit. On another its privileges were accorded to Mrs. Seba Smith. I was present one Sunday when he announced to his congregation that the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown would address them on the Sunday following. As he pronounced the word "Reverend," I detected an unmistakable and probably unconscious curl of his lip. The lady was, I believe, the first woman minister regularly ordained in the United States. She was a graduate of Oberlin, in that day the only college in our

country which received among its pupils women and negroes. She was ordained by an Orthodox Congregational society, and has since become better known as Antoinette Brown Blackwell, a strenuous advocate of the rights of her sex, an earnest student of religious philosophy, and the author of some valuable work on this and kindred topics.

I am almost certain that Parker was the first minister who in public prayer to God addressed him as "Father and Mother of us all." I can truly say that no rite of public worship, not even the splendid Easter service in St. Peter's at Rome, ever impressed me as deeply as did Theodore Parker's prayers. The volume of them which has been published preserves many of his sentences, but cannot convey any sense of the sublime attitude of humility with which he rose and stood, his arms extended, his features lit up with the glory of his high office. Truly, he talked with God, and took us with him into the divine presence.

I cannot remember that the interest of his sermons ever varied for me. It was all one intense delight. The luminous clearness of his mind, his admirable talent for popularizing the procedures and conclusions of philosophy, his keen wit and poetic sense of beauty, — all these combined to make him appear to me one of the oracles of God. Added to these were his fearlessness and power of denunciation, exercised in a community a great part of which seemed bound in a moral sleep. His voice was like the archangel's trump, summoning the wicked to repentance, and bidding the just take heart. It was hard to go out from his presence, all aglow with the enthusiasm which he felt and inspired, and to hear him spoken of as a teacher of irreligion, a pest to the community.

As all know, this glorious career came too soon to an end. While still in the fullness of his powers, and at the moment when he was most needed, the taint of

hereditary disease penetrated his pure and blameless life. He came to my husband's office one day, and said, "Howe, that venomous cat which has destroyed so many of my people has fixed her claws here," pointing to his chest. The progress of the fatal disease was slow, but sure. He had agreed with Dr. Howe that they should visit South America together in 1860, when he should have attained his fiftieth year. But, alas! in place of that adventurous voyage and journey, a sad exodus to the West, and thence to Europe, was appointed, — an exile from which he never returned.

Many years after this time I visited the public cemetery in Florence, and stood before the simple granite cross which marks the resting place of this great apostle of freedom. I found it adorned with plants and vines which had evidently been brought from his native land. A dear friend of his, Mrs. Sarah Shaw Russell, had said to me of this spot, "It looks like a piece of New England." And I thought how this piece of New England belonged to the world.

One of the most imposing figures in my gallery of remembrance is that of Charles Sumner, Senator and martyr. When I first saw him I was still a girl in my father's house, from which the father had then but recently passed. My eldest brother, Samuel Ward, had made Mr. Sumner's acquaintance through a letter of introduction given to the latter by Mr. Longfellow. At his suggestion we invited Mr. Sumner to pass a quiet evening at our house, promising him a little music. Our guest was newly returned from England, where letters from Chief Justice Story had given him access both to literary and to aristocratic circles. His appearance at that time was rather singular. He was very tall and erect, and the full suit of black which he wore added to the effect of his height and slenderness of figure. Of

his conversation, I remember chiefly that he held the novels of Walter Scott in light esteem, and that he quoted with approbation Sir Adam Ferguson as having said that Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi* was worth more than all of Sir Walter's romances put together.

Mr. Sumner was at this time one of a little group of friends which an ironical lady had christened the Mutual Admiration Society. The other members were the poet Longfellow, George S. Hillard, Cornelius Felton, professor of Greek at Harvard College, of which at a later day he became president, and Dr. Howe. These gentlemen were indeed bound together by ties of intimate friendship, but the humorous designation just quoted was not fairly applicable to them. They rejoiced in one another's successes, and Sumner on one occasion wrote to Dr. Howe, apropos of a new poem of Mr. Longfellow's, "What a club we are! I like to indulge in a little *mutual*." The developments of later years made some changes in these relations. When the Boston public became strongly divided on the slavery question, Hillard and Felton were less pronounced in their views than the others, while Longfellow, Sumner, and Dr. Howe remained united in opinion and in feeling. Hillard, who possessed more scholarship and literary taste than Sumner, could never understand the reason of the high position which the latter in time attained. He remained a Webster Whig, to use the language of those days, while Sumner was elected to Webster's seat in the Senate. Felton was a man of very genial temperament, devoted to the duties of his Greek professorship and to kindred studies. He was by nature averse to strife, and the encounters of the political arena had little attraction for him. The five always remained friends and well-wishers. They became much absorbed in the cares and business of public and private life, and the club as such ceased to be spoken of.

In the days of their great intimacy, a certain grotesqueness of taste in Sumner made him the object of some good-natured banter on the part of the other "Mutuals." It was related that on a certain Fourth of July he had given his office boy, Ben, a small gratuity, and had advised him to pass the day at Mount Auburn, where he would be able to enjoy quiet and profitable meditation. Felton was especially merry over this incident; but he, in turn, furnished occasion for laughter when on a visit to New York, in company with the same friends. A man servant whom they had brought with them was ordered to carry Felton's valise to the Astor House. This was before the days of the baggage express. The man arrived late in the day, breathless with fatigue, and when questioned replied, "Faith! I went to all the *oyster* houses in Broadway before I could find you."

Charles Sumner was a man of great qualities and of small defects. His blemishes, which were easily discerned, were temperamental rather than moral. He had not the sort of imagination which enables a man to enter easily into the feelings of others, and this deficiency on his part sometimes resulted in unnecessary rudeness.

His father, Sheriff Sumner, had been accounted the most polite Bostonian of his day. It was related of him that once, being present at the execution of a criminal, and having trodden upon the foot of the condemned man, the sheriff took off his hat and apologized for the accident. Whereupon the criminal exclaimed, "Sheriff Sumner, you are the politest man I ever knew, and if I am to be hanged, I had rather be hanged by you than by any one else!" It was sometimes remarked that the sheriff's mantle did not seem to have fallen upon his son.

Charles Sumner's appearance was curiously metamorphosed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, which he suffered, I think, in 1843 or 1844. After his

recovery he gained much in flesh, and entirely lost that ungainliness of aspect which once led a friend to compare him to a geometrical line, "length without breadth or thickness." He now became a man of strikingly fine presence, his great height being offset by a corresponding fullness of figure. His countenance was strongly marked and individual, — the features not handsome in themselves, but the whole effect very pleasingly impressive.

He had but little sense of humor, and was not at home in the small cut-and-thrust skirmishes of general society. He was made for serious issues and for great contests, which then lay unguessed before him. Of his literalness some amusing anecdotes have been told. At an official ball in Washington, he remarked to a young lady who stood beside him, "We are fortunate in having these places; for, standing here, we shall see the first entrance of the new English and French ministers into Washington society."

"I am glad to hear it," she replied. "I like to see lions break the ice."

Sumner was silent for a few minutes, but presently said, "Miss —, in the country where lions live there is no ice."

I once invited Mr. Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at my house. He replied, "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals." In my diary of the day I recorded the somewhat ungracious utterance, with this comment: "God Almighty, by the latest accounts, had not got so far as this." Mr. Sumner was told of this, in my presence, though not by me. He said at once, "What a strange sort of book your diary must be! You ought to strike that out immediately."

Sumner was often robbed in the street or at a railroad station; his tall figure attracting attention, and his mind, occupied with things far away, giving little heed to what went on around him. Members of his family were wont to say, "It

is about time for Charles to have his pocket picked again." The fact often followed the prediction.

Mr. Sumner's eloquence differed much in character from that of Wendell Phillips. The two men, although workers in a common cause, were very dissimilar in their natural endowments. Phillips had a temperament of fire, while that of Sumner was cold and sluggish. Phillips had a great gift of simplicity, and always made a bee line for the central point of interest in the theme which he undertook to present. Sumner was recondite in language and elaborate in style. He was much of a student, and abounded in quotations. A satirical lady once mentioned him as "the moral flummery member from Massachusetts, quoting Tibullus!"

The first political speech which I heard from Mr. Sumner was delivered, if I mistake not, at a schoolhouse in the neighborhood of Boston. I found his oratory somewhat overloud and emphatic for the small hall and limited attendance. He had not at that time found his proper audience. When he was heard, later on, in Faneuil Hall or Tremont Temple, the ringing roll of his voice was very effective. His gestures were forcible rather than graceful. In argument, he would go over the same ground several times, always with new amplifications and illustrations of his subject. There was a dead weight of honesty and conviction in what he said, and it was this, perhaps, that chiefly gave him his command over an audience. He had also in a remarkable degree the trait of mastery, and the ability to present his topic in a large way.

I am not sure whether Sumner's idea of culture was as encyclopædic as that of Theodore Parker, but he certainly aspired to be what is now called "an all round man," and especially desired to attain connoisseurship in art. He had not the many-sided power of appreciation which distinguished Parker, yet a rever-

ence for the beautiful, rather moral than æsthetic, led him to study with interest the works of the great masters. In his later years, he never went abroad without bringing back pictures, engravings, or rare missals. He had little natural apprehension of music, but used to express his admiration of some favorite operas, among them Mozart's Don Giovanni and Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*.

In the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which he was chairman for many years, his acquaintance with foreign languages was much valued. I remember a line of Tasso which he sometimes quoted when beautiful hands were spoken of:—

“Dove ne nodo appar, ne vena eccede.”

On the other hand, I have heard him say that mathematics always remained a sealed book to him; that his professor at Harvard once exclaimed, “Sumner, I can't whittle a mathematical idea small enough to get it into your brain.”

The period between 1851 and the beginning of the civil war found Mr. Sumner at his post in the Senate of the United States. From the outset his position was a difficult one. His election had displaced a popular idol. His views regarding the heated question of the time, the extension of slavery to the territories, were far in advance of those held by the majority of the senatorial body or by the community at large. His uncompromising method of attack, his fiery utterances, contrasting strangely with the unusual mildness of his disposition, exasperated the defenders of slavery. These, perhaps, seeing that he was no fighting man, may have supposed him deficient in personal courage. He, however, knew very well the risks to which he exposed himself. His friends advised him to carry arms, and my husband once told Madam Sumner, his mother, that Charles ought to be provided with a pistol. “Oh, doctor,” she replied, “he would only shoot himself with it.”

In the most trying days of the civil war, this same old lady came to Dr. Howe's office, anxious to learn his opinion concerning the progress of the contest. Dr. Howe referred her to her own son for the desired information, saying, “Dear Madam Sumner, Charles knows more about public affairs than I do. Why don't you ask him about them?”

“Oh, if I ask Charles, he only says, ‘Mother, don't trouble yourself about such things.’”

I was in Washington with Dr. Howe early in the spring of 1856. I remember being present in the Senate Chamber when a rather stormy debate took place between Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts. Charles Sumner looked up, and, seeing me in the gallery, greeted me with a smile of recognition. I shall never forget the beauty of that smile. It seemed to me to illuminate the whole precinct with a silvery radiance. There was in it all the innocence of his pure and noble nature.

I asked my husband to invite Sumner to dine with us at Willard's Hotel, where we were staying. “No, no,” he said. “Sumner would consider it *infra dig.* to dine with us at the hotel.” He did call upon us, however. In the course of conversation he said to me, “I shall soon deliver a speech in the Senate which will occasion a good deal of excitement. It will not surprise me if people leave their seats and show signs of unusual disturbance.”

The promised speech soon followed. It was a direct and forcible arraignment of the slave power, which was then endeavoring to change the free territory of Kansas into a slave state. The disturbance which Mr. Sumner had foreseen did not fail to follow, but in a manner which neither he nor any of his friends had anticipated.

At the hotel I had remarked a handsome man, evidently a Southerner, with what appeared to me an evil expression

of countenance. This was Brooks, of South Carolina, the man who, not long after this time, attacked Charles Sumner in his seat in the Senate Chamber, choosing a moment when the personal friends of his victim were not present, and inflicting upon him injuries which endangered his life and destroyed his health. I will not enlarge here upon the pain and distress which this event caused to us and to the community at large. For several weeks our Senator's life hung in the balance. For a very much longer time his vacant seat in the Senate Chamber told of the severe suffering which incapacitated him for public work. This time of great trial had some compensation in the general sympathy which it called forth. Sumner had won the crown of martyrdom, and his person thenceforth became sacred, even to his enemies.

It was after a residence of many years in Washington that Mr. Sumner decided to build and occupy a house of his own. The spot chosen was next to the Arlington Hotel. The house was handsome and well appointed, adorned also with pictures and fine bronzes, in both of which he took great delight. Dr. Howe and I were invited to visit him there, one evening, with other guests. Among these was Caleb Cushing, with whom Mr. Sumner soon became engaged in an animated discussion, probably regarding some question of the day. So absorbed were the two gentlemen in their argument that each frequently interrupted the other. The one who was interrupted would expostulate, "I have not finished what I have to say;" at which the other would bow and apologize, but would presently offend again.

The last important act of Mr. Sumner's public life was the elaborate argument by which he defeated the proposed annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States. This question presented itself during the first term of General Grant's administration. The pro-

posal for annexation was made by the President of the Dominican Republic. General Grant, with the forethought of a military commander, desired that the United States should possess a foothold in the West Indies. A commission of three was accordingly appointed to investigate and report upon the condition of the island. These were Mr. Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio; Andrew D. White, at that time president of Cornell University; and Dr. Howe. A thorough visitation of the territory was made by these gentlemen, and a report favorable to the scheme of annexation was presented by them on their return. Dr. Howe was greatly interested for the Dominicans, who had achieved political independence and separation from Haiti by a severe struggle, which was always liable to be renewed by the aggression of their former masters. Mr. Sumner, on the other hand, espoused the cause of the Haitian government so warmly that he would not wait for the report of the commission to be presented, but hastened to forestall public opinion by a speech in which he displayed all his powers of oratory, but showed something less than his usual acquaintance with facts. His eloquence carried the day, and the plan of annexation was defeated and abandoned, to the great regret of the commissioners and of the Dominicans themselves.

I had the great pleasure of twice visiting Santo Domingo in company with Dr. Howe. Our second visit there was made in the spring of the year 1874. I had gone, one day, to inspect a school high on the mountains of Samaná, when a messenger came after me in haste, bearing this written message from my husband: "Please come home at once. Our dear, noble Sumner is no more."

The monthly steamer, at that time the only one that ran to Santo Domingo, had just brought the news, deplored by many, to my husband inexpressibly sad.

Julia Ward Howe.

COMIDA: AN EXPERIENCE IN FAMINE.

By grace of our guide, our phrase book, and our Salvá-Webster Dictionary, we managed to pick up a good deal of Spanish during the Santiago campaign, but the one word our guide did not tell us, the one expression we did not look up in the Diccionario, was the very one we understood most quickly: its meaning was apparent the instant we heard it uttered. We shall never forget *comida* and all that it stands for.

It means "food;" not breakfast, dinner, or supper, not food in dishes and served by a waiter in the hotel, not a polite knife-and-fork affair in any sense of the word. Comida is downright nourishment, sordid, vulgar nutriment, of the kind that fills empty stomachs after a three days' abstinence, — the kind that we ladled out of camp kettles to six thousand starving refugee children at Caney during the second day's truce. This is comida. But to get the full effect of the word you must separate it into syllables, pronouncing the *i* like double *e*, and drawing it out into a pitiful, quavering whine. Better still, you must hear the word cried from six thousand shriveled mouths, with appropriate gestures in the direction of the lips and the pit of the stomach.

"Co-mee-dah! Co-mee-e-dah!"

We rode into Caney late in the afternoon, at about what ought to have been supper time. For forty-eight hours the refugees from Santiago had been coming in. The civil governor of the city had told the non-combatants that they would not be out of Santiago more than twenty-four hours, and had forbidden them the use of any vehicles; what they carried they must carry on their backs.

At the end of the first day the refugees had eaten such little food as they took with them on their exodus. The better class had missed three consecu-

tive meals, some of the poorer had not eaten in two days, and for a week previous they had all been slowly starving in the beleaguered city.

The town of Caney is built around the plaza; a grove of trees runs down the middle of this plaza; the church, used as a barracks on the day of the battle, is at one end, the public buildings are at the other. When we rode into this square, we found it a veritable bedlam. American and European crowds are brown. A Cuban crowd is white, and looks larger for that reason. Thousands upon thousands of men in white linen suits, women in white skirts, and children in white loin-cloths — when they wore any clothes at all — came and went, up and down, back and forth, in and out, weaving a maze, a bewildering, shifting web, where warp and woof alike were white. Each figure seemed to have a particular definite destination, quite distinct from his neighbor's, — a destination which it was imperative he should reach at once; and for that reason, he, or more often she, squirmed and pushed and writhed through the press, using elbow and shoulder with all the strength of the emaciated body. But others there were who sat in rows, double and triple rows, on the edge of the square, prone and inert amidst the white bundles of their household effects, exhausted, listless, stunned and stupefied by the terrific clamor.

For, from all these struggling, boiling thousands, from all this seething mass of white, from the strained and shrunken throats of all these starvelings, one word — a cry, a monotonous deafening plaint — rose into the air, knocking at one's ears, assaulting one's attention, persistent, raucous, a piercing wail: "Comida! Comida!"

In our haversacks we had hard-bread,

bacon, and a handful of ground coffee, — our rations for two days. I reached for the hard-bread and drew it out. In an instant my horse was literally lifted from his feet, and hands, hands, hands, outstretched, lean, white, black, and brown, small and large, a thicket growth of hands grew instantly from the crowd. I gave till my sack was empty, a hard-bread for each hand, — now to a white hand and now to a black, so as to keep from repeating as far as possible. The bacon and coffee went even more quickly, and were eaten as they were, raw and uncooked. But it was only baiting the crowd; what were two days' rations!

"Comida! Comida!"

We pushed our horses across the plaza to the church. The red cross had just been established on a terrace adjoining. A negro trooper was on guard, and inside the wall, on the terrace itself, kettles were being set out and bags of corn meal opened. Here, alone, with no one to help him but a couple of utterly inefficient Cubans, we met an old friend, Dr. Bangs, of the hospital ship *State of Texas*.

Let us pause to make a note of Dr. Bangs, for he was at last the right man in the right place. He was a stout man, with a very red face and a voice like the exhaust of a locomotive. He wore an absurd pith helmet battered out of all shape, and his beard was a fortnight old. But there was the right stuff in Dr. Bangs. Early and late, hot or cold, rain or shine, the doctor toiled and toiled and toiled; feeding the thousands, building fires, sending this man for wood and that man for water, perspiring, gesticulating, bellowing, but in the end "getting the thing into shape," directing and dividing the stream of supplies till the last refugee was fed. But that was not until afterward. It was a two days' labor, and on that particular evening everybody was still hungry, — hungry to starvation point.

At once he impressed us — willing

enough we were — into the service. "Now, fellows," he shouted, — he always shouted, did the doctor, — "we want to get at the children first! Tell 'em to send up the children first!" With a crowd's instinct, a hungry crowd's instinct, for food, the refugees had divined that the terrace by the church was to be the distributing point. We went back to the edge of the terrace, and with the full strength of our lungs shouted for the space of five minutes (after consulting our phrase book): "Niños primero! Niños primero!" "Comida!" shouted the crowd in answer. "Comida! Comida!" deaf to everything but the clamor of empty stomachs. But somehow at last they understood; somehow at last word was found, three huge fires were built, and camp kettles (borrowed from Mr. Ramsden, the British consul) filled with corn-meal mush set a-cooking. It was six o'clock when we began. The terrace was just high enough to shut out the view of the plaza, but at every fresh suggestion that the distribution was to begin, a waving forest of hands topped the terrace wall, and the lamentable wail broke out afresh, "Comida! Comida!"

By seven o'clock this cry changed in volume. It was no longer deep-toned; it began to be shrill and piping, and there were no more hands above the terrace wall. We did not like to look over the wall; it was not a pleasant sight, and our appearance only awakened false hopes, but we knew that the children were assembling. "Tell 'em," roared the doctor, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of the hand that held the ladle, "tell 'em it's 'most done, — tell 'em pretty soon now."

I went to the edge of the terrace, and leaned over. It was yet light enough to see, to see about three thousand children, half of them naked, the other half ragged beyond words. What a mass! Close to the gate the jam was terrific; they were packed as sand is packed, so that they moved, not as individuals, but

as groups and masses, swaying forward and back, and from side to side, without knowing why. I could see but a pavement of faces, crushed together cheek to cheek, upturned, pinched and agonized, shrill-voiced with the little rat that nipped and gnawed at their poor starved stomachs. Further on, where the press was not so great, the children reached toward me empty cans, pots, pails, tin cups, vessels of all sizes and descriptions, and they put their hands (not their fingers) to their mouths with always the same cry of unutterable distress, "*Comida! Comida!*"

"*Poco tiempo!*" I called to them. "*Poquito tiempo!*" And at last they understood, and were quiet for nearly a minute. When I went back the doctor took me aside.

"Now," he shouted, "there's something I want you to look after personally. There's an old woman" — he pointed her out, sitting in a pathetic round heap on the chapel steps — "who has n't had anything to eat in three days. When we're ready to distribute, I want you to see to it yourself that she gets something. Understand? She's been waiting here two hours."

I told him that I understood, and we went back to work. Ten minutes later the corn meal was ready. One of us was to stand at each of the kettles with a tin army cup in hand. The children were to be let in in groups of twenty; and of these twenty, five at a time were to come up to the kettles to have us ladle out the meal into their tin pails or cups, or whatever they should bring.

"Now do you catch on to that?" roared the doctor.

"Perfectly. Are we all ready?"

"Yes."

"Where's the old woman?"

She had gone. Tired out with waiting, she had quietly gone away. For nearly three hours she had sat patiently on the chapel steps, waiting, waiting, confused, dazed, and misconstruing the

broken Spanish that was spoken to her. Then at last, at the end of hope, she had gone away. I could see her plainly in the imagination, can see her now, her back bent, weak, worn out, going away meekly almost at the very moment that the food was being brought to her. I had that old woman on my conscience for a long time.

The doctor went to the gate and let in twenty children. But twenty more instantly crowded in, then thirty, then fifty, a hundred, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand. The whole rout of starving little wretches invaded the terrace, took it by assault, and huddled in one corner, dazzled by the light of the fires, bewildered, a little frightened, but insistent still, goaded on by their hunger, and muttering under their breath, "*Comida! Comida!*"

Well, we had to drive them back into their corner, — drive them back brutally and by main strength. But even as I pushed and thrust, a little hand — ever so little a hand — took hold of my wrist. It was that of a tiny girl, almost too weak to stand, but she held a pitiful empty sardine can toward me, and whispered confidentially, with a great attempt at cheerfulness, "*Comida, eh? Comida por me?*" and put her hand, not to her lips, but to her stomach. We came to know this gesture afterward. So long as they pointed to their mouths we could allow the applicants to wait their turn, but when they pointed to their stomachs we knew that we must be quick and that it was almost time for the restoratives.

We began the distribution. We drew a line in the dust in front of the crowd, and announced that any who crossed that line should have no *comida*: that kept them in hand fairly well. They came up in groups of five, and we gave to each three quarters of a cupful of corn-meal porridge, and caused each one to pass out through the door of the chapel so soon as his or her measure was full. They were docile enough then, and watched us

gravely and quietly as we filled their cups. None of them, so far as I could see, ate any of their corn meal upon the spot.

The worst of it was that the meal gave out before all were fed, and we had to tell some twenty of them that there was "no más esta noche" (no more to-night), and they were to come back "mañana á ocho hora." I do not like to think of this part of the business. To have been so hungry, to have waited so long, to have come so near and seen so many others fed, and then — No, one had better pass this over, — this and the old woman.

The last child had gone supperless to such bed as he could find, and we were thinking of our own beds, when a girl of perhaps sixteen presented herself. "No more," we told her, — "no más comida; come back mañana." But it was not comida that this one wanted.

"Enfermo," she answered. I wish you could have heard the pitiful quaver of the voice. "Enfermo," — a little, a very little more, and it would have been a sob. She was very frail and a nice-looking girl, taking her altogether; sick and absolutely alone amongst all those thousands. "Enfermo," she said again, looking fixedly at the embers of the expiring fires. We had her taken over to Mr. Ramsden's house, with a note giving directions as to what should be done for her. Poor, frail, weak-voiced creature! We never saw her again.

Making our own camp that night was no trivial affair. We had had no supper, but we were far too tired to think of cooking one. The horses had been picketed behind the church, but for their better security we broke in the doors at the rear and led them through the chapel and out upon the terrace. We off-saddled in the chapel itself, and, I am rather ashamed to add, used the communion rail as a saddle rack. But there was little of the sacerdotal left to the chapel at that time. It was ex-

tremely and intensely profaned, was that chapel, loopholed for Mausers, with Mauser ammunition pouches and bayonet scabbards, cartridges and empty Spanish haversacks, strewing the floor and littering the altar itself. Three huge, half-empty boxes of clothing from Waltham, Massachusetts, stood about, and there were some Red Cross flour, sugar, and meal sacks. While we were off-saddling, my horse — a broncho pony from Southern California — elected to become frightened at the torn altar cloth that trailed and flapped in the draught between two loopholes, and for a moment had the whole place by the ears. And all this while, over the altar, Mary the mother of God, in the flaring light of the commissary candles, looked down upon us and the disordered chapel as calmly as ever she had looked upon the kneeling peasants in the light of burning tapers. It was a strange, incongruous scene, — the shattered chapel, the bayonet scabbards, the Mauser cartridges clinking underfoot, the prim stiff calicoes and gingham from Waltham, and the cow-puncher's pony shying from an altar cloth woven by fingers that were dust two hundred years ago.

We were tired enough, Heaven knows, and keyed up to the highest tension, so that one of the incidents that closed that eventful day affected us more deeply and keenly than otherwise it might have done. We were all standing by the fire just before turning in, listening to the starving thousands settling themselves to sleep close at hand, when the doctor suddenly exclaimed, in that thunderous trumpet voice of his, "Well, fellows, here's something I do every night that you can't do at all!" and with the words he took out his left eye and polished it on a leg of his trousers. I was faint in an instant, the thing was so unexpected, so positively ghastly. Not even the sight of the division hospital, a week before, had so upset me.

When we woke in the morning, —

very early, — we found that we ourselves had been sleeping under strange conditions. The main body of the church had been used as a hospital. An amputated arm had been buried in the dirt of the terrace close to where we had spread our blankets, — half buried, as we were able to judge in the morning. This grisly relic had flanked us on one side all night, two yellow-fever cases occupied another side, a thousand starving refugees were on the third, while the desecrated chapel with all its incongruities confronted us upon the fourth. But this was not all. For fear of the rain we had roofed ourselves in with boards that we had found lying in and about the chapel. In the light of the morning we saw that one of these was the signboard of the church, but also that it was coated thick with a glaze of dull red.

“Comida! Comida!”

Even army bacon, coffee, and hard-bread lose their flavor when this cry comes between you and your tin mess kit. We were not long at breakfast, and by the time I had come back from watering the horses the doctor had the kettles going. We promptly ran short of wood, and announced over the parapet of the terrace that all those who should bring us wood for the fires should be fed first. To those who offered themselves for this service we gave tickets, made by breaking pasteboard ammunition boxes into squares, and writing thereon the name of Dr. Bangs. For two hours the crowd around the terrace grew, and grew, and grew, until I veritably believe half of Santiago was there, stretching toward us innumerable empty pots, pans, and tin pails, and with thousands of voices wailing, “Comida! Comida!”

We let the starvelings into the inclosure of the parapet when the corn meal was ready, and ladled to them by the hour, as we had done to the children the night before. The children who had missed their food in the evening came

back now and received double rations; but they fought on the steps of the terrace, — men, women, and children, — and gashed one another with the sharp edges of their tins, as they struggled for first place in a way that was sickening to see.

Yet in spite of these things it was not always easy to believe that *all* of these people were in actual need of food, — as they indubitably were. You almost perforce associate starvation with rags. It is difficult to imagine a well-dressed person as hungry; you cannot but believe that clean linen and smart gowns cover well-fed bodies. Or even though you know hunger to exist in such a case, you can scarcely bring yourself to take it seriously. You refuse to consider it as anything more terrible than an exaggerated appetite.

There were plenty of such cases at Caney on that day. We met with one of them, and made a mistake which we shall always remember. We had been down in the plaza and around the outskirts of the crowd, taking pictures and snapshots, and were working our way slowly back to the steps of the terrace, when we came upon two very pretty and very neatly dressed girls of perhaps eighteen and nineteen.

“Comida?” they asked, both in a breath.

We told them that we would ourselves get them comida, and at once; they should not wait for the regular distribution. Ah, that was kind, they answered, and they thanked us very prettily. With that the idea of corn-meal porridge vanished entirely from our thick, stupid Anglo-Saxon minds, and we fell a-talking to them. Both would have passed for pretty girls anywhere, and one of them carried a pink silk parasol. Of course we were idiots, but it is hard to reconcile a pink silk parasol with famine; and though we knew that they were hungry, we forgot, and passed it over as the hunger of a girl at an evening dance, — for-

got, I say, and went on talking to them in our halting, broken-backed Spanish, until one of them gave a little tremulous gasp and broke into tears. We remembered quickly enough then, and it was with the feeling of assassins that we hurried them off through the crowd and around to the back door of the church. We had both of us "got a girl something to eat" before, at teas and functions at home, when we had fought our way through the press, but this was a strange variation on the old theme. Now the stuffed olives and lettuce sandwiches were corn-meal porridge and commissary canned beans, and the girls had not eaten in two and a half days.

We stayed at Caney nearly all the next day, helping the doctor, who but for us was entirely alone. As for the relief committees composed of Cubans, the less said of them the better. They were supposed to cooperate with the doctor, and might have been of immense service during those terrible three days of famine. They were there, these committees, for we saw them as they came to offer congratulations and to be presented. But beyond this their activity did not go. They did absolutely nothing, — lit never a fire, gathered never a stick of wood, drew never a quart of water.

"I don't want your congratulations!" the harassed, overworked doctor bellowed. "I don't want your presentations! I want *wood*, I want *water*, and oh, I want those fifty cases of *condensed milk*!"

The loss of this condensed milk was a grievance which the doctor could not forget. To the Cubans had been intrusted the duty of transporting fifty cases from Siboney to Caney. The milk never arrived, and I know of one little baby who died in its mother's arms for lack of it. How many more died, unknown and unnoted? Twenty? a dozen? six? Hard to say. That one, at least, was not saved is laid to the account of that Cuban relief committee.

Food and workers were alike insufficient to meet the demands of thirty thousand starving people on those first two days. We stayed and worked as long as we could, and a little after noon we rode away in a drenching rain. But for nearly half a mile down the road, as our steaming horses toiled through mud, fetlock-deep, the vague murmur of the crowd in the plaza came back to us, prolonged, lamentable, pitiful beyond expression, — the cry of people dying for lack of food.

Comida! Comida!

Frank Norris.

PRESIDENT ELIOT AS AN EDUCATIONAL REFORMER.

CONSIDERED merely as a literary product, the collected educational addresses of President Eliot, recently published in book form, are in no wise remarkable. The unit of his style is the word; that is always exact, always weighty. Hence in inscriptions and characterizations where heroic achievements are cast into a sentence or a scholarly career is coined into a phrase, he is incomparable. In Educational Reform there is an occasional

gem like this: "Two kinds of men make good teachers, — young men and men who never grow old." For the most part, however, we get plain truths plainly stated, with little of that magic power to light up present facts with glowing reminiscences of kindred facts and fancies drawn from far-off lands and days, and to set the sentences to throbbing in rhythmic sympathy with the pulsations of the thought, which makes literary

form as precious as the substance it conveys. Nor is the sum total of ideas set forth so very great. One who undertakes to read the collection through consecutively is soon reminded of the jury lawyer's remark, — "Reiteration is the only effective figure of speech."

Nevertheless, this book marks with absolute precision our one great educational epoch. For the author is no mere essayist or orator. As we flock to hear Nansen's lectures, not for their literary charm or the range of new information they convey, but because we want to see the man who flung his ideas in the face of incredulous geographical societies, and built them into the Fram, and froze them into the ice floe, and drifted on them month after month, and drove them into his dogs in that last desperate dash for the pole: so here we see the man who for thirty critical years, as prime minister of our educational realm, has defied prejudice, conquered obstacles, lived down opposition, and reorganized our entire educational system from top to bottom. As Wordsworth said of his French revolutionary friend, Beaupuis, we feel that our educational institutions are

"standing on the brink

Of some great trial, and we hear the voice
Of one devoted, one whom circumstance
Hath called upon to embody his deep sense
In action, give it outwardly a shape,
And that of benediction, to the world."

The one supremely eloquent feature of these essays and addresses is the dates they bear. To appreciate their significance, it is necessary to recall briefly the educational history of the last thirty years. Our first witness shall be the Harvard Catalogue for the year 1869-70. There is a single set of requirements for admission: the traditional Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with so much ancient history as, in the words of the President, "a clever boy could commit to memory in three or four days." Though some dozen electives are offered

in each of the last three years, yet the backbone of the curriculum consists of prescribed studies supposed to be equally essential and profitable for all. Among the many things required of Freshmen are Champlin's *First Principles of Ethics* and Bulfinch's *Evidences of Christianity*. "The Student's Gibbon, about twenty selected chapters," "Stewart's *Philosophy of the Mind*, about 350 pages," and "Cooke's *Chemical Philosophy*, about 180 pages," are among the half dozen things all Sophomores are compelled to learn. "Bowen's *Logic*, 313 pages, Reid's *Essays* (selections), Hamilton's *Metaphysics*, 300 pages, and Lardner's *Optics*, Chapters I. - VII., XIII., and portions of Chapter XIV.," are required of all Juniors. In the first term of Senior year the requirements are, "Philosophy, Bowen's *Ethics* and *Metaphysics*, Bowen's *Political Economy*, *Modern History*, Guizot's and Arnold's *Lectures*, Story's *Abridged Commentaries on the Constitution*;" and in the second term, "History, Hallam's *Middle Ages*, one volume, *Religious Instruction*, *Political Economy*, Bowen's finished." It is not so much the extent as the nature of these requirements — the large place given to metaphysics, and that of a single school in dogmatic form, finally narrowed down to the single learned author in charge of the department; the specification of the precise number of pages and fractions of a chapter; the fact that instruction in science is primarily concerned with pages and chapters anyway; and the notion that whether in one book or many a subject like political economy can be "finished" — that makes us rub our eyes and look twice at the title-page, to see if this indeed can be a catalogue of Harvard under President Eliot.

Against this hide-bound uniformity, this dead prescription, this dogmatism of second-rate minds, this heterogeneous aggregate of unrelated fragments of instruction, elementary from beginning to end, by which, as he says, "the man-

agers of American colleges have made it impossible for the student to get a thorough knowledge of any subject whatever," the young President hurled his ideas of liberty in the choice of studies; absolute freedom of investigation in teacher and taught; science by first-hand observation and fresh experiment and careful induction; philosophy and religion by candid criticism of all proposed solutions of the problems of the spiritual life; the supreme worth of the differences of individuals from one another in aptitude for acquisition and capacity for service. This, which has been one of his greatest contributions to education, was not so hard a task to accomplish at Harvard as it would have been elsewhere; for a respectable beginning had already been made, and the needed funds for its development were forthcoming; yet it was not without hard and steady fighting for each inch of ground that the principle was finally established throughout the college, when the Freshman work became largely elective in 1884. The triumph of the principle in the matter of requirements for admission, with all the added reality and life that it brings to secondary instruction, did not find complete acceptance with the faculty until a year ago, and is still affording food for protracted discussion in the Board of Overseers.

In the meantime President Eliot was fighting the same battle in behalf of the colleges of the country at large. Though wielding the enormous power and resources of Harvard with tremendous vigor, and making every move redound to her glory and advantage, he has ever had the most generous desire that others should share in whatever good thing Harvard has wrought out. Doubtless his mode of tendering his assistance has been open to misunderstanding on the part of those who did not know the man. Year after year, from 1870 down to 1888, he went into the Association of New England Colleges, pointing out to the repre-

sentatives of sister institutions the defects of prescription and the blessings of freedom. A single specimen of the frankness he was wont to exercise in the presentation of this theme is preserved in an essay now reprinted from the *Century Magazine* for 1884, in which he says: "No knowledge of either French or German is required for admission to Yale College, and no instruction is provided in either language before the beginning of the Junior year. In other words, Yale College does not suggest that the preparatory schools ought to teach either French or German, does not give its students the opportunity of acquiring these languages in season to use them in other studies, and does not offer them any adequate opportunity of becoming acquainted with the literature of either language before they take the Bachelor's degree. Could we have stronger evidence than this of the degraded condition of French and German in the mass of our schools and colleges?" Inasmuch as men like President Porter and President Seelye were not always able to appreciate the disinterested devotion to the true welfare of their respective institutions which President Eliot was wont thus to manifest on all occasions, the meetings of the Association of New England Colleges were often quite animated, in the days when this reform was being extended from Harvard to her sister institutions. To these meetings he has always come early, and he has stayed late; bringing with him definite topics for discussion, and urging his associates to some positive educational advance. In 1894 he urged in the Association, and later repeatedly elsewhere, the establishment of a common board of examiners which should hold examinations at two or three hundred points throughout the United States, and whose certificates should be accepted by all the coöperating institutions. Although a large number is desirable for such coöperation, he proposed to start with five colleges besides his own.

And yet not five institutions could be found sufficiently ready to coöperate in such a vital and far-reaching scheme for elevating secondary education throughout the country, and saving us from the Dead Sea of superficiality. So very rare, even in educational institutions, is the disposition to put the interests of the community first, and to find the true interest of a particular college in generous devotion to these objective ends, that even the disinterestedness of this measure was suspected in quarters which ought to have been above the capacity for such suspicion.

At the very first President Eliot took in hand the improvement of professional training. In 1869 he found the Medical School little more than an irresponsible commercial venture. There were no requirements for admission; attendance was required for two courses of lectures only, brief in themselves, and still farther abbreviated by the failure of the great majority of students to attend during the summer term. A student who passed successfully five out of nine oral examinations, of five minutes' duration each, received a diploma; although, as came out in the discussion of this matter in the Board of Overseers, he might not know the limit of safety in the administration of morphine, and one had actually killed two early patients in consequence. As the President says, "Under this system young men might receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine who had had no academic training whatever, and who were ignorant of four out of nine fundamental subjects." At his suggestion, the financial administration of the school was placed at once in the hands of the treasurer of the university; the course of instruction was extended to three years of two equal terms at which attendance was required; the course was made progressive throughout the three years; laboratory work was added to the didactic lectures; and written examinations were distributed through the three years, all

of which each student was required to pass. By 1874 the students were divided into three classes, with rigid requirements for promotion. In 1877 physics and Latin were required for admission. To these requirements additions have repeatedly been made; so that now the school is able to announce that in and after June, 1901, candidates must present a degree from a reputable college or scientific school, unless admitted by special vote of the faculty in each case. In 1892 the course was extended to four years. Since 1888 the elective principle has been recognized in the latter part of the course. President Eliot's influence has done much to raise the profession of medicine from the refuge of "uncultivated men, with scanty knowledge of medicine or of surgery," to a position in which it is fully worthy of his high tribute when he says, "It offers to young men the largest opportunities for disinterested, devoted, and heroic service."

The Harvard Law School in 1869 was another illustration of the remark which President Eliot made in an address at the inauguration of President Gilman: "During the past forty years the rules which governed admission to the honorable and learned professions of law and medicine have been carelessly relaxed, and we are now suffering great losses and injuries, both material and moral, in consequence." Dean Langdell describes the condition as follows: "In respect to instruction there was no division of the school into classes, but with a single exception all the instruction given was intended for the whole school. There never had been any attempt by means of legislation to raise the standard of education at the school, nor to discriminate between the capable and the incapable, the diligent and the idle. It had always been deemed a prime object to attract students to the school, and with that view as little as possible was required of them. Students were admitted without any evidence of *academic*

acquirements; and they were sent out from it, with a degree, without any evidence of *legal* acquirements. The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred solely upon evidence that the student had been nominally a member of the school for a certain length of time and had paid his tuition fees, the longest time being one and a half years." At once a new course was established, and an examination was held for the degree. Early in the next academic year the first recorded faculty meeting was held; and of the 198 meetings regularly held during the succeeding twenty-four years, the President of the university presided at all but five. In 1877 the course of study was extended to three years, and the tuition fee was raised to \$150. Since 1896 only graduates of approved colleges have been admitted as candidates for the degree. Of 546 students attending the school the current year, 514 are college graduates.

The Divinity School in 1869 was a feeble institution, to which only six pages were assigned in the university catalogue; requiring no academic preparation beyond "a knowledge of the branches of education commonly taught in the best academies and high schools." Only five of the thirty-six students had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Master of Arts, whereas six needy persons who were recipients of such degrees could have \$350 apiece each year for the asking; and a fund yielding from \$150 to \$200 apiece was divided among all applicants in the regular or partial course, regardless of ability or scholarship. The five professors were all adherents of a single sect. President Eliot from the first contended that "the gratuitous character of the ordinary theological training supplied by denominational seminaries is an injury to the Protestant ministry. It would be better for the profession, on the whole, if no young men could get into it except those whose parents are able to support them, and those who

have capacity and energy enough to earn their own way. These tests constitute a natural method of selection, which has long been applied in the other learned professions to their great advantage. Exceptions should be made in favor of needy young men of decided merit and promise, to whom scholarships should be awarded on satisfactory tests of ability and character." Accordingly, in the year 1872-73 the promiscuous distribution of aid to all applicants in equal parts was stopped, and scholarships were established in its place. In order that "the mendicant element in theological education might be completely eliminated, and the Protestant ministry put on a thoroughly respectable footing in modern society," the President recommended in 1890 that the tuition fee be raised to the same amount as in other departments of the university. After much doubt and misgiving on the part of the friends of the school, this bold step was taken in 1897. Since 1882 a college education or its equivalent has been required of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

The President has always been the earnest advocate of absolute freedom in theological study. In his essay *On the Education of Ministers*, he commends the scientific spirit in these terms: "This spirit seeks only the fact, without the slightest regard to consequences; any twisting or obscuring of the fact to accommodate it to a preconceived theory, hope, or wish, any tampering with the actual result of investigation, is the unpardonable sin. It is a spirit at once humble and dauntless, patient of details, passionless but energetic, venturing into pathless wastes to bring back a fact, caring only for truth, candid as a still lake, expectant, unfettered, and tireless." All this, and much more to the same effect, is admirable, and highly needed as a prophylactic against what he calls "the terrible stress of temptation to intellectual dishonesty" which besets the cleri-

cal profession. Yet when, as in his report for 1877-78, he went so far as to say, "The various philosophical theories and religious beliefs should be studied before, and not after, any of them are embraced," he fell into a one-sided intellectualism which gave some occasion for the widespread distrust of Harvard's religious leadership that prevailed twenty years ago. Intimate acquaintance with him, however, is pretty sure to convince one of the truth of the remark which President Tucker once made, speaking of persons engaged in college work: "President Eliot is the most religious man among us." His earnest efforts in establishing the present system of religious worship at Harvard, together with the influence of the philosophical professors in their doctrines of the glory of the imperfect, the world of description and the world of appreciation, and the will to believe, have done much to correct the earlier tendency, and to reestablish Harvard in the confidence of the community, as a centre of virtue and piety as well as of learning and research.

President Eliot is a Unitarian, and glories in the critical candor and intellectual honesty of which, until quite recently, that denomination had held too nearly a monopoly. Yet he is too broad and fair-minded to think for an instant of leaving the theological department or the religious life of a great national university in the hands of a single sect, least of all in the hands of a sect which represents but one tenth of one per cent of the nation's population. Under his administration the Divinity School has become unsectarian in reality, as it always was in name. The faculty to-day consists of nine professors, of whom one is a Baptist, three are Orthodox Congregationalists, and five are Unitarians, and one instructor, who is an Episcopalian. The twenty-six students now in the school are distributed among the denominations as follows: Baptist, two; Disciples, one; Dutch Reformed, one; Episcopal, three;

Christian, one; Orthodox Congregational, four; Presbyterian, three; Swedenborgian, one; Unitarian, ten. Of the students who have gone from the school during the past four years, seventy-four are pastors of churches as follows: Baptist, three; Disciples, four; Dutch Reformed, one; Episcopal, five; Methodist, six; Orthodox Congregational, seventeen; Presbyterian, six; Unitarian, thirty-one; Universalist, one; and one is a missionary of the American Board. Of the eighteen men who have held the Williams Fellowships since their foundation in 1886, one became professor of philosophy in a state university, one a professor in a theological seminary, and the remaining sixteen pastors of churches as follows: Disciples, one; Dutch Reformed, one; Episcopal, one; Methodist, one; Orthodox Congregational, six; Presbyterian, five; Unitarian, one. The five preachers to the university for the current year include one Baptist, one Episcopalian, one Presbyterian, and two Orthodox Congregationalists.

The condition of graduate work at Harvard in 1869 can be inferred from the fact that the degree of Master of Arts was given to all graduates of three years' standing and of good moral character on payment of five dollars; and no other degree beyond the Bachelor's was offered. The new President at once gave notice that the granting of Master's degrees on these easy terms would cease in 1872. After a year or two of fruitless experimentation with "university lectures," in 1872 the degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Science, and Doctor of Philosophy were offered on definite and exacting terms. In his report for 1876-77 we find the President quietly dropping the remark that, "for a few years to come, it is to the improvement of this department of the university that the attention of the governing boards may be most profitably directed." As a result of that profitably directed at-

tention, Harvard performed successfully the arduous and delicate task of rearing a great graduate school on the broad foundation of undergraduate work, without injury, but with positive inspiration and elevation to the latter. It was the surplus intellectual resources accumulated under the elective system which made possible that unprecedented educational feat. The graduate school has never resorted to the expedient of hiring its students by guarantees of large pecuniary assistance. President Eliot was among the first to perceive the danger of repeating the error which has resulted in overcrowding the clerical profession with weaklings of all sorts, and thus lowering the tone of manliness and self-respect in the men who are to be college professors. There has been no disposition to turn out doctors as a matter of course after three years of mechanical work at some trivial task devised for the express purpose of grinding a thesis out of it. The school has planted itself firmly and haughtily on the Harvard degree of Bachelor of Arts, or its equivalent, and has steadfastly refused to confer the degree of Doctor on any man who has not grasped the subject as a whole, as well as developed some special aspect of it sufficiently to render him a competent, and, so far as training can contribute to it, an inspiring teacher. Not every one of the hundred and ninety Doctors of Philosophy and twenty-two Doctors of Science it has turned out will make a successful professor; but the system is not one which, by concentrating half-trained men almost exclusively on the narrowest of technical investigations, makes failure the rule, and success the miraculous exception.

Having thus started every department of the university upon the pathway of reform, President Eliot next turned his attention to the secondary schools. As far back as his report for the year 1873-74, he had called attention to "the great importance to the colleges and to the community that the way be kept

wide open from the primary school to the professional school, for the poor as well as for the rich," and had said, "The desired connection between the secondary schools and the colleges might be secured by effecting certain changes in the requisitions for admission to college on the one hand, and in the studies of the existing high schools on the other. But this is not the place to discuss these changes at length."

Seventeen years later he found the place for such discussion at the meeting of the National Educational Association, in a speech which led to the formation of the famous Committee of Ten, of which he was appointed chairman. By his prodigious labors on that committee he secured national sanction for his long-cherished views as to the worthlessness of short, scrappy information courses; the earlier beginning in the elementary schools of such subjects as algebra, geometry, natural science, and modern languages; "the correlation and association of subjects with one another by the programmes and by the actual teaching;" emphasis on the supreme importance of thorough training in English; the doctrine that secondary schools supported at public expense should be primarily for the many who do not pursue their education farther, and only incidentally for the few who are going to college; the doctrine of the equal rank, for purposes of admission to college, of all subjects taught by proper methods with sufficient concentration, time allotment, and consecutiveness; and the corollary thereof, that college requirements for admission should coincide with high-school requirements for graduation. At the same time he secured the working out in detail of the practical application of these measures by representative experts in all the departments involved; thus giving to secondary education the greatest impulse in the direction of efficiency, variety, serviceableness, and vitality it has ever received, and winning

the grandest victory ever achieved in the field of American education.

Nor did he stop there. Finding by actual experiment with schoolboys brought to his own study that the entire reading matter included in a grammar-school course covering six years could be read aloud in forty-six hours, and that the work in arithmetic done during two years by giving one fifth of all the time of the school to it could be done by a bright boy fresh from the high school in fifteen hours; finding by actual reading of everything used in that grammar school that the entire course was dull and destitute of human interest, consisting chiefly in the exercise of mere memory on such relatively useless matters as the capitals and boundaries of distant states; finding that the children and the community alike were suffering irreparable harm because the peculiar natural aptitudes of individual children were not appealed to, and consequently not developed: in 1891, after considerable discussion, and in spite of some opposition directed from the headquarters of conservatism, he secured from the Association of New England Colleges, at its annual meeting at Brown University, an indorsement of his plan for "shortening and enriching the grammar-school course." The recommendations then made covered five points: elementary natural history in the earlier years, to be taught by demonstrations and practical exercises, with suitable apparatus, rather than from books; elementary physics in the later years, to be taught by the laboratory method; algebra and geometry at the age of twelve or thirteen; and French, German, or Latin, or any two of these languages, from and after the age of ten. During the years immediately following he was busy advocating these reforms in primary and secondary education; always resting his argument on the supreme importance, both for the children and for the community, that each individual's peculiar

powers should be trained to the highest degree, as a means to that equality of opportunity which is the glory of a true democracy, and that diversity of talent and function which is essential to happy and useful social life; and pointing out that these reforms were quite as much in the interest of the many whose education ends at the grammar school or high school as for those who go to college.

In psychological analyses of the process of "apperception" and the related realm of "child study" President Eliot has had but scanty interest. He has rather taken it for granted that if the table is spread with a feast of sufficient freshness and variety, and presided over by a tactful and generous host or hostess, the children can be counted on to get enough to eat; even if no prepared food is provided in powdered form, and although the hostess herself may be unable to delineate the precise details of the physiological processes of mastication, swallowing, digestion, and assimilation. His emphasis has always been upon the substance of the truth presented, not on the form of its apprehension by the receiving mind.

There have been men in our colleges more gifted than President Eliot in supplementing scanty resources and meagre equipment by the power of direct personal inspiration; though in recent years he has made great gains in this respect, and his addresses on enlistment at the outbreak of the recent war, and on a memorial for those who died, rank among the most influential and uplifting counsels ever given by college officers to college students. And while other presidents may have been more expeditious in creating culture out of cash, he has never forgotten that "a quarter of one per cent means a new professorship;" has never been backward either in creating financial demands or in searching for fresh sources of supply. Yet he has never been in the least degree servile toward rich benefactors, but rather in-

clined to err in the direction complained of by an early benefactor whom Professor Dunbar reports as saying of the President, "He comes to me for my money and my advice; and, like the women in the Scripture, the one is taken and the other left."

Even in the brief sketch of reforms given above, the reader must have noticed the long lapse of time between the first prophecy of a reform and its fulfillment. When President Eliot was elected, George S. Hillard, meeting him on the street, said to him, "Do you know what qualities you will need most out there at Harvard?" President Eliot replied that he supposed he would need industry, courage, and the like. "No," said Mr. Hillard. "What you will need is patience — patience — patience." So it has proved. All these reforms have required ten, twenty, or thirty years for their accomplishment. The two reforms now pending are by no means new. The extension of the franchise to graduates of the professional schools was proposed eighteen years ago; and the definition of requirements for admission which is now before the Board of Overseers is the working out of principles announced twenty-four years ago, and contained in germ in the inaugural address. Yet this marvelous patience has been no idle waiting for the lapse of time, but the steady pressure of one who was confident that he was right, and sure that, if urged at every opportunity, the right would gain adherents and ultimately prevail.

President Eliot's reforms have all been rooted in principles and purposes which at bottom are moral and religious. He has gone up and down the whole length of our educational line, condemning every defect, denouncing every abuse, exposing every sham, rebuking every form of incompetence and inefficiency, as treason to the truth, an injury to the community, a crime against the individual. To his mind, intent on making God's richest gifts available for the blessing of man-

kind, a dull grammar school is an instrument of intellectual abortion; uniformity in secondary schools is a slow starvation process; paternalism and prescription in college is a dwarfing and stunting of the powers on which the prosperity of a democratic society must rest; superficial legal training is partnership in robbery; inadequate medical education is wholesale murder; dishonest theological instruction is an occasion of stumbling more to be dreaded than "that a great millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be cast into the depths of the sea."

Such has been the work of this educational reformer. What, then, has been his reward? For the first twenty-five years he was misunderstood, misrepresented, maligned, hated with and without cause. It may be that it is an essential element of the reformer's make-up that, in order to hold firmly and tenaciously his own views against a hostile world, he should be somewhat lacking in sensitiveness, and at times seem to take a hostile attitude toward those who differ from him. This, at any rate, seems to have been characteristic of President Eliot during the early years of his long fight for educational reform. In later years, now that most of his favorite reforms are well launched, and his services in their behalf are acknowledged with gratitude on all sides, there has been manifest a great change, amounting to the kindest appreciation of temperaments widely different from his own. Even in the days of his apparent hardness he was never known to cherish personal animosity on account of difference of views. At the time when the fight was hottest in his own faculty, meeting an assistant professor, most outspoken in antagonism to all his favorite measures, who had received a call to go elsewhere, he said to him, "I suppose you understand that your opposition to my policy will not in the slightest degree interfere with your promo-

tion here." Partly owing to the triumph of his views even in the minds of most of his old opponents who survive, partly owing to the change which the years with their increasing cares and sorrows have wrought in the man himself, he has come to be universally trusted, admired, and loved by all who know him well. Yet his chief reward has been that which he commended to another, "the great happiness of devoting one's self for life to a noble work without reserve, or stint, or thought of self, looking for no advancement, hoping for nothing again."

No one can begin to measure the gain to civilization and human happiness his services have wrought. As compared with what would have been accomplished by a series of conservative clergymen, or ornate figureheads, or narrow specialists, or even mere business men such as by the uninformed he has most erroneously sometimes been supposed to be, his leadership has doubled the rate of educational advance not in Harvard alone, but throughout the United States. He has sought to extend the helping hand of sympathy and appreciation to every struggling capacity in the humblest grammar grade; to stimulate it into joyous blossoming under the sunshine of congenial studies throughout the secondary years; to bring it to a sturdy and sound maturity in the atmosphere of liberty in college life; and finally, by stern selection and thorough specialization, to gather a harvest of experts in all the higher walks of life, on whose skill, knowledge, integrity, and self-sacrifice their less trained fellows can implicitly rely for higher instruction, professional counsel, and public leadership. In consequence of these comprehensive reforms, we see the first beginnings of a rational and universal

church, not separate from existing sects, but permeating all; property rights in all their subtle forms are more secure and well defined; hundreds of persons are alive to-day who under physicians of inferior training would have died long ago; thousands of college students have had quickened within them a keen intellectual interest, an earnest spiritual purpose, a "personal power in action under responsibility," who under the old régime would have remained listless and indifferent; tens of thousands of boys and girls in secondary schools can expand their hearts and minds with science and history and the languages of other lands, who but for President Eliot would have been doomed to the monotonous treadmill of formal studies for which they have no aptitude or taste; and, as the years go by, hundreds of thousands of the children of the poor, in the precious tender years before their early drafting into lives of drudgery and toil, in place of the dry husks of superfluous arithmetic, the thrice-threshed straw of unessential grammar, and the innutritious shells of unrememberable geographical details, will get some brief glimpse of the wondrous loveliness of nature and her laws, some slight touch of inspiration from the words and deeds of the world's wisest and bravest men, to carry with them as a heritage to brighten their future humble homes and gladden all their after-lives. In such "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over," has there been given to this great educational reformer, in return for thirty years of generous and steadfast service of his university, his fellow men, his country, and his God, what, in true Puritan simplicity, he calls "that finest luxury, to do some perpetual good in this world."

William DeWitt Hyde.

THE KINDERGARTEN CHILD—AFTER THE KINDERGARTEN.

THERE was a day when we primary school-teachers all believed — ineradicably and eternally, we thought then — that by means of joy and sport and merry games the little children at their play would banish the arid drudgery of the old schoolroom routine; would laugh their way through reading and writing, sing their way through geography and history, dance their way through algebra and geometry, and progress in one beautiful, unbroken line of "continuous development" from the kindergarten, through the most difficult college examinations, on and on into a roseate futurity. Fifteen years ago, when free kindergartens were hardly more than starting in some of the large cities, we dreamed of the glorious era opening before both the children and the overworked school-teacher.

Perhaps we expected too much. As we waited impatiently in the primary school for that first class of kindergarten-trained children who were to work without urging, and relieve us of all the responsibility of school government, we looked forward to a pedagogical millennium. The children came. In one day we discovered that they, as well as we, had expectations. They came expecting to find in us lovely ladies who would call them "Freddie dear" and "my little Agnes;" they came expecting to be praised for every trivial act or piece of work; they came expecting to do exactly as they pleased at any hour of the day, and to be entertained at every hour of the day. They came expecting all these good things, — and they were disappointed; so were we. They were not as happy in the school as they had been when they were in the kindergarten; neither were we. In a few days they made up their minds that we did not know how to teach, and at about

the same time we made up our minds that they did not know how to learn.

We clung to our dream, for we were loath to let it go; but the chilly morning of experience dawned upon us, and we awoke to find that our problems in school government had increased tenfold, and that the actual wear and tear in teaching had increased beyond what we could accurately compute. We have never denied that the kindergarten children could do a great many things, — in fact they could do about twenty-two times as many things as we had any use for; and we have never denied that they meant to be, and thought that they were, very good and "helpful" children indeed, for they had one and all come to the "Little Jack Horner" stage of self-appreciation.

Had our sympathies congealed with age, or were we merely lacking in the social graces? We found ourselves unable to pour forth a copious stream of praise and adulation every time the little "Jack" pulled out a plum. And we were made to suffer for it. Up to that time we had thought that we loved children, but we proved unequal to the continued drain upon our "dears" and "darlings;" and since we could not always call all the children "dear" and "darling," we were misunderstood in the matter of our affection.

Our lessons met with even less approbation than our affection. It had been a preconceived idea of ours that when an object was set for drawing, some attempt, at least, should be made to draw it. We found ourselves in error. Many of our kindergarten-trained children, upon seeing what we intended for a lesson, remembered a similar but more interesting object, which they forthwith drew. An apple would be replaced by a peach, an orange, or a pear. It was

trying to the nerves, to say the least, after giving the apple, with directions for careful study, to find that the lesson time had been spent upon the illustration of an apple tree with our young artist picking apples.

In clay modeling, also, we were equally old-fashioned in our prejudices. When the apple was again given as the lesson, we found ourselves unwilling to accept as an equivalent a bird's nest with eggs, a sled, or a man on horseback. The apple we had given, and the apple we intended to have modeled, or at least faithfully attempted, during the time assigned. On account of this attitude we were stigmatized as "cranky."

We thought it but natural that when the children reached the primary school they should receive instruction in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Accordingly, we began our lessons upon them. The children went to the blackboards to copy certain letters. For three days this was a great success. Then Freddie asked, "Ain't this work?"

We replied that it was intended to be, whereupon he laid down his crayon, remarking, "Then I don't want to do it any more. In kindergarten we don't *work*; we *play*."

He was prevailed upon to continue his lesson; but the following day we were met with a like opposition from Agnes and Ethel and Harold. We insisted on the completion of the work in hand, but we discovered that public opinion was totally against our practices in this direction.

Our reading lessons were somewhat better liked, but the day came all too soon when we were asked why we did not make it more interesting.

"In what way?" we meekly inquired.

"Oh! tell us stories 'bout all the letters, the way Miss Bessie used to do in kindergarten," said Freddie. "There's a C with his mouth open like a big fish, an' he's swimming to catch a little fish.

An' there's an A that's the door of a tent with soldiers inside. An' there's a T, an' that's a boy with his arms out, running to see the soldiers. An' there's a cat waiting by a hole to catch a mouse; an' the mouse has little young children mice at home, an' she's coming out to get them something to eat, an' I hope the cat won't catch her." All this was very entertaining, but we estimated that by such a method the children would master forty words a year; which was hardly the progress required by the school.

Our arithmetic met with much less success than our reading and writing lessons. We were expected to conceal the dry arithmetical operations in entertaining tales of sticks of candy, cakes, oranges, and the like, in some such way as the following:—

"Freddie had been a good boy all day long. He had not cried or whined. When he went to school next morning his mamma said, 'You were such a good boy yesterday, Freddie, that you may buy yourself two sticks of candy to eat at recess,' and she gave him two pennies. Agnes did some sewing for grandma, and grandma gave her three pennies. Agnes bought sticks of candy, too, and carried them to school. Now, how many sticks of candy did Freddie and Agnes have together?"

After a trial of this method for several weeks, we were unable to trace any development of the idea of number to the introduction of ethical considerations into the examples; and as a knowledge of arithmetic was gained in inverse ratio to the story-telling, we abandoned it without delay, and devoted our energies to simple number work. We had always been of the opinion that a modicum of attention was necessary in order to add and subtract, or to multiply and divide; but without story-telling the lessons ceased to be "interesting," and the children declined to give us any attention at all.

It had seemed to Miss Bessie advisable that the "children should know something of the world on which they live," and for purposes of instruction she had selected a geyser and a volcano as important — not to say interesting — features of land structure. By means of a rubber ball with a hole in it, artfully concealed in a pile of sand, she had created a geyser, and with a bit of cotton soaked in alcohol and lighted she had simulated a volcano.

We began our work with geography in ignorance of these facts. After a few lessons on hills, mountains, islands, capes, and bays, the children informed us that they "did n't like those old things." "Please, won't you give us the fireworks?" asked Freddie. "Or the squirt?" added Agnes eagerly.

Our school superintendent had become deeply interested in "carrying on the kindergarten methods in the primary school." To him this meant the wholesale importation of kindergarten materials in all their variety of form, color, design, usefulness and uselessness. The first thing he urged upon us was the ubiquitous sewing card. "This is something practical," he said, "especially for the girls. They will learn to sew while working on these little cards."

Wishing to know more about sewing cards, we bought a few, and operated upon them according to directions. In our youth we had taken pride in our sewing, and reminiscences of former years — and tears — expended over button-holes, patchwork quilts, and "samplers" floated before us as we diligently stuck our needles into the little holes of the cards, already prepared, and pulled them out again. We stuck our needles in, we pulled our needles out, — and that was all there was to it. Buttons are attached to garments by this method of procedure, but how the principles of the sewing card can be applicable to sewing of the plain household variety, except in that particular, has been a mystery to us

from that day to this. We have come to the conclusion that the value of sewing cards as a foundation for later domestic uses is a pedagogical myth. In this matter, however, we were unable to convince our superintendent, because he was a man, and because he was our superintendent, and cards were ordered for the children by the boxful.

We started out with cards of the ordinary kindergarten kind; but one day there visited our superintendent the canny agent of a kindergarten supply firm, who sought to show him how we could combine the joys of art with industry. He produced for inspection sewing cards of impossible drawing and delicate, unutterable tints, — an old hat, a head (back view, cheek just visible), a cradle in a room, a bunch of Christmas bells hung awry in a tower, and Santa Claus going down a chimney. These were intended to be outlined in thread, — preferably in white silk, — thus making a "dainty little picture that could be carried home as a present," and of which any aunt, or even parent, would be glad to become the possessor. The young man talked blandly; the cards were bought; and we were obliged to waste a precious hour a week "sewing" pictures to appreciate which would have implied an elevated taste in a Hottentot only.

Clay modeling and drawing we had always believed in, and it needed no kindergarten arguments to induce us to continue them both. But after we had formed our opinion of the sewing card, we looked askance at the weaving, the parquetry, the paper cutting, and the paper folding. So far as the weaving went, our superintendent himself could not show us any "practical application" of it to anything on the wide earth, and we were allowed to use our own judgment in excluding it from our schools. Still, feeling strongly the necessity of "carrying on the kindergarten ideas without break," he refused to listen to us in the matter of the other exercises.

He advised us to "read up on the subject of the kindergarten occupations and get some new ideas," and he placed in our hands the current kindergarten literature. The following reprinted selection, having met with the approval of two editors of educational magazines, must be authoritative in the matter with which it deals:—

"Paper folding gives to the child a love for the beautiful, and love for the beautiful is the beginning of love for the good. By using tints and shades of different colors, we teach them to love pretty but not gaudy colors, and also to make pretty designs and life forms which call their attention to art and nature.

"They are also taught to be neat by the use of paper folding. They must also have clean hands, and be careful not to get the paper crumpled or torn.

"The papers are first placed on the table, giving a look of neatness and accuracy not only to their own work, but to the whole table. The folding must be accurate, leaving no little uneven places or crooked lines.

"While teaching carefulness, neatness, accuracy, etc., we give them the key to patience. If they do their work with care, they learn patience without knowing they are doing so.

"They are made responsible for their own work. If they tear or injure it through carelessness or inattention, they are not given any more. If it is too badly torn to use, they are made to do without any for that lesson.

"They are allowed to take their work home, on condition that it is brought back, thus teaching responsibility in another way. We awaken their sense of manhood by trusting them to take care not to harm their own or the other children's papers.

"It teaches them to be useful and helpful to others. If one child does his work nicely and quietly, he is encouraged to help some one else who is not so competent; or if a paper is handed

to one child, he is asked, 'Would you like to give that piece of paper to some one else, and get another piece for yourself?'

"In this way he is made both useful and generous. If we give careful attention to these things at school, the children will gradually attain the same habits at home.

"Thus paper folding teaches: 1. Love for the beautiful, therefore love for the good. 2. Neatness. 3. Accuracy. 4. Carefulness. 5. Patience. 6. Honesty. 7. Industry. 8. Usefulness. 9. Helpfulness. 10. Generosity."

But why stop at ten? Two more would have made an even dozen. Why not add: "11. Stenography. 12. Cooking"?

We knew that in the kindergarten the children had learned many songs, and it occurred to us that we might enliven our day with music. When requested to sing, they favored us with this selection:—

"My chickie's name is Cuddle,
Just see him wink his eyes;
He's only three days old now,
And yet he's very wise;
I think him very clever,
The cunning little Peep.
The way he says he loves me
Is 'Yeep! yeep! yeep!'"

It was sung to the following melody:
"Ka jinky, jinky, jinky; Ka jinky, jinky, jink," and so on.

This was matched by a song called
The Old Black Cat:—

"Who so full of fun and glee,
Happy as a cat can be?
Polished sides so nice and fat,
Oh, how I love the old black cat!"

Refrain.

"Poor kitty,
Oh, poor kitty,
Sitting so cosy
Close by the fire!"

"Pleasant, purring, pretty pussy,
Frisky, full of fun, and fussy,
Mortal foe of mouse and rat,—
Oh, I love the old black cat,
Yes, I do!"

The melody of this is simply, "Tum, tum, *tum*; Te-tum, tum, *tum*; Tum, tum, *tum*; Te-tum, tum, *tum*."

The children requested us to join them in some games played by holding hands in a ring and singing the while. These are two we participated in: —

ROUND THE VILLAGE.

Round and round the village,
Round and round the village,
Round and round the village,
As we have done before.
In and out the windows,
In and out the windows,
In and out the windows,
As we have done before.

LOOBY LOO.

Here we dance looby, looby, looby,
Here we dance looby, looby light,
Here we dance looby, looby, looby loo,
Every Saturday night.

Put your right hands in,
Put your right hands out,
Give yourselves a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourselves about.

Here we dance looby, looby, looby,
Here we dance looby, looby light,
Here we dance looby, looby, looby loo,
Every Saturday night.

We found our enjoyment of the second of these in inverse ratio to the number of its stanzas, of which there were twelve. By the time we had reached the fifth stanza, Looby Loo had palled upon us, and at the tenth we were fain to retire ingloriously from the scene of action. After a few more of these experiences, we discovered that our enthusiasm over "kindergarten games in the schoolroom" was much less than we had anticipated. In fact, to express it in simple language, we were bored, — very much bored indeed; and as we did not feel dissimulation in the matter particularly incumbent on us, and practiced only the mild concealment of holding aloof at times when Looby Loo and kindred games were played, we were considered lacking in musical and poetical taste.

On Friday afternoons our pupils spoke pieces for half an hour. The kindergarten children informed us that they knew enough pieces to "fill a whole day." Agnes volunteered to entertain us with a poem called *Spring Flowers*. She prefaced her recitation by a few impromptu remarks of kindergarten origin: —

"Little children are buttercups an' daisies when they're good. An' when things happen to you that you don't like, if you keep on being good and singing, then it's just like the buttercups an' daisies that come up in the cold before all the other flowers, to make people happy."

After this moral sentiment we listened to the following verses: —

"Ere the pearly snowdrop,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'neath the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

"Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the springtime
To tell of sunny hours!
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies fine
Spring up here and there."

Not able to believe our ears, we asked Agnes if she had not made some mistake in the recitation. She assured us that it was "just the way Miss Bessie taught it to the children in kindergarten." On the following day she brought us a collection of poems arranged for the use of the tender young, and proved beyond dispute that her rendering had been correct. After thinking the matter over very carefully, we decided that this effusion was not intended for a statement of botanical facts concerning the life histories of the spring plants, but merely as an exercise in mental gymnastics in the forming of a visual image of daisies "'neath the frozen grass," and of bare

fields surrounded by leafless trees with the cold March wind whistling through their branches, and "here and there" over the hard brown earth "buttercups and daisies fine" blooming away as gayly as in June. As a matter of fact, this is so superlative a test of our faculties that few of us have ever succeeded in creating a mental picture which tallies in every particular with the requirements of the poem; but perhaps it may be easier for the young, less hampered as they are with a knowledge of the plain facts of the case.

Freddie followed Agnes with this stanza: —

"After dandelions, buttercups;
After buttercups, clover:
One blossom follows another one,
Over and over and over."

We copied it at once, in order to ponder on it at our leisure, and we have never ceased to wonder how "one blossom follows another one, over and over and over."

These poems formed part of a fairly extensive repertoire whose statements were frequently erroneous, and whose versification schemes belonged to the "singing-ringing," "boy-joy," "love-dove" kind, the following being a sample: —

"See the fair blue sky is brighter,
And our hearts with hope are lighter;
All the bells of joy are ringing,
And our grateful voices singing.
What is this the flowers say?
The flowers say 't is lovely May."

The children had a habit of bringing us stories which they thought might edify us. This was one of their favorites: —

"The dear cow is in the field eating grass. I love the dear cow because she gives me milk to drink and cream for my porridge. She gives me butter for my bread. She gives me leather for my shoes. Thank you, thank you, dear cow, for all these good things!"

Agnes supplied us with a book which

Miss Bessie had valued highly in her kindergarten work, labeled Stories for the Kindergartens and Primary Schools, and she recommended its contents to our careful attention. One story, A Legend of the Cowslip, recounts the method by which the cowslip originally obtained her yellow blossoms: —

"Then she heard a robin sing; but as the earth still covered her, the song was but half understood, and to hear better, she lifted her head high enough for a yellow sunbeam, who had been looking everywhere for her, to see her.

"She remembered both the sunbeam and the robin, and so glad was she to see them both that she laughed a low sweet 'Ha, ha, ha, ha!' and there she stood in full bloom, every ha, ha! having become a smiling, sunny-hearted blossom.

"Of course she was amazed, and hung her head in a sweetly modest fashion, as do cowslips to this day; for since that happy springtime not one of the family has forgotten to laugh itself into golden bloom, when it hears the robin and sees the yellow sunbeam of merry May."

Another story, entitled The Man Who Wanted to Chain the Sea, gives an account of Xerxes and his bridge of boats. After describing the wrecking of the bridge, the narrative continues: —

"When Xerxes saw this, he turned very white in the face, but not like the waves of the sea, for his paleness was from wicked anger, and not from great sorrow.

"Why do I think the sea was sorry?"

"Did you ever stand by the ocean, and look away, away to where the sky seems bending over the water, and the water rising up to the sky, until their faces are both hidden in a misty veil? Then did you turn your back to the sorry sea, and look at the hills covered with trees, and grass, and merry little flowers that laugh when the rain patters, and smile when the sun sifts its gold

down upon them, and the great earth laughs everywhere before you, while behind you the greater sea moans and is sorry?

"I think the sea is sorry for the foolish little children who make themselves unhappy with disagreements when they might be joyous; I think the sea is sorry because men and women are so often selfish, refusing to be like One who always went about doing good; I think every child could give some reason for the sorrow of the sea; but we must see what Xerxes did about his bridge," etc.

Agnes requested us to entertain the other children with readings from this book; but in view of the foregoing selections, which are fair samples of them all, we felt obliged to decline.

It was in the nature work and object lessons that our enthusiasm over the kindergarten-trained child received the blow from which it never recovered, though it continued to drag out a precarious existence until a second installment of Miss Bessie's kindergarten pupils destroyed the ray of hope which had kept it alive. Our curriculum included lessons of plants and minerals. We gave out three leaves to each child for a comparison of shapes.

"Children, what have you on your desks?" we asked.

"I have three little boats!" cried Freddie.

"I have three fans," said Agnes.

"I have a papa, and a mamma, and a baby," said Ethel.

"I have three plates for the 'Three Bears,'" said Harold.

"I ain't got nothin' but three ole leaves!" announced Pat.

Derision from the kindergarten children. Pat subsided in dismay.

Another time we gave out pieces of flint for a lesson on minerals.

"Children, what have you on your desks?" we asked pleasantly.

"I have a snowball," said Freddie.

"I have a little white mouse!" cried Agnes.

"I have a lump of salt," said Harold.

"I have a lump of sugar," declared Ethel.

"I 'ist got a ole stone!" cried Pat.

"How many of you have lumps of sugar?" asked we.

At the suggestion all of them had, except Pat.

"Taste it!" we commanded; and then, "Is it sugar?" we asked severely.

"No, ma'am," replied the kindergarten children feebly.

"Ye ort uv knowed it wa'n't sugar!" retaliated Pat; and in our estimation Pat stepped to the head of the class.

Flowers were called fairy cradles, chairs, houses, hats, dresses, or simply fairies, — "fairy daisy," "fairy violet," etc. Seeds were called baby plants, marbles (when round), fairy cakes and pies, fairy boats, little mice, dogs, rabbits, pigs. Stems were sticks, canes, broom-handles. Roots were worms, snakes, horses, or cows. Sometimes we were able to trace a vague resemblance to these objects, usually we were not; but Freddie and Agnes were satisfied if they could use any name but the right one, when asked to tell what a thing was.

Nor was this all. Every flower or plant enjoyed ethical characteristics. Some were "good," some "bad;" most were "pure" or "noble." All except the bad ones had been especially created for the use and delectation of mankind in general, and good little children in particular.

As these performances continued week after week, certain recrudescences of primeval man — or his better half — took place in us, and at last the day came when his spirit prevailed over our ordinary mild and gentle practices.

Laying a leaf on each child's desk, we said, "Take your leaves in your hands, children, and give us your whole

attention," and there was that in our tone which caused us to be obeyed. Holding a leaf ourselves, we said, "Children, this is a leaf. [Pause.] This is a leaf. [Pause.] Children, *this is* A LEAF! What is in your hands?"

"This is a leaf," they replied.

"Children, this leaf is *green*. What color is this leaf?"

"This leaf is green."

"Children, this is the stem of the leaf. What is this?"

"This is the stem of the leaf."

"Children, this leaf grew on a tree. Where did this leaf grow?"

"This leaf grew on a tree."

When our rage was spent and we rested from our labors, it was with the consciousness that for once in their lives, at least, the kindergarten children had called an object by its right name, and had made three plain, cold statements concerning it. But it was appalling to realize that it would be necessary to pursue this course of treatment with unflinching diligence for several years if we had any hope of bringing the kindergarten children down — or up — to the level of Pat in the matter of the simple statements of every-day facts.

During three years of kindergarten Miss Bessie had been devoting her energies to what she called "training the children's imaginations," with the foregoing result. We therefore set ourselves to work to discover to what extent this training had been accomplished. After much patient observation we came to the conclusion that their imaginations had not been trained at all, but that their suggestibility had been developed to such a pitch that most of the kindergarten children were in a state of half hallucination all the time; that in trying to reach the imagination Miss Bessie had been merely injuring the ability to have clear and precise sense impressions; and that when the "training" had reached the stage where, given one thing, the children saw another, she

felt she had done her duty, and might send them to the primary school for us to build whatever we could on the "foundation" she had laid. These opinions were not, of course, shared by Miss Bessie, to whom the misnaming of objects according to remote resemblances constituted her stock in trade of the pedagogics of the imagination. With the same method by which Miss Bessie "trained the imagination" she "developed the powers of observation," "because the children were obliged to look at an object carefully in order to see its resemblance to another object." She argued that to call a white stone a "little white mouse" betokened more observation than to call it a "lump of sugar," while to call it a "stone" betokened no observation at all. So far as training the "reasoning powers" was concerned, Miss Bessie had not, intentionally, done anything. In her scheme of individual evolution there were certain "ages" corresponding to "stages in the evolution of man;" and since she supposed that the "age of reason" had set in with the advent of steam locomotion, about the middle of the nineteenth century, she felt that reasoning must therefore be the "crowning glory of the whole course of the education of the individual," and refrained from all attempts to "develop prematurely" in this direction the infants confided to her care.

There was no denying that the kindergarten child had ideas. His little mind was no *tabula rasa* upon which we were expected to begin the laborious inscription of the facts of life. We soon found that we could not mention any subject under the sun without bringing down from Freddie and Agnes an avalanche of inaccurate or incorrect information concerning it. Indeed, we finally discovered that we were not expected to impart instruction at all, but that our function as teachers was to set interesting topics for discussion, and listen quietly to the "facts already in the child's

mind," remarking at frequent intervals, "Really?" "How very interesting!" "You astonish me!"

We were not long left in ignorance as to the wide extent of Freddie's acquisitions, since he informed us with each subject brought up for study that he had "learned all about that in kindergarten." If we intended to give a lesson on the bat, he told us that he had "learned all about birds in kindergarten." We were led to discuss the whale: he told us that he had "learned lots and lots about fishes in kindergarten." Miss Bessie had devoted three years of her young life to "laying the foundations of all future knowledge" in him. True, it was in the condition of the stones on a New England farm, — scattered over the whole place, and of no use to anybody, — but it was there. With every lesson that we ever tried to give Freddie we were informed that he had "learned all about it in kindergarten."

The time came when we felt that our most fruitful teaching was expended on Laura Francesca Fredoni, heiress to the banana vender at the corner of the street. In our inmost heart we knew that the Lady Laura understood no word of English, but she fixed her liquid eyes upon us as we talked, and through all our acquaintance she never once informed us that she had learned all about anything in the kindergarten. From this we concluded that she profited by our instruction, and our heart was comforted. Day

by day the appalling magnitude of Freddie's erudition grew upon us. We had set some store by our own attainments. We were college-trained, and labored in the proud conceit that we knew something; but we did not know enough to teach Freddie. We had learned in our tender years that

"'T is we ourselves who are at fault
When others seem most wrong,"

and we were forced to conclude that we were very greatly at fault indeed. Our ideas seemed all old-fashioned. We had been brought up to believe that obedience was due from children to their elders, who were responsible for them, — Freddie did not share this view with us; that a certain definite attainment should be the result of each year's work, — attainment was not valued by Freddie; that industry and perseverance and the ability to do the work in hand, whether pleasant or unpleasant, were at the foundations of character and success, — Freddie scorned such considerations, and openly scoffed at perfection.

Our relations became more and more strained. We felt that we had mistaken our vocation. We believed that our attainments might have fitted us to shine in many spheres, but not as Freddie's teachers; and in the course of time it was borne in upon us that our abilities were not such as to enable us successfully to develop in the primary school the flabby kindergarten intellect of the kindergarten child.

Marion Hamilton Carter.

AN EVICTED SPIRIT.

I WAS an only child. In tradition, station, circumstance, my people, by all acknowledgment, were among the leaders of the small provincial town which for generations had fostered our respected family tree, and I, being the only

greenarboreal shoot from that venerable growth, was the leader of my family. Nature had done much for me: I was good looking, though not unpleasantly aware of it; clever, and strove to value myself only to myself, for my ability,

though the very imputation of an effort may point to a not unvarying success. Accordingly, I was looked up to, admired, envied generally, occasionally criticised, though never to my face; in short, I led. Happy I was not wholly, for never in my own life, nor in the lives of those with whom my lot was cast, had I found the illusive ideal quality for which I yearned; but still I lived, vitally always, at times buoyant with the mere ecstacy of being alive; and then one day I died.

The nurse had told me I would recover; the doctor had told my parents I would not. After the first brief agony, when sensation and consciousness met halfway, for myself I did not care; nature has her own fashion of announcing bad tidings to her children.

The watchers stood or knelt about my bed while physical life was ebbing away from me like the sound of a distant bell. Now and again, as those far-away vibrations take on a stronger tone before they fade to nothingness, so for brief moments my strength revived, but it was the rally that precedes the end. A little accelerated breathing as if something in me were in haste to break away for a long journey, a little trickle in the throat, and then a large, firm hand, unseen and inescapable, was laid upon my features, pressing them gently back from the heightened lines of suffering to the smooth contours of infancy. Among the watchers life seemed to be suspended, and the silence to become not merely a negation of sound, but a fearful and growing entity that at any minute might take bodily form, seizing the living and engulfing them in some terrible abyss made up of unfathomable spaces full of silence. Then the human interruption came in the person of the nurse. Lifting the curtain of the alcove, to which she had withdrawn discreetly, she noiselessly approached the doctor as he stood at the foot of the bed, watch in hand, with his eyes upon my face, and in a

matter-of-fact whisper asked him a question which he answered with a slight nod, and which formulated my exit from this life.

"Is she dead?" The words struck with a jarring note upon the tense chord to which the listeners' hearts were strung. My cousin Ophia shuddered and fell to stifled sobbing; my mother moved to throw her arms about my frame, but fell forward with hidden face and aimless outstretched hands; while my father, with an impatient exclamation, strode noisily from the room, as if death had done him a personal injury, without offering him a decent opportunity for the reprisals due a gentleman. Then Ophia, after kissing my rapidly stiffening lips and hands, led my mother from the room, and I was left with those to whom death was a professional necessity.

"Is she dead?" For weeks, unwittingly, I had been casting aside, one by one, the toys with which my consciousness habitually played in the game I had fancied to be life; for weeks I had been wearing out the little body that at once had clothed and realized me; and somewhere about the moment when the doctor had affirmed the nurse's question as he closed his watch, the last of the old familiar ties had ceased to bind me, the dear hands of my people were powerless to stay me, and, shaking itself clear of sensation and the encumbrance of the flesh, my consciousness went marching on alone. There was no break, there was no subversion; it went marching on, as it always had been marching, from unremembered time; on and on to some as yet unapprehended end, inevitable and foreordained; on and on, and ever on; and as it marched the clouds that hitherto had blurred my vision were dispelled, and I began to see.

"She is dead!" The news sped abroad on wings, and hurrying grief's andante came the activity of preparation. All lives are but a series of preliminaries and preparations: for birth,

for adolescence, for position, for pleasure, to understand, to make one's self understood, to prolong one's days with honor or enjoyment; in short, all life is but a preparation to live, until we die. But of all the paraphernalia of preparation with which we deck events, none carries more grotesqueness to the disembodied consciousness than our preparations to entertain the great, unwelcome visitor. All other events are relative, having a position in a universal series; for all other catastrophes we have a comparison, an explanation, or a remedy. So long as there is a flicker of life in the newborn child, we can incubate it into fuller life; we lose our money, — there is more money in the world to be scrambled for; our friends are unsuccessful, — we can give them good advice; our neighbor is unhappy in his marriage, — we can say that after all it is his own business, if not indeed his fault; our ideals are shattered, — we become saints or cynics; our nerves are wrecked, — we take to golf or mental therapeutics. But death alone is absolute, — the one situation our little wisdom cannot explain away, the one unquestioned and unanswerable fact in life!

And so at death's coming we hasten to affect external differences, pitifully shrouding ourselves in the dark negations of the colors of life, putting the mottled blackness of crape between our faces and the sky; and is there not also a pathetic expression of remorse in this ceremonial for the dead, a belated payment that Love grudgingly owed life, and, heartbroken, lavishes too prodigally on a memory?

Downstairs, my mother, meek and apathetic, her tears exhausted, was standing as a lay figure to the dressmaker, while my cousin Ophia, being of all least fitted for the task, was composing my obituary notices. "To-day, at her late residence," she wrote. Horrible! I had inherited my father's critical love of language; careless English at all times set

my subjective teeth on edge, and now, by the irony of fate, I was made to die "at my late residence." Psychically speaking, I paced the floor. Would no one come to my rescue and snatch the pen from Ophia's hand?

"There, Mis' Stanleyman," said Miss McNulty, the dressmaker, her mouth full of adroitly controlled pins, as she pulled the skirted folds into a stiff flare, "I guess that'll do for now. I'll baste it good and strong for the ceremony, and any little alterations you want I'll fix up for you later on. All you want now is to look prepared, but not conspicuous, so that the first thing people say as you come up the aisle is, 'My! what a genteel, simple frock!'"

"I don't care! I don't care!" moaned my mother.

"Of course you don't, dear," rejoined Miss McNulty, dropping the skirt in a dark nimbus about her subject's feet. "I've known trouble myself. Step over it. 'Tain't to be expected you should care at such a time, — not but what that kind is often the fussiest when they commence to take notice again!" she added to herself, as with the dexterity of a juggler she debouched the pins.

The milliner had entered. "I've made you up a Marie Stuart shape, Mis' Stanleyman," she said in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper. "It goes with the deepest bereavement, yet it always looks real dressy." At my mother's protesting little moan, "There, there, my dear, I know just how it strikes you; I can enter into a mourner's feelings, for I come of a burying family," she proudly proclaimed. "Seven years, week in an' week out, I never was a day out of blacks, heavy and lightened, and — Come, Mis' Stanleyman, you can't go bareheaded, you know. Think of *her*! She would have been the first to want you to look your best, and — There, there, dear heart, let me just run down into the kitchen and draw you a cup o' tea!"

Ophia now held out her ridiculous

announcements, smudged with tears. "Will you please look at these, cousin Sarah? I never can quite trust my own composition," she explained, with excellent reason. "Our dear one was always so particular; and the young man from the newspaper is waiting, — and newspaper gentlemen are always in such a hurry, — and I don't know whether to say 'taken,' or 'passed away,' or 'called home,' or just" — a sob took the place of the ill-omened word.

But my mother, never critical, was beyond detail, and I certainly should have "passed away" in print, had not my father come whistling down the stairs. "Ask him," said my father's wife, with the nearest approach to sarcasm I ever had heard her gentle voice attain.

With a light laugh, half jocular, half sneering, the head of the family drew the pen through Ophia's delicately illegible tracery, and in his firm hand set forth how on that day, at her father's house, Gillian Stanleymain had died. Then, making the women wince with a joke about its still being his house till the mortgage was foreclosed, he let himself out into the street. At the gate, my old Gordon setter, long banished from my sickroom, came whimpering to him with the pathos of unanswered question in its faithful eyes; but my father only gave the creature an impatient push out of his path, yet did not drive it back, as his wont was, when it followed him.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Piper, was the first caller of condolence admitted to the darkened house. Mrs. Piper was a large, unwieldy woman, whose habit was to "run in," as she phrased it, in neighborly fashion, by the servants' door. To-day she slowly and asthmatically climbed the front steps, announcing herself by what I never had suspected her of owning, — a card. Her attire also showed an unusual formality. Long carnelian pendants swung bobbing from her ears, while from her best bonnet she had removed the too gaudy cherries, hitherto

its crowning glory, and in their place had pinned at a precarious angle a dingy velvet bow. An old cashmere shawl, that as a child I had been permitted to gaze on at rare and royal intervals, hung from her shoulders, exhaling the conflicting aromas of sandalwood and camphor, its folds adjusted so as skillfully to conceal the strained relations between hooks and eyes at her imaginary waist-line, and as skillfully displaying the bit of old thread lace, pinned with a platter-like cameo, about her neck. Then a remembrance of old laughter came to me as I recalled a saying of Mrs. Piper's, made in all good faith, that a "true gentlewoman might always feel well dressed if she only dressed her neck." And there she sat, dear soul, doing my departure homage with her clothes; saying little, but sighing heavily and mopping her broad face, while her chin drew in and out like the pleats of an accordion, as with neighborliness and comfort written in her every line she held my mother's hand.

In contrast to Mrs. Piper, the Misses Jenkins, with whom we were on formal terms, now came, with an assumption of intimacy, by the servants' way. "She'll see *us*!" they said, only to find themselves denied; for a day or so before, when my illness was taking a hopeful turn, they had teased my mother's ears and torn her heart by personally conducting her, as it were, through several death-bed scenes, in a study of whose details lay their gruesome dissipation; and thereafter my mother, illogically enough, in her secret heart, held these estimable ladies in part responsible for my demise. Of course they asked permission to "view" my mortal residuum, but again being peremptorily denied, on their way home they at first agreed to mark their displeasure by not coming to my funeral. For such abstention, however, the mortuary habit was too strong with them, so they decided that it really would be too hard upon my memory,

since I was not responsible for the slight, — though I would have been quite capable of it, they added, which was true.

"How old do you suppose she was, anyway?" asked Miss Jane of Miss Luella. "She owned to twenty-seven."

"That's what the evening paper said," answered Miss Luella. "I read it over a gentleman's shoulder in the car."

"Pouf! Don't talk to me of the paper!" cried Miss Jane. "You know I won't allow one in the house, — except the Weekly Christian, which never has any news."

"Well, but, sister," rejoined Miss Luella, "I think the paper is right. I dropped into Townley's this afternoon just to see what sort of a casket they were giving the poor child; you know that sort of thing has always had an attraction for me since the dear lieutenant was taken. It's quite an elegant affair, — rosewood trimmed with silver; and the dates were on the plates — and silver wears so well people would never dare engrave a falsehood on it, for fear of being confronted with it on the Judgment Day!"

The "dear lieutenant" was a familiar if unsubstantial figure in our town. A naval officer to whom Miss Luella had been plighted in her youth, he had perished in the civil war; but as the taking of Richmond receded into history he grew more and more shadowy, and for a time was nearly blotted out. Then, lo and behold! all of a sudden his melancholy ghost reappeared, stalking through Miss Luella's conversation, but reconstructed and newly painted with such neat allusions to the "recent war" as to make him quite a jaunty, fin-de-siècle ghost.

Then the acerb sisters agreed that some people had called me good-looking, though for their own part they never could see it. Stylish, ye-es, but that was my clothes. And stuck up! Well, poor thing, one must speak only charitably of the dead, and so saying they

stopped at the florist's to punctuate my passing with what they termed a floral piece.

"Should id be an emplem, or should id be chust cud flowers?" Mr. Dunkel asked.

"Oh no," cried the ladies with one voice, "*not* cut flowers!" They wanted something superior. It was for one of the first families, — a dear and intimate friend.

"Should de vrend yung or olt be?" was the question.

The ladies looked at each other. "Well," said Miss Jane, with happy tact, "she was young to die."

"I tells you vy. I gif you points. I am an ardist," said the florist. "It should abbrobriate be. To egsamble, for de yung a great variedy of floral emblems is: a wreathe, a gross, an angor" —

"Oh, not an anchor," Miss Luella interposed, "except in the case of a naval officer!"

"Vell, an angor shands on its own endt and a goot shew makes," they were told, "but it gives oder tings abbrobriate for de yung. For de mittel-aged," he continued, "I favors oder emblems; to egsamble, a harbp, or goltten gades, or gades achar; but yunger as five or older as fify is de same, de grossmutter as de babpy. — a leedle billow done in effer-lasdings mit de vun vord — Resdt!"

My case being presented more explicitly, the artist in floral emblems advised a cross, a wreath, or "Vait!" he said, with sudden inspiration. "I haf id. You vant a pasket mit a tuv berching on de handel like id chust alighted vos, — a tuv mit oudtshpred vinks!" But Miss Jane, being a member of the Audubon Society, objected to the use of a bird in decoration, so the sisters sent the basket, but spared me the dove.

Other visitors came to the house; also written attempts at consolation for the loss of me, most of them sincere, some few perfunctory, some simply idiotic.

There were those who told my mother, with curious irrelevance, that a dead sorrow was better than a living one; others assured her — as if they knew! — that I was at peace. Some bade her regard it, not as death, but sleep, which was nonsense, seeing I was just plain dead. And some there were who took upon themselves to answer for the Deity with a smug complacence which I then and there should have denounced, could I but have found a voice or stirred my frozen hand. What came nearest to my consciousness with an approach to pleasure were the offerings from the children I had cared for in the ragged quarter of the town, — not because these were more genuine than the others in their sympathy (most of them spelled it *sympathy*), but because they made my mother smile through her tears. She never will destroy those poor little thumb-marked compositions from the children, full of the sympathy they could not spell.

An old friend came, and begged to take his turn in the night-watches by my side. A success only in extraordinary failure, with poetic talent that persistently refused to fructify, I always had giped at him — and this was his revenge! It was the nobler in him because he had a physical fear of mortality, this poor lad who tried, but failed, to make himself immortal. I too had had that same fear once, but now it seemed to me fantastic beyond words to find a supernatural horror in the poor little piece of white stillness that had been I, now only asking to be put out of sight! So as he sat beside me in the night I tried to encompass my friend with my psychic presence to his strength and comfort, though the immediate material result to him was only a poem which all the magazines refused.

The nurse and the undertaker were making me ready for the grave. "It's a gloomy profession, yours, Mr. Townley," said the nurse.

"No, no, Miss Carr, you must n't think that," protested Mr. Townley. "It has its ups and downs, but it's a nice trade; it's an artistic trade," — here he bent one of my arms stiffly across my breast, and straightened the other stiffly by my side; "and then, you see, it's steady, — it's steady."

"That's so," said the nurse, gazing at him thoughtfully, for the doctor had family ties, but the undertaker was a bachelor. "It don't affect your spirits in private life, Mr. Townley?" she suggested.

"Now, now, Miss Carr, I would n't like you to think that of me," she was assured. "In my own home I like my little sing; I like my little joke with the best of 'em. Outside my profession I have the keenest sense of the ridiculous. Why, I don't mind telling you, as between friends, that I take in two of the comic papers! But once I cross the threshold of a house where I've put crape upon the door, I'm a different man. Shoes that don't creak, a face that looks as if it did n't know the shape of a smile, the feelings of the family to be respected — why, though I say it who should not say it, I may go so far as to say I ain't a human being so much as part of an occasion." And indeed the unobtrusive demeanor of the little man suggested that he might be Death's valet, by whom, with all submission, the dread king must not expect to be regarded as a hero.

Skipping back a few paces, he eyed me with a critical approval, which changed quickly to reproach. "Oh, them mourners, them mourners, you never know what they'll do next!" he exclaimed, shaking his head and sighing heavily as one whose patience with humanity had been taxed too far.

"What's the matter?" asked the nurse.

"I'm not disposed to be hard upon mourners," he defended his position. "I make allowance for their feelings;

I give 'em all the leeway I can ; any little trinket, letters, or flowers they may wish to put in I make no objection to ; but — that hair ! ” and he shook his head at me severely.

Ophia had arranged my hair. Dear heart ! she always had longed to do small personal offices for me which I, in my proud isolation, never had suffered from her ; but now at the last with loving hands she had dressed my hair as I generally wore it, characteristically putting in the hairpins criss-cross in a way that would have annoyed me greatly, had feeling stayed by me.

“ What ’s the matter with the hair ? ” asked the nurse. “ It looks just as natural.”

“ That ’s all very well,” the undertaker answered ; “ but how can I be expected to get the lid down with a pompadour in front and a bun behind ? ”

“ Oh, if that ’s all,” said the nurse, “ here, I ’ll fix it,” and with apt hands she loosened and laid flat the coils above my neck, so as to lower my offending head.

And that in part symbolized my life. I had come into the world a naked, round-eyed child, ready to view the world with instinctive truth, but by the imperfect processes of education and the unconscious distortions of the social machine I had become what those about me were, — little better than a frontage on life, a mere façade.

Mr. Townley again skipped back a few paces, and, his head on one side like cock robin’s, he now surveyed me with entire approbation. “ Lovely ! ” he commented. “ Lovely ! ”

“ She does look nice,” agreed the nurse.

“ Not that I would have had this happen for the world,” said the undertaker with a burst of genuine feeling. “ I ’ve watched her grow up, child and woman, and it goes to my heart to handle her professionally before her time.” And as he took up his hat he added, “ I only

wish there was some little extra thing I could do that need n’t go down upon the bill.”

“ I ’m sure you have done everything in the nicest way,” replied the nurse. “ But what ’s your hurry ? Stay and talk a bit.”

But Mr. Townley excused himself with a mournful pleasantness, saying that he had an appointment out of town to “ ice a party.”

The church services over me came to my consciousness not as an empty form. They did not matter much to me, but for the living they held a timely message of dignified submission to the inevitable, with a hope of better things beyond the objective world. Of course there was no collection taken up, but while the choir was singing, and the congregation trying to sing, Lead, Kindly Light, I, who in life had been proud of my unostentatious charities, now went about the church, a poor little Psyche evicted from the flesh, begging for charity to my memory. And as I looked at the people recalling the intellectual estimates I had formed of them on whose justice I had prided myself, it came to me that after all, while it is a good thing to be invariably just, a day comes when there may be more comfort in remembering that one has been occasionally kind.

Then there was the long drive to the cemetery. I had always liked to lead, and in this my last social function I led ; but those who followed me were erect, while I alone lay, — leading, but not of my own volition ; the cast-off garment of a woman ! Behind me came a long diminuendo line of grief in carriages : the handkerchiefs of those nearest me were wet hard balls with excess of tears, the handkerchiefs in the middle of the procession were wispy rags with modified regret, while some poor relations at the end were almost dry-eyed and actually enjoyed the ride.

At the grave happened one unexpected thing. When “ Ashes to ashes ”

and "dust to dust" was read, Mr. Townley stepped neatly forth with a handful of gravel for his accustomed illustration of the rubric; but my father, who was damned by the Weekly Christian as an atheist, put the undertaker on one side, and himself dropped the symbolic earth upon my coffin-lid. Then later he seized a spade from one of the men and helped to fill in the grave, the action bringing out strong lines on his inert good-lookingness. Some of the flowers they put beneath the little mound, and some they laid outside it, and all perished before the sun went down.

That night, for the last time, my consciousness revisited the places that had held the most vital part of my existence. One house, one room, in particular I sought, — the home of a man who had professed himself my most patient and devoted lover. I always had said that I never would allow myself to be married, unless to a great statesman or a genius, yet into my life this man had come with an insistence not lightly to be gainsaid. An average man on a decidedly material plane I thought him; indeed, that very evening, in a curious emotional reaction, he had taken the train to the nearest city to see a popular and silly vaudeville. Yet in my developing consciousness there dawned a question that demanded light. A faint moon ray slid between the bowed shutters of his room, and I saw that everything about the man was clean, from his surroundings to his heart. As he lay there, ruddy, of gigantic strength and stature, he looked, for all his vigorous manhood, like an overgrown child, for he had cried himself to sleep. The salt rheum of sorrow glued his eyelids fast, his nostrils and the corners of his well-shaped mouth were wet, and in his relaxed grasp lay a ridiculous little tintype that he had been clasping so close as to cut the flesh. On his dressing-table I noticed the portrait of his mother, — an eagle-faced woman, imperial in her maternity, — and I re-

called how it was said that this man had been a good son to her no less than a father to a brood of younger brothers; then, as I looked at him again, I had a curious apprehension of what manner of child he must have been, and of the child a woman might bear to him, and by degrees illumination came to me. Once, in my wish to lead, almost as much as through my love for the flower, on a wet autumn day, I had made a passionate pilgrimage for the first fringed gentian of the year. On the wet hill-tops I had hunted it, in hidden nooks, through bog and bracken, even to the heart of the low-lying valleys; but in vain. And as I returned home, wet, weary, and discouraged, there on a common wayside bank, there at my very door, grew my blue-eyed treasure-trove, awaiting my return. The quest had been worth while for aspiration's sake, but the flower had been growing at my door! So it came to me that this man, had I lived, would have been my husband. He had ridiculed my tenuous studies, burlesquing my *psyché*, as I called my psychism, into my "sukey," and I had despised his material views of life; but meanwhile a bond had been strengthening between us, for I had touched the spiritual part of him, and he had reached the human quality in me. Yes, had I lived I should have come to love this man well enough even to black his boots — though I might never have told him that, in just so many words. I knew it now — and humanly speaking I was dead. So the little sukey that he had laughed at, but truly loved, bent over him as he lay asleep and gave him a butterfly kiss that he would never feel, — a kiss of revelation and good-by. Then I went home.

In his study my father sat, though the night was well advanced; but it was not the clever, bad French novel in his hand that kept him from his bed, for he turned no page. The years seemed suddenly to have set their seal upon his frame, and his face was creased,

like an insomniac's pillow. I waited by him, my consciousness of the subjective life becoming every moment more distinct. Finally he threw aside his book, and together we went into my mother's room. Her bed was untouched: she was not there. We mounted to my room: she was not there. We looked for her by Ophia: she was not there. We sought her over the house, my father, with growing anxiety, calling her by her name, "Sarah," as he had not done for years, and then by foolish loving names that must have belonged to their courtship days, "Sarahkins" and "Sally." There was no answer. At last we found her in the garret, too enwrapped in an old grief to hear my father's step, as she sat by an open drawer filled with the long-put-away daintiness of a baby's clothes. These never had belonged to me, for, with my abhorrence of sentiment, I had caused the swathings of my infancy to be bestowed on the deserving poor; these had been intended for a child that had come to my parents in their early

wedded life, hardly to live an hour, — a loss for which my mother had grieved so over-long that my father had grown impatient; and thus had they drifted apart. Then I had come, the child of psychic unrest, too late to bring them together; nor had I tried, — not as I should have tried, — as now I saw. Nor, as I saw now, had they made me fully understand; for after all, age is so much nearer to youth than is youth to age! So in my lifetime we three had missed one another, but now to-night, though the mortal part of me was lying in a new-made grave, my subjective presence held my parents in a close embrace. Tenderly my father led my mother down to my deserted room, where they sat awhile and talked of me. Their lives had grown too far apart for perfect understanding, but at any rate their childless old age would be sweet with mutual kindness, like the winter sunshine that melts the snow. And so I left them, while the night wore away in peace.

Marguerite Merington.

CHIEF.

THE hotel porter who came to the railroad station wore a very big brass watch-chain with many seals; he was pompous in his manner and dress, and he bore a great name; for he called himself "Chief Justice John Marshall." He was commonly known as "Chief." He had belonged to the Marshall family in Virginia. That he had taken the name of the most illustrious member of the family caused no wonder. He went regularly to the station, seeking patrons for the hotel that he served. The train was late on this particular day, and I was interested in noticing that Chief seemed especially impatient and was scolding about the delay. He was expecting some

one in whom he was deeply concerned, and I was amused at his impatience.

"Dey calls her de limited," he said, turning to me, "but what she's limited fer I doan' know, 'thout'n hit's ter git in behin' time. Sho' 's yer 'speck her, she's boun' ter be late, jes' ter fool yer; yaas, fool yer ev'y blessed time. En dat boy 'll git year arfter dark, en I 'bleeged ter git back ter dat hotel ter look arfter dem trunks. I sutt'nly is dis'p'inted, dat I is; en dat chile 'speck'n me ter meet 'im, en he doan' know no mo' 'bout dis city ner er coon. Dey sutt'nly ought ter look out 'bout dese trains; hit's too discomposin' fer ter be hendered dis er way."

"Who are you looking for, Chief?" I asked.

"Why, de young marster, o' co'se; who you think I *could* be lookin' fer, 'sep'n him?" he replied, seeming to think I could see the perplexed state of his mind by looking at his face; "de young marster Ben, he comin' f'm Lynchbug, en he start on de train dis mawnin', en I knows de chile 's hongry en tie'd, too, travelin' all dat er way by hisse'f. Yaas, suh, he tuck de train at Lynchbug dis mawnin', en he come all de way f'm Amhust Cote House ter teck it at dat."

"Does he live here?" I inquired.

"Who? him? Ain' I jes' tell yer he live in Amhust, en dat 's way down in Verginia, where I wuz borned en raise'. Yaas, suh, down in Amhust, en er good place hit is w'en you gits dar. Lemme see: dat boy 'll be sixteen year ole dis summer comin', dat he will, en I ain' seed him dis two year. Yaas, suh, hit 'ill be nigher two year dan one sence I sot eyes on 'im. I 'speek he grow so I sca'cely knows 'im; but I bet I does, fer he got he daddy eye, en he daddy walk too. Yaas, jes' lemme see he eye en I knows 'im right off. He got er eye jes' like de marster w'at fit 'long in de wah, right 'long side Gen'l Stuart, w'at wuz killed down at de Yaller Tavern, nigh Richmun'. He die game, so de say, en dat boy 's gamer 'n his daddy. He ain' feard de debbil hisse'f."

"Is he coming here to school?" I asked, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"He? Lawd, nor, suh! He got no call ter go ter school. He smart 'nuff 'thout'n gwine ter school. Leastways de miss's ain' gwine trus' 'im dis fur 'way ter no school. She teach him herse'f, she do, en dat boy knows ez much ez de miss's. Nor, suh, he ain' got no need ter go ter no school in dis place. He jes' comin' on ter see ole Chief, dat 's all. He come 'bout onet er year, anyway, en de miss's come wid 'im sometimes. Dey ain' fer-git Chief, not dey. I gits dis fer him,"

he added confidentially, "gits hit lars' night, en I gwine gin her to 'im soon 's he gits off'n de train en I gits nigh 'nuff ter han' her to 'im." And as he spoke he took from his pocket a really handsome silver watch with a gold chain.

"Where did you get that?" I said.

"Who? me? Ain' I jes' tell you I git hit fer de boy? Bought hit wi' my own earnin's, too; did n' s'pose I stole her, did you?"

He was evidently indignant, and I apologized.

"Yaas, suh! bought her wi' my own money, fer dat boy."

"And his father was your master, was he?" Chief's story was getting interesting. I wished to hear more of it.

"Yaas, suh, dat he wuz, en er good marster he wuz, fer sho' en suttin. You see my mammy she 'longed ter nuther estate f'm ourn, en long 'fo' de wah de man w'at owned her he broke up 'n wuz gwine ter de Wes'. En he say he gwine ter sell all he people ter de Georgia traders; en de marster say 't wuz er shame, en he gwine ter buy me an' my mammy anyway, fer he know'd her pussonally. So he goes to de sale, he does, en he bids her in, her 'n me, fer er thousan' dollars. En w'en he come ter pay de money he foun' he did n' have 'nuff, en de man w'at sells us he say 't warn' no matter 'bout de cash, dat de marster could gin 'im er deed er trus' on de plantation; en so de marster he done dat, en de deed jes' run on. De miss's she wuz orneasy 'bout it, but de marster say 't wuz all right long ez he pay de intrus' but she keep tellin' 'im he better git dat deed fix'; but he wuz er keerless sort o' man, en jes' let her run. He say he done pay de intrus', en dat wuz 'nuff."

"I suppose you left Virginia when the war came on," I remarked.

"Me? Nor, suh! I been 'way f'm dar er long time 'fo' dat. De marster he had er cousin in dis city, en he let him have me fer so much er year, —

kind o' hire me out ter him, you know. Yaas, I wuz hayar two year befo' de wah."

"Then the war brought you your freedom," I suggested.

"Well, suh, fur 's dat," he replied, "Chief ain' wantin' no better freedom en I gits right at home. I's had ter scuffle thu some tough places sence de wah, but 't wuz easy times fer er lazy nigger at home. De warn' no boss hur-ryin' you up all day; nor, suh, dat de warn'. De han's on de plantation teck de time, yaas, plenty time, time fer eatin' en sleepin', en holidays 'nuff fer anybody. De marster wuz easy man wi' easy ways, en he did n' hurry nobody, en de did n' hurry dese'ves 'sep'n in de harves', en de 'bleeged ter hurry den ter git de crap in.

"Cap'n Jack dey calls 'im, he keeps dis hotel, en I wuz de porter, jes' like I is now, 'fo' de wah. En w'en de wah comed on he slips away Souf, en he plans ter teck me wi' 'im. But de blockade runners dey would n' teck me, so I had ter stay. But 't wuz mightily 'ginst de grain fer me ter stay, en de marster en dat boy er hiz'n en de miss's all yander in Amhust. But de warn' no he'p fer it, so de tells me. En w'en Cap'n Jack he goes away he leaves de bisness in he partner's han's, en he say he thought de right thing ter do wuz ter pay me de same ez w'at he'd pay any oder porter, seein' I wuz wuckin' studdy en de warn' no way ter sen' de wages ter de marster. So he pays me de fus' monf forty dollars in gol', en say, 'Chief, you 'll be rich.' But I looks at de money en I say ter myse'f, 'Chief, you know dat money 'longs ter de marster, doan' you now?' En hit seem ter me de money mos' speak back, 'Dat I does, — I ain' yourn, but de marster's, sho'!' Co'se I knows ef de marster wuz right here en see me teck de money he'd say he did n' keer, fer I yearns hit myse'f, en he got 'nuff. But ev'y time I looks at dat money, en dat money looks at me,

it say, en I say, 'We bofe 'longs ter de marster, me en de money, en de money en me, — sho' 's def, hit do.' So I puts her away in er box; but I feard ter let her stay dar, fer I gwine in en out, en who knows but some o' dem ornerly free nigger waiters at dat hotel steals hit? So I axes de cluck at de hotel, en he tecks me down ter de bank en interjuses me ter de head man, en de tecks de money en gins me a little book, en says w'en I got any mo' I mus' come right down. Yaas, suh, de treats me jes' like I wuz er gent'mun. So de nex' monf I had forty dollars mo', en I puts dat erway too. I had n' no call fer money myse'f, fer I gits my boa'd at de hotel, en I had plenty clo'es.

"But all dat time I's stud'in' 'bout de marster 'n dat boy 'n de miss's. En I say ter myse'f, I does, de marster 's yander in Amhust, er mebbe he gone inter de ahmy, en dat boy 'n de miss's all by dese'ves, en I *knows* hit 's hard times down datter way, fur I hayarn de hotel cluck say so. En den de blockade runners comed thu de lines wi' er letter ter de boss, en de tells me 'bout hit. So I says ter de blockade runner, — he wuz stayin' at de hotel, pertendin' he wuz f'm some furrin country er other, — I says ter him, I wants him ter teck de money thu de lines so de marster 'll git it.' Well, suh, he mos' fall down, he larf so, en he say I 's de bigges' fool nigger dis side o' fool-town; dat de money 's mine ter spen' er keep, jes' 's I choose; en ez fer teekin' dat ter Amhust, he got ter go by Richman', en like ez not he git sunk in de bottom o' de Potomac fore he gits 'cross; dat hit wuz dange'ser 'n er battle, crossin' de river wi' all dem gunboats in de way. Den I speaks ter 'nudder man, en he say, oh yaas, he teck her. But he mos' too ready, en I ax de hotel cluck, en he say doan' trus' 'im; he wuz er mean Jew w'at wuz carry'n' counterban' goods, en ef he tuck de money I mout never see her no mo'. So I gin hit up. But hit hu't me ter think dat

de marster wuz mos' likely 'way f'm home, fer I done hayar he gone ter fight de Yankees wi' Gen'l Stuart, en wuz one o' his leadin' men too, fust in de fight en larst ter leave off. He 'way f'm de miss's en dat boy, en dey by dese'ves on dat plantation. But de warn' no way ter he'p it. So I goes 'long, I does, en I saves ev'y cent o' de wages, en by en by de boss raise her ter sixty dollar en er good suit er clo'es, kaze de house wuz full er people all de time, en de did n' seem ter keer w'at de pays. De jes' ez leave han' Chief er dollar fer totin' er valise ter de station ez ten cents in de ole times. En one day er man — I thinks he wuz er general, er some sich — he gin me er five dollar gol' piece fer he'pin' him 'cross de street. He wuz er little bit lame, en he say he fightin' ter set us all free. I doan' keer fer dat, so I gits de money.

"So dis sort o' doin's gwine on fer nigh fo' year, en I wuz layin' up er right good pile o' money. Good deal o' hit wuz in gol'. En one day I wuz gittin' de cluck ter add her up fer me in de little book de bank gin me, en he say, 'Chief, you gittin' rich; you got mo' 'n nine hun'ed dollars in gol'.' 'Well,' I say, 'gol' 's money, en money 's gol'.' But he say gol' 's wuff two twenty-five. 'Well,' I say, 'w'at good dat do me?' 'Good!' he say; 'why, you kin teck dat gol' en sell her fer mo' 'n two thousand dollars in greenbacks. En dey 's ez good ez' gol' fer you er me eider.' En den he say, 'Chief, why doan' you spen' you' money?' But I up 'n tell him dat de money warn' mine; dat I savin' her fer de marster. Hit 'long ter him. Den he look at me er little while, en he say, 'Chief, you too hones' fer dis worl': de quicker you gits out'n it de better!' En den he say he did n' want to hu't my feelin's, but he thinks he better tell me dat he hearn day before yistuday dat de marster he done got killed some time befo', down at de Yaller Tavern, nigh Richmun', fightin' wi' Gen'l Stuart. He

doan' like much ter tell me befo', but 't wuz sutt'nly so. Den I ax 'im 'bout de miss's 'n dat boy, en he say he doan' know much erbout 'em, but dat he hearn de all mighty po', sence de wah done 'flicted 'em so. De warn' nobody ter wuck de craps, en he 'specks de all starve mos' 'fo' de een o' things come. De niggers all lef' soon 's dey could, en he 'specks de warn' er han' lef' 'bout de place. Ez fer all de money I done save, he say ef de marster wuz livin' he got no claim on de money; dat I wuz free ez er no'thwes' win' now, en fer de matter o' dat, had been sence de proclamation; dat de warn' nobody ownin' me no more 'n de king er Cuba. But I tells 'im ez fer dat, I doan' know so much 'bout dat, but I knows w'en de marster done bought my mammy 'n me he tuck he own money ter do it, en w'en I tecks dat money fer mine, I wants hit straight f'm home fust. W'en de miss's say so, hit mought be all right, but I mus' see her fust.

"En dat night I had er dream en I see de marster. He wuz ridin' he hoss, 'n gwine out de front gate, ter jine de ahmy. En he call me en say jes' 's plain ez kin be: 'Chief, I doan' know w'en dis wah 's gwine ter be over, ner what 's ter be de een o' all dis; but ef I dies, I dies er fightin', en I looks ter you ter see dat de miss's en dat boy 's tooken keer o'.' I see dat, en hayar dat, — hayar 'im en see 'im, jes' 's plain ez daylight. En den I knows jes' w'at ter do.

"So I goes to de cluck en I say I gwine home, — I 'bleeged ter go. But he say de warn' no way ter git home; dat de railroads warn' runnin', en not even de bridges put up. So de warn' nuttin' ter do 'sep'n ter wait.

"Den t'wards de fall he tells me dey done fix de railroad en de trains runnin' thu some sort o' way, en I seed some people w'at comed thu f'm Lynchbug, at de hotel. Dey did n' know nuttin' 'bout de folks at home, do'. Den I gits ready ter start. I hear 't wuz aw-

ful hard times down dat way, en how de people w'ars de commones' sort o' clo'es, en how de warn' 'nuff money in Amhust ter buy er poun' er coffee; en ez fer sugar, dey done los' de tas' o' dat. So I gits er nice little bun'le o' sugar 'n coffee, en some tea, fer I knows de miss's love dat, en I gits de cluck at de hotel (he sutt'nly wuz good ter me en I ain' gwine fergit 'im nuther) fer ter fix all de papers at de bank, so dat money all straight.

"Den I thinks 'bout dat boy en I stud'in' 'bout some clo'es fer 'im. I 'specks he grow right smart, so I gits er suit, de nices' one in de sto', en er nice paar er shoes, de fines' dey had in de sto', en er bag er candy, en I wuz 'bout ready. I wuz mighty 'tic'l'r 'bout dat money, kaze I knows de miss's wuz 'tic'l'r, en she uster say dat *somebody* had ter be 'tic'l'r, else dey all be in de po'house, de marster wuz so keerless en easy-goin'. So I gits de papers fix so ef anythin' happ'n ter me 't would be all right fer de miss's. I know'd de miss's, do', mighty well, en I mistrus' ef she teck dat money. She mighty quaar sometimes 'bout w'at 's hern, but I gits er stifficnt f'm de bank sayin' de money wuz all right, all 'sep' some change I tucken out ter trabbel wi'.

"En now I wuz ready ter start. I kep' thinkin' 'bout dat dream, en seem jes' like de marster wuz jes' overhead o' me all de time, sayin', 'Chief, teck cayar o' dat boy an' de miss's.'

"I wuz stud'in' 'bout home all de time, mos', fer I ain' fergit 'em, ef 't wuz er long time. I know'd dat de marster wuz killed in de wah, en I know'd all de han's lef' de place. I seed one er two o' em endurin' o' de wah, comin' thu dis very depot, en de say de gwine ter Boston. En I ax 'em 'bout de place en de people, en de tells me suttin'. But I ax 'em ain' de shame ter run off en leave de miss's now dat de marster wuz gone; en de looks right sheepish 'bout hit. But de say all de niggers in de

county done gone. I doan' b'l'ave dat, fer I know *I* ain' runnin' erway, but I stud'in' how ter git back. En I know one thing fer suttin': ef dem niggers git ter Boston, en funder 'n dat, de won' fin' no home ez good ez Amhust, en no frien' ez good ez de miss's. Nor, suh, dat de won'. En de axes me w'at I doin' all dis time; w'en I tells 'em how much I meck, en how I done save it fer de miss's en dat boy, de jes' larfs at me en say I's er bigger fool 'n w'en I lef' home, — dat I wuz free en dat de money wuz mine — all de niggers wuz free. Den I up 'n tells 'em dat de ain' got sense ter meck money fer dese'ves, let 'lone de miss's. Yaas, suh, I know dem niggers ain' gwine fin' no quarters en hick'y logs on de fire en 'taters roastin' in de ashes, let 'lone 'possums en coons ready fer ketchin' 'n cookin'. En I tells 'em de ain' no dodgin' wuck up datter way, ner meckin' b'l'ave you got er chill, en havin' de miss's sen' you er dram ter keep hit off. Nor, suh, home 's good 'nuff fer dis nigger, 'n I wuz git-tin' mo' 'n mo' longiner fer it.

"I wuz sayin' 't wuz t'wards fall, but I b'l'aves hit wuz nigher Chris'mus, en I wuz thinkin' 'bout hawg-killin', en I gits er mighty longin' fer some o' dat sossige dat de miss's meck, she en Jane de cook. Hit jes' melt in you' mouf. En dar wuz de hasslets en tripe, en — why, my Lawd, suh, dat wuz livin'! En hominy! De good ole hominy de meck in de mortar hollered out'n er log, en Big Sam ter beat her wi' er pestle! Meck my mouf water dis minnit!

"I teeks de kayars at dis ve'y depot, en I starts fer Amhust. I gits so busy thinkin' dat I draps off ter sleep, en ef de corndocctor hed n' wake' me up I 'specks I sleep all de way ter No'th C'liner. Ez it wuz de kayars carry me pas' de Amhust station en clean ter Lynchbug. So I gits off at Lynchbug, en it wuz way in de night. De warn' nuttin' ter do 'sep'n ter wait tell daylight, so I sot by de fire in de station en doze twell

mawnin'. En I looks out'n de winder, en de wuz right smart fall er snow, en I feels mighty like stickin' by dat fire. But dat warn' right, so I picks up my bun'le 'n starts mos' 'fo' day. En all de way I's thinkin' 'bout home en I gits longiner en longiner ter see 'em.

"T warn' so ve'y fur ter de Cote House, en de ole place wuz jes' beyan', 'bout er mile er so. So I gits dar in time fer breakfus, en tries ter hunt up somebody I knows; but de warn' nobody 'bout dat know'd me. I done been gone so long, dey done fergitted me clean out en out. Well, I say, de miss's en dat boy ain' fergit me, I sho' o' dat,—de know me de fus' sight. I sot by de fire in de Cote House warmin' myse'f, en ef I did 'n git ter nappin' ergin! Yaas, suh, fer er fac'; en w'en I wakes up de bell wuz ringin', en de judge wuz comin' in, en de sheriff wuz hollerin', 'Oh yes, oh yes;' en when I hears dat I says I's home now fer sho'. Fer de marster uster be de sheriff in de ole times, en many's de time I heard 'im holler 'Oh yes,' jes' dat way. But w'en I looks at dat man w'at wuz hollerin' I say ter myse'f, 'Dat man ain' no Marshall; no, ner none er de stock 'bout hayar.' I liss'n, en he talk thu he nose like dem Yankee fellers in de wah. You cayrn't fool me 'bout you' speechifyin'; I knows de Ole Virginia speech ev'y time. So I sot dar, en de did n' nobody say nuttin' ter me, ner I say nuttin' ter none er dem.

"Putty soon de journs de cote, en de say de gwine ter have a sale. So de man what hollers 'Oh yes,' he gits on de Cote House steps en reads some papers 'bout 't wuz 'cordin' de deed o' trus', en say de gwine sell de ole Marshall place. When I hayars dat I wakes up fer good, fer when he calls de Marshall name you know I boun' ter liss'n. So I gits up clost, en he say how de place wuz one er de fines' in de county, er Ole Virginia homestead, 'bout fo' hun'ed acres mo' o' less, wi' timber en house en outbuildin's.

"En I say ter myse'f, 'Name er Gord! de gwine ter sell my ole miss's home!' I tell you, suh, I wuz so tecken erback I mos' fergit my own brudder. So I sez ter myse'f, 'I gwine ter speak ter de jedge, so I is,'—I see 'im stan'in' clost by. So I aidge over his way en ax if 't wuz er fac', de sellin' de ole Marshall place. En he say 't wuz so, dat wuz de place. Well, suh, it fayar meck me grunt. En I ax 'im warn' de no way ter stop hit? 'Nor,' he say, 'not 'less'n you buys it,' en he larf when he say dat. 'Dat's er fac', suh,' sez I, 'en I's mightily 'bleeged ter you. I had n' thought o' that.' En all of a suddent hit come over me all 'bout de marster hirin' me out in Baltimo', at de hotel, en how good he wuz ter me, he en de miss's, en how de good Lawd hed prospered me en he'p me pick up all dat money, en how I had dat honin' ter come home, en I gits dar jes' in de nick er time wi' de money I 'speeks rightly 'longs ter de miss's,—mos' o' hit, anyway; en please Gord, I gwine ter buy de place dis day ef de money hol' out!

"I's er 'lig'us man, suh, en sometimes in de meetin' I gits kinder happy, en feels like shoutin'. But de Lawd knows I feels mo' like shoutin' jes' den dan in all de meetin's put togeder; I b'l'eves I did holler jes' er little. But de auctioneer wuz cryin' de sale, en sayin' dat de deed o' trus' wuz er thousan' dollar, en how de wuz fo' year intrus' on it, but dat de cote had 'cided dat de could n' 'lect de intrus' w'at had growed endurin' o' de wah, en de place wuz fer sale, en, gentermuns, how much you give? Did n' nobody seem like de want ter bid, en one man say de warn' er thousan' dollars in de county, en warn' sho' de wuz in de state. En one feller he start her at a hun'ed dollars, en de auctioneer larf 'n say 't teck dat much fer buy er graveyard; en de oder man say de wuz plenty er men like him git graveyards down hayar fer nuttin' not so ve'y

long ergo, 'sep'n fer de bullit hit took fer fetch 'em. So dat start a larf, en de auctioneer say, 'Gentermuns, dis place is boun' ter be sol', even ef she doan' sell fer mo' 'n 'nuff ter pay de deed er trus'. Dis place wuz wuth fo' thousan' dollars ef hit wuz wuth er cent.'

"Den I steps up clost en I ax 'im, 'How much you say is owin' on de place?'

"'One thousan' dollars,' he say.

"Den hit all come over me like er streak er lightnin' 'bout dat deed er trus' de marster put on de place ter buy me 'n my mammy ter keep us f'm bein' sol' ter Georgia; en now I knows how de good Lawd he done sont me down hayar dis day, jes' in de nick er time. 'T wuz Providence, sho'; so I knows now jes' what ter' do. I mecks up my min', en I steps up ter de front en I say, 'I buy de place myse'f.'

"Well, suh, you ought ter hayar de people larf, en somebody say de bottom rail gittin' on top, sho', w'en de Marshall place 'longs ter er nigger. De hung one, so he say, lars' week, fer sheep-stealin', en he ax me whar I f'm. En I tells 'im, en he ax my name; en w'en I tells 'im dat, he bus' out, 'Why, I know de man! I seed him in Baltimore' many er time w'en I wuz blockade runnin'.'

"En sho' 'nuff, 't wuz de ve'y blockade runner I seed at de hotel dar, — not de Jew one, but de one w'at brung de letter f'm Amhust. So I tecks him one side, fer I did n' want ev'ybody meddlin' in my business, en I shows him de stifficut f'm de bank. En he say he know de bank well; en de judge step up, en he say *he* knows her too, dat 't wuz good ez gol'. So dey bofe 'grees ter go on de bon' er condemnation, en de auctioneer say, 'All right, ole man, de place is yourn.'

"I steps ercross inter de cluck's office wi' 'im, en gits de deed er release, as de calls hit; anyway de fix it all right so 't wuz my place.

"But 't warn' my place, suh! Nor, suh! 't wuz de miss's, en so I say he mus' fix her so she 'long ter de miss's. So he fix some mo' papers, en he git me ter meck my cross in de right place, en he gits 'nudder gent'mun ter witness ter it, en he say, 'You done sign hit over ter de Widow Marshall.'

"'Dat's right,' I say; 'dat's jes' what I want.'

"Den he larf er little at me, en I hearn one o' de gent'muns say my heart wuz bigger 'n my haid. But I ain keerin' now, en I gits ready ter start fer home ergin.

"'T warn' so fur, 'bout er mile er so 'cross de fiel', en de day wuz Chris'mus Eve. Lawd, how many Chris'musses I had on dat ole place! en good ones too. 'T warn' none o' your one day Chris'mus, en gwine ter chutch harf de time at dat. Nor, suh! 't wuz er good solid week, en mo' 'n dat. Ef Chris'mus wuz er Friday, de han's stop wuck Thu'sday, en de wuck no mo' 'ntwell arfter de New Year. No, not twell de Monday arfter de New Year. En den de done jes' ez de please. De warn' no overseer on dat place. De marster say w'en his han's 'bleeged ter have er overseer, he doan' want 'em no mo'. He de boss hisse'f, en he boss good part o' de time wi' he eyes shet. Ef 't warn' fer de miss's, I doan' know what 'd come ter de place. She 'bleeged ter boss er leetle.

"So all de ole times gone, en de marster killed at de Yaller Tavern, fightin' wi' Gen'l Stuart, en de miss's en dat boy wi' Chris'mus 'mos' hayar, en dey thinkin' de place sol' over de haid. I pulls out right lively when I thinks o' dat, en jes' 'fo' sundown I sighted de ole place. I 'specks hit wuz de sunshine on de snow, kinder blindin' my eyes, er somehow de water kep' comin' in my eyes anyway. So I walks up ter de kitchen do', en ef dar warn' dat ole setter dawg o' de marster's layin' on de steps like he been dar all he days! I notice' he did n' bark nor look at me, en w'en I gits

clost ter 'im I see he stone blin', en I b'l'eves he deaf too. Dawgs gits ole farster 'n people. But I feels kinder shy o' 'im fer all dat, so I goes up ter de do' mighty cautious en try de latch, en 't wuz locked. 'T wuz de fust time Chief ever foun' dat do' locked agin him! So I goes 'roun' ter de po'ch, at de front do', en I peeps in de winder, en I sees de miss's en dat boy! She wuz settin' by de fire in er big cheer, — de same one she sot in 'fo' I went erway, — 't wuz her gran'mother's, so de say, en brung f'm 'cross de water, — en dat boy wuz settin' 'longside o' her, on de flo', wi' he haid in her lap. Lawd, suh! I ain' seed nuttin' like dat fer I doan' know how long. Dar de set, jes' like 'fo' de wah, en she wuz pushin' he hayar back f'm he forrerd. En dat boy he had he arm roun' her; en doan' you know, suh, he wuz mos' er man.

"Well, suh, I bus' out larfin', en I say ter myse'f, 'Name er de Lawd, how dat boy gwine ter git hisse'f inter dem clo'es en dem shoes? He big 'nuff fer two suits er clo'es.' En I larf so dey bofe jump up en looks 'roun', en den I see he daddy over agin, eyes en mouf en hayar en all. En when he step, he step proud like he daddy. So he come ter de do' en opens hit, en he ax me w'at I wan', jes' 's perlite ez de marster he-se'f, fer he wuz er gentermun ter ev'y-body. En jes' den er sudden notion tuk me, en I say I wuz beggar man f'm Lynchbug. He say he sorry fer me, but dat I come beggin' ter er beggar house; dat de wuz sca'cely er man er woman in de state po'er 'n dem.

"En while he wuz talkin', de miss's git up f'm de cheer, en ez she tu'n roun', I see her hayar all tu'n white dat wuz black ez er crow w'en I went erway, en de wrinkles done come in her face. But she wuz putty yet, spite o' dat. En she come ter de do', en she say, 'Ole man, I's sorry fer yo, en wish I could he'p yo.' En w'en I gin ter look at her, her clo'es wuz meaner

dan de meanes' han' on de place in de ole times; en I look at her shoes, en de wuz all wored out en ragged, en de warn' bofe erlike. Dat 's er fac'! But de hel' de haid up all de same, do' hit wuz plain de 'fictions drag 'em down.

"I see de miss's lookin' at dat boy, en den I see de tears in her eyes. I could n' stan' dat, en I draps de bun'les on de po'ch, en I bus' right out er cryin', en I say:—

"'Miss's, doan' you know me? doan' you know Chief?'

"Well, suh, you oughter seed her face light up like de sun risin' on hit.

"'Why, so 't is!' she say, 't is Chief come back. You been gone so long we thought you 'd forgetted us, or wuz daid. You mus' come in, Chief, and I'll try to git you somethin' to eat.'

"En you know, suh, she retched out bofe o' her han's ter me, en shuck han's wi' me same 's I wuz er white gentermun! She did fer er fac'. En dat boy he keep he eye on me, like he feard hit warn' all right, fer you know, suh, he 'd growed out'n all 'membunce er me. So I goes in, I did, en sot down, at home en thankful fer it.

"En den de miss's ax me whar I cum f'm lars', en I tells her f'm de Cote House. En she start ter ax me 'bout de sale, but she kin' o' choke en stop. En den I fumbles wi' my bun'les, en I say 'I bring you all some Chris'mus, sence I ain' been home fer so long.' En I showed 'em de coffee en sugar en de oder little things, en I say I hope she 'll 'cept 'em f'm Chief, fer I 'members 'em all de time I wuz erway.

"She smile her ole way, like she smile befo' de wah, en she say she sutt'nly is thankful, en hit wuz real kind ter 'member 'em 'bove all times at Chris'mus. En den I pull out de suit er clo'es en de shoes, en I say I feard I meck er mistake 'bout dat boy; I fergits he growin' so. 'T wuz er nice suit, do', en bofe of 'em larf right hearty; fer de pants wuz mos' up ter de boy's knees, en ez fer de

coat, hit warn' much mo' 'n big 'nuff fer one side o' 'im. But de miss's say she do b'l' eve she kin w'ar de shoes herse'f. En doan' you know, suh, de fits her fus' rate. De wuz nice shoes, wi' low quarters en buckles.

"So de all sets down, en I stan's up by de fireplace, en I see by de miss's face she thinkin' 'bout de marster. She look at dat boy, en den she look at me, en she say, 'Chief, I s'pose you know de cunnel's daid?'

"I say, 'Yaas, 'm; I hayars dat 'fo' de wah close.'

"'He wuz er brave man,' she say, 'en de bring 'im home en bury 'im in de fambly buryin'-groun' out dar.'

"Den arter er while dey tole me 'bout de sellin' er de ole place. Well, suh, I could n' stan' no mo', en I say ter de miss's, 'I done buy de place myse'f.'

"'What!' she say. 'I doan' un'erstan'!' En she look kin' o' white in de face.

"'Yaas, 'm,' I say, 'I done buy de place. Hit my place; dat is, hit you all's place. I tell you I done buy de place dis day at de Cote House. Hayar de deed.' En I pulls de paper out'n my

pocket, en shoves hit inter her han', en say, 'De marster, he done hire me out up yander in Baltimo', en I saves de money when de wah comes on same's 't wuz his'n. Yaas, 'm, dat I did. En I foteles de money wi' me, en I bid in de place, en gits de cluck ter 'lease de deed er trus', en meek de whole place over ter you all, en hayar 't is. Hit's all yourn, you 'n dat boy. Yaas, 'm.'

"Well, suh, I thought she'd er drapt, she looked so white. But in er minnit she comed ter herse'f, en de color comed back in her face, mo' 'n I seed all de time I'd been dar. En she tu'n ter dat boy, en she say, 'Han' me dat Bible, son,' en she open hit en read dat saarm commencin' 'Bless de Lawd, O my soul,' en it soun' like de voice er de angels comin'."

With grinding, screeching brakes and clang of bells the Southern train wound into the station. As Chief stepped forward, I saw alight from the car a tall, bright-faced youth, with a keen eye and an elastic step, and running up to Chief he put his arm through his, and the two disappeared in the crowd.

James B. Hodgkin.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

ST. PETERSBURG.

I.

EARLY in the autumn of 1867 my brother and I, with his family, were settled at St. Petersburg. I entered the university, and sat on the benches among young men, almost boys, much younger than myself. What I so longed for five years before was accomplished, — I could study; and, acting upon the idea that a thorough training in mathematics must be at the foundation of all subsequently

gained knowledge, I joined the physico-mathematical faculty in its mathematical section. My brother entered the military academy for jurisprudence, whilst I left military service altogether, to the great dissatisfaction of my father, who hated the very sight of a civilian dress. We both had now to rely entirely upon ourselves.

Study at the university and scientific work absorbed all my time for the next five years. A student of the mathemati-

cal faculty has, of course, very much to do, but my previous studies in higher mathematics permitted me to devote part of my time to geography; and, moreover, I had not lost in Siberia the habit of hard work.

The report of my last expedition was in print; but in the meantime a vast new problem rose before me. The journeys that I had made in Siberia had convinced me that the mountains which at that time were drawn on the maps of Northern Asia were simply fantastic, and gave no idea whatever of the structure of the country. The great plateaus which are so prominent a feature of Asia were not even suspected by those who drew the maps. Instead of them, several great ridges, such as, for instance, the eastern portion of the Stanovói, which used to be drawn on the maps as a black worm creeping eastward, had grown up in the topographic bureaus, contrary to the indications and even to the sketches of such explorers as L. Schwartz. They have no existence in nature. The heads of the rivers which flow toward the Arctic Ocean on the one side, and toward the Pacific on the other, lie intermingled on the surface of a vast plateau; they rise in the same marshes. But, in the European topographer's imagination, the highest mountain ridges must run along the chief water-partings, and the topographers had drawn there the highest Alps, of which there is no trace in reality. Many such imaginary mountains were made to intersect the maps of Northern Asia in all possible directions. To discover the true leading principles in the disposition of the mountains of Asia — the harmony of mountain formation — now became a question which for years absorbed my attention. For a considerable time the old maps, and still more the generalizations of Alexander von Humboldt, who, after a long study of Chinese sources, had covered Asia with a network of mountains running along the meridians

and parallels, hampered me in my researches, until at last I saw that even Humboldt's generalizations would not agree with the facts. Beginning then with the beginning, in a purely inductive way, I collected all the barometrical observations of previous travelers, and from them calculated hundreds of altitudes; I marked on a large scale map all geological and physical observations that had been made by different travelers, — the facts, not the hypotheses; and I tried to find out what structural lines would answer best to the observed realities. This preparatory work took me more than two years, and then followed months of intense thought, in order to find out what all the bewildering chaos of scattered observations meant, until one day, all of a sudden, the whole became clear and comprehensible, as if it were illuminated with a flash of light. The main structural lines of Asia are *not* north and south, or west and east; they are from the southwest to the northeast, — just as, in the Rocky Mountains and the plateaus of America, the lines are southeast to northwest; only secondary ridges shoot out northwest. Moreover, the mountains of Asia are not bundles of independent ridges, like the Alps, but are subordinated to an immense plateau, an old continent which once pointed toward Behring Strait. High border ridges have been towered up along its fringes, and in the course of ages, terraces, formed by later sediments, have emerged from the sea, thus adding on both sides to the width of that primitive backbone of Asia.

There are not many joys in human life equal to the joy of the sudden birth of a generalization, illuminating the mind after a long period of patient research. What has seemed for years so chaotic, so contradictory, and so problematic takes at once its proper position in an harmonious whole. Out of a wild confusion of facts and from behind the fog of guesses, — contradicted almost as

soon as they are born, — a stately picture makes its appearance, like an Alpine chain suddenly emerging in all its grandeur from the mists which concealed it the moment before, glittering in the sun in all its simplicity and variety, in all its mightiness and beauty. And when the generalization is put to a test, by applying to it hundreds of separate facts which had been hopelessly contradictory before, each of them assumes its due position, increasing the impressiveness of the picture, accentuating some characteristic outline, or adding an unsuspected detail full of meaning. The generalization gains in strength and extent; its foundations grow in width and solidity; while at a distance, in the far-off mist on the horizon, the eye detects the outlines of new and still wider generalizations.

He who has once in his life experienced this joy of scientific creation will never forget it; he will long to renew it; and he cannot but feel with pain that this sort of happiness is the lot of so few of us, while it could be lived through by so many, — on a small or on a grand scale, — if scientific methods and leisure were not limited to a handful of men.

This work I consider my chief contribution to science. My first intention was to produce a bulky volume, in which the new ideas about the mountains and plateaus of Northern Asia should be supported by a detailed examination of each separate region; but in 1873, when I saw that I should soon be arrested, I prepared only a map which embodied my views, with an explanatory paper. Both were published by the Geographical Society, under the supervision of my brother, while I was already in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Petermann, who was then preparing a map of Asia, and knew my preliminary work, adopted my scheme for his map, and it has been adopted since by most cartographers. The map of Asia, as it is now understood, explains, I believe, the main physical features of the great continent,

as well as the distribution of its climates, faunas, and floras, and even its history. It reveals, also, as I was able to see during my last journey to America, striking analogies between the structure and the geological growth of the two continents of the northern hemisphere. Very few cartographers could say now whence all these changes have come; but in science it is better that new ideas should make their way independently of any name attached to them. The errors, which are unavoidable in a first generalization, are easier to rectify.

II.

At the same time I worked a great deal for the Russian Geographical Society in my capacity of secretary to its section of physical geography. In the years 1869–71, the bold Norwegian sea-hunters had quite unexpectedly opened the Kara Sea to navigation. To our extreme astonishment, we learned one day at the society that that sea, which lies between the island of *Nóvaya Zemlyá* and the Siberian coast, and which we used confidently to describe in our writings as “an ice cellar permanently stocked with ice,” had been entered by a number of small Norwegian schooners and crossed by them in all directions. Even the wintering place of the famous Dutchman Barentz, which we believed to be concealed forever from the eyes of man by ice fields hundreds of years old, had been visited by these adventurous Norsemen.

“Exceptional seasons and an exceptional state of the ice” was what our old navigators said. But to a few of us it was quite evident that, with their small schooners and their small crews, these bold men, who feel at home amidst the ice, had ventured to pierce the floating ice which usually bars the way to the Kara Sea, while the commanders of government ships, hampered by the responsibilities of the naval service, had never risked doing so.

A general interest in arctic exploration was awakened by these discoveries of the Norwegians. In fact, it was the sea-hunters who opened the new era of arctic enthusiasm which culminated in Nordenskjöld's circumnavigation of Asia, in the permanent establishment of the northeastern passage to Siberia, in Peary's discovery of North Greenland, and in Nansen's Fram expedition. Our Russian Geographical Society also began to move, and a committee was appointed to prepare the scheme of a Russian arctic expedition, and to indicate the scientific work that could be done by it. Specialists undertook to write each of the special scientific chapters of this report ; but, as often happens, a few chapters only — botany, geology, and meteorology — were ready in time, and the secretary of the committee (that is, myself) had to write the remainder. Several subjects, such as marine zoölogy, the tides, pendulum observations, and terrestrial magnetism, were quite new to me ; but the amount of work which a healthy man can accomplish in a short time, if he strains all his forces and goes straight to the root of the subject, no one would suppose beforehand, — and so my report was ready.

It concluded by advocating a great arctic expedition, which would awaken in Russia a permanent interest in arctic questions and arctic navigation, and in the meantime a reconnoitring expedition on board a schooner chartered in Norway with its captain, pushing north or northeast of *Nóvaya Zemlyá*. This expedition, we suggested, might also try to reach, or at least to sight, an unknown land which must be situated at no great distance from *Nóvaya Zemlyá*. The probable existence of such a land had been indicated by an officer of the Russian navy, Baron Schilling, in an excellent but little known paper on the currents in the Arctic Ocean. When I read this paper, as also Lütke's journey to *Nóvaya Zemlyá*, and made myself ac-

quainted with the general conditions of this part of the Arctic Ocean, I saw at once that the supposition must be correct. There must be a land to the northwest of *Nóvaya Zemlyá*, and it must reach a higher latitude than Spitzbergen. The steady position of the ice at the west of *Nóvaya Zemlyá*, the mud and stones on it, and various other smaller indications confirmed the hypothesis ; besides, if such a land were not located there, the ice current which flows westward from the meridian of Behring Strait to Greenland (the current of the Fram's drift) would, as Baron Schilling had truly remarked, reach the North Cape and cover the coasts of Lapponia with masses of ice, just as it covers the northern extremity of Greenland. The warm current alone — a feeble continuation of the Gulf Stream — could not have prevented the accumulation of ice on the coasts of Northern Europe. This land, as is known, was discovered a couple of years later by the Austrian expedition, and named Franz Josef Land.

The arctic report had a quite unexpected result for me. I was offered the leadership of the reconnoitring expedition, on board a Norwegian schooner chartered for the purpose. I replied, of course, that I had never been to sea ; but I was told that by combining the experience of a Carlsen or a Johansen with the initiative of a man of science, something valuable could be done ; and I would have accepted, had not the ministry of finance at this juncture interposed with its veto. It replied that the exchequer could not grant the four or five thousand pounds which would be required for the expedition. Since that time Russia has taken no part in the exploration of the arctic seas. The land which we distinguished through the subpolar mists was discovered by Payer and Weyprecht, and the archipelagoes which must exist to the northeast of *Nóvaya Zemlyá* — I am even more firmly persuaded of it now than I was then — remain undiscovered.

Instead of joining an arctic expedition, I was sent out by the Geographical Society for a modest tour in Finland and Sweden, to explore the glacial deposits; and that journey drifted me in a quite different direction.

All sorts of valuable materials relative to the geography of Russia passed through my hands in the Geographical Society, and the idea gradually came to me of writing an exhaustive physical geography of Russia; of giving a thorough geographical description of that immense part of the world, basing it upon the main lines of the surface structure which I began to disentangle for European Russia; and of attending, in that description, to the different forms of economic life which ought to prevail in different physical regions. Take, for instance, the wide prairies of Southern Russia, so often visited by droughts and failure of crops. These droughts and famines must not be treated as accidental calamities: they are as much a natural feature of that region as its position on a southern slope, its fertility, and the rest; and the whole of the economic life of the southern prairies ought to be organized in prevision of the unavoidable recurrence of periodical droughts. Each region of the Russian Empire ought to be treated in the same scientific way, just as Karl Ritter treated parts of Asia in his beautiful monographs.

But such a work would have required plenty of time and full freedom for the writer, and I often thought how helpful to this end it would be were I to occupy some day the position of secretary to the Geographical Society. Now, in the autumn of 1871, as I was working in Finland, slowly moving on foot toward the seacoast along the newly built railway, and closely watching the spot where the first unmistakable traces of the former extension of the post-glacial sea would appear, — when I received a telegram from the Geographical Society: “The council begs you to accept the po-

sition of secretary to the Society.” At the same time the outgoing secretary strongly urged me to accept the proposal.

My hopes were realized. But in the meantime other thoughts and other longings had pervaded my mind. I seriously thought over the reply, and wired, “Most cordial thanks, but cannot accept.”

III.

It often happens that men pull in a certain political, social, or familiar harness, simply because they never have time to ask themselves whether the position they stand in and the work they accomplish are right; whether their occupations really suit their inner desires and capacities, and give them the satisfaction which every one has the right to expect from his work. Active men are especially liable to find themselves in such a position. Every day brings with it a fresh batch of work, and a man throws himself into his bed late at night without having completed what he expected to do, while in the morning he hurries to the unfinished task of the previous day. Life goes, and there is no time left to think, no time to consider the direction that one's life is taking. So it was with me.

But now, during my journey in Finland, I had leisure. When I was crossing in a Finnish two-wheeled *karria* some plain which offered no interest to the geologist, or when I was walking, hammer on shoulder, from one gravel-pit to another, I could think; and amidst the undoubtedly interesting geological work I was carrying on, one idea, which appealed far more strongly to my inner self than geology, persistently worked in my mind.

I saw what an immense amount of labor the Finnish peasant spends in clearing the land and in breaking up the hard boulder-clay, and I said to myself: “I will write the physical geography of this part of Russia, and tell the peasant the best means of cultivating this soil. Here

an American stump-extractor would be invaluable; there certain methods of manuring would be indicated by science. . . . But what is the use of talking to this peasant about American machines, when he has barely enough bread to live upon from one crop to the next; when the rent which he has to pay for that boulder-clay grows heavier and heavier in proportion to his success in improving the soil? He gnaws at his hard-as-a-stone rye-flour cake which he bakes twice a year; he has with it a morsel of fearfully salted cod and a drink of skimmed milk. How dare I talk to him of American machines, when all that he can sell must be sold to pay rent and taxes? He needs me to live with him, to help him to become the owner or the free occupier of that land. Then he will read books with profit, but not now."

And my thoughts wandered from Finland to our Nikólskoye peasants whom I had seen lately. Now they are free, and they value freedom very much. But they have no meadows. In one way or another, the landlords have got all the meadows for themselves. When I was a child, the Savókhins used to send out six horses for night pasture, the Tolka-choffs had seven. Now, these families have only three horses each; other families, that formerly had three horses, have only one, or none. What can be done with one miserable horse? No meadows, no horses, no manure! How can I talk to them of grass-sowing? They are already ruined, — poor as Lazarus, — and in a few years they will be made still poorer by a foolish taxation. How happy they were when I told them that my father gave them permission to mow the grass in the small open spaces in his Kóstino forest! "Your Nikólskoye peasants are *ferocious* for work," — that is the common saying about them in our neighborhood; but the arable land, which our stepmother has taken out of their allotments in virtue of the "law of minimum" — that diabolic clause introduced

by the serfowners when they were allowed to revise the emancipation law — is now a forest of thistles, and the "ferocious" workers are not allowed to till it. And the same sort of thing goes on throughout all Russia. (Even at that time it was evident, and official commissioners stated it, that the first serious failure of crops in Middle Russia would result in a terrible famine, — and famine came, in 1876, in 1884, in 1891, in 1895, and again in 1898.)

Science is an excellent thing. I knew its joys and valued them, — perhaps more than many of my colleagues did. Even now, as I was looking on the lakes and the hillocks of Finland, new beautiful generalizations arose before my eyes. I saw in a remote past, at the very dawn of mankind, the ice accumulating from year to year in the northern archipelagoes, over Scandinavia and Finland. An immense growth of ice invaded the north of Europe and slowly spread as far as its middle portions. Life dwindled in that part of the northern hemisphere, and, wretchedly poor, uncertain, it fled further and further south before the icy breath which came from that immense frozen mass. Man — miserable, weak, ignorant — had every difficulty in maintaining a precarious existence. Ages passed away, till the melting of the ice began, and with it came the lake period, when countless lakes were formed in the cavities, and a wretched subpolar vegetation began timidly to invade the unfathomable marshes with which every lake was surrounded. Another series of ages passed before an extremely slow process of drying up set in, and vegetation began its slow invasion from the south. And now we are fully in the period of a rapid desiccation, accompanied by the formation of dry prairies and steppes, and man has to find out the means to put a check to that desiccation to which Central Asia already has fallen a victim, and which menaces Eastern Europe.

Belief in an ice-cap reaching Middle Europe was at that time rank heresy; but before my eyes a grand picture was rising, and I wanted to draw it, with the thousands of details I saw in it; to use it as a key to the present distribution of floras and faunas; to open new horizons for geology and physical geography.

But what right had I to these highest joys, when all round me was nothing but misery and struggle for a mouldy bit of bread; when whatsoever I should spend to enable me to live in that world of higher emotions must needs be taken from the very mouths of those who grew the wheat and had not bread enough for their children? From somebody's mouth it must be taken, because the aggregate production of mankind remains still so low.

Knowledge is an immense power. Man must know. But we already know much! What if that knowledge — and only that — should become the possession of all? Would not science itself progress in leaps, and cause mankind to make strides in production of which we are hardly in a condition now to measure the speed?

The masses want to know: they are willing to learn; they *can* learn. There, on the crest of that immense moraine which runs between the lakes, as if giants had heaped it up in a hurry to connect the two shores, there stands a Finnish peasant plunged in contemplation of the beautiful lakes, studded with islands, which lie before him. Not one of these peasants, poor and downtrodden though they may be, will pass this spot without stopping to admire the scene. Or there, on the shore of a lake, stands another peasant, and sings something so beautiful that the best musician would envy him his melody, for its feeling and its meditative power. Both deeply feel, both meditate, both think; they are ready to widen their knowledge, — only give it to them, only give them the means of getting leisure. This is the direction

in which, and these are the kind of people for whom, I must work. All those sonorous phrases about making mankind progress, while at the same time the progress-makers stand aloof from those whom they pretend to push onwards, are mere sophisms made up by minds anxious to shake off a fretting contradiction.

So I sent my negative reply to the Geographical Society.

IV.

St. Petersburg had changed greatly from what it was when I left it in 1862. "Oh yes, you knew the St. Petersburg of Chernyshévsky," the poet Máikoff remarked to me once. True, I knew the St. Petersburg of which Chernyshévsky was the favorite. But how shall I describe the city which I found on my return? Perhaps as the St. Petersburg of the *cafés chantants*, of the music halls, if the words "all St. Petersburg" ought really to mean the upper circles of society which took their keynote from the court.

At the court, and in its circles, liberal ideas were in sorely bad repute. All prominent men of the sixties, even such moderates as Count Nicholas Muravióff and Nicholas Milútin, were treated as suspects. Only Dmitri Milútin, the minister of war, was kept by Alexander II. at his post, because the reform which he had to accomplish in the army required many years for its realization. All other active men of the reform period had been brushed aside.

I spoke once with a high dignitary of the ministry for foreign affairs. He sharply criticised another high functionary, and I remarked in the latter's defense, "Still, there is this to be said for him, that he never accepted service under Nicholas I." "And now he is in service under the reign of Shuváloff and Trépoff!" was the reply, which so correctly described the situation that I could say nothing more.

General Shuváloff, the chief of the state police, and General Trépoff, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, were indeed the real rulers of Russia. Alexander II. was their executive, their tool. And they ruled by fear. Trépoff had so frightened Alexander by the spectre of a revolution which was going to break out at St. Petersburg, that if the omnipotent chief of the police was a few minutes late in appearing with his daily report at the palace, the Emperor would ask, "Is everything quiet at St. Petersburg?"

Shortly after Alexander had given an "entire dismissal" to Princess X. he conceived a warm friendship for General Fleury, the aide-de-camp of Napoleon III., that sinister man who was the soul of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1852. They were continually seen together, and Fleury once informed the Parisians of the great honor which was bestowed upon him by the Russian Tsar. As the latter was riding along the Nevsky Perspective, he saw Fleury, and asked him to mount into his carriage, an *égoïste* which had a seat only twelve inches wide, for a single person; and the French general recounted at length how the Tsar and he, holding fast to each other, had to leave half of their bodies hanging in the air on account of the narrowness of the seat.

Shuváloff took every advantage of the present state of mind of his master. He prepared one reactionary measure after another, and when Alexander showed reluctance to sign any one of them, Shuváloff would speak of the coming revolution and the fate of Louis XVI., and, "for the salvation of the dynasty," would implore him to sign the new additions to the laws of repression. For all that, sadness and remorse would from time to time besiege Alexander. He would fall into a gloomy melancholy, and speak in a sad tone of the brilliant beginning of his reign, and of the reactionary character which it was taking. Then Shuváloff would organize a bear hunt. Hunters,

merry courtiers, and carriages full of ballet girls would go to the forests of Nóvgorod. A couple of bears would be killed by the Emperor, who was a good shot, and used to let the animal approach within a few yards of his rifle; and there, in the excitement of the hunting festivities, Shuváloff would obtain his master's signature to any scheme of repression or of robbery in the interest of his clients, which he had concocted.

Alexander II. certainly was not a rank-and-file man, but two different men lived in him, both strongly developed, struggling with each other; and this inner struggle became more and more violent as he advanced in age. He could be charming in his behavior, and the next moment display sheer brutality. He was possessed of a calm, reasoned courage in the face of a real danger, but he lived in terrible fear of the dangers which he conceived in his brain only. He assuredly was not a coward; he would meet a bear face to face; on one occasion, when the animal was not killed outright by his first bullet, and the man who stood behind him with a lance, rushing forward, was knocked down by the bear, the Tsar came to his rescue, and killed the bear close to the muzzle of his gun (I know this from the man himself); yet he was haunted all his life by the fears of his own imagination and of an uneasy conscience. He was very kind-hearted toward his friends, but that kind-heartedness existed side by side with the terrible cold-blooded cruelty — a seventeenth-century cruelty — which he displayed in crushing the Polish insurrection, and later on in 1880, and of which no one would have thought him capable. He thus lived a double life, and at the period I am speaking of he merrily signed the most reactionary decrees, and afterward became despondent and actually cried about them. Toward the end of his life this inner struggle became still stronger, and assumed an almost tragical character.

In 1872 Shuváloff was nominated ambassador, but his friend General Potápoff continued the same policy till the beginning of the Turkish war in 1877. During all this time, the most scandalous plundering of the state's exchequer, as also of the crown lands, the estates confiscated in Lithuania after the insurrection, the Bashkir lands in Orenbúrg, and so on, was going on, on a grand scale. Several such affairs were subsequently brought to light and judged publicly by the Senate acting as a high court of justice, after Potápoff, who became insane, and Trépoff had been dismissed, and their rivals at the palace wanted to show them to Alexander II. in their true light. In one of these judicial inquiries it came out that a friend of Potápoff had most shamelessly robbed the peasants of a Lithuanian estate of their lands, and afterward, empowered by his friends at the ministry of the interior, he had caused the peasants, who sought redress, to be imprisoned, subjected to wholesale flogging, and shot down by the troops. This was one of the most revolting stories of the kind even in the annals of Russia, which teem with similar robberies up to the present time. It was only after Véra Zasúlich had shot at Trépoff and wounded him (to avenge his having ordered one of the political prisoners to be flogged in prison) that the thefts of Trépoff and his clients became widely known and he was dismissed. Thinking that he was going to die, Trépoff wrote his will, from which it became known that this man, who had made the Tsar believe that he was poor, even though he had occupied for years the lucrative post of chief of the St. Petersburg police, left in reality to his heirs a colossal fortune. Some courtiers carried the report to Alexander II. Trépoff lost his credit, and it was then that a few of the robberies of the Shuváloff-Potápoff-Trépoff party were brought before the Senate.

The pillage which went on in all the

ministries, especially in connection with the railways and all sorts of industrial enterprises, was really enormous. Immense fortunes were made at that time. The navy, as Alexander II. himself said to one of his sons, was "in the pockets of So-and-So." The cost of the railways, guaranteed by the state, was simply fabulous. As to commercial enterprises, it was openly known that none could be launched unless a specified percentage of the dividends was promised to different functionaries in the several ministries. A friend of mine, who intended to start some enterprise at St. Petersburg, was frankly told at the ministry of the interior that he would have to pay twenty-five per cent of the net profits to a certain person, fifteen per cent to one man at the ministry of finances, ten per cent to another man in the same ministry, and five per cent to a fourth person. The bargains were made without concealment, and Alexander II. knew it. His own remarks, written on the reports of the comptroller-general, bear testimony to this. But he saw in the thieves his protectors from the revolution, and kept them until their robberies became an open scandal.

The young grand dukes, with the exception of the heir apparent, afterward Alexander III., who always was a good and thrifty *paterfamilias*, followed the example of the head of the family. The orgies which one of them used to arrange in a small restaurant on the Nevsky Perspective were so degradingly notorious that one night the chief of the police had to interfere, and warned the owner of the restaurant that he would be marched to Siberia if he ever again let his "grand duke's room" to the grand duke. "Imagine my perplexity," the owner said to me, on one occasion, when he was showing me that room, the walls and ceiling of which were upholstered with thick satin cushions. "On the one side I had to offend a member of the imperial family, who could do with me what

he liked, and on the other side General Trépoff menaced me with Siberia! Of course, I obeyed the general; he is, as you know, omnipotent now." Another grand duke became conspicuous for ways belonging to the domain of psychopathy; and a third was exiled to Turkestan, after he had stolen the diamonds of his mother.

The Empress Marie Alexándrovna, abandoned by her husband, and probably horrified at the turn which court life was taking, became more and more a devotee, and soon she was entirely in the hands of the palace priest, a representative of a quite new type in the Russian Church, — the Jesuitic. This new genus of well-combed, depraved, and Jesuitic clergy made rapid progress at that time; already they were working hard and with success to become a power in the state and to lay hands on the schools.

It has been proved over and over again that the village clergy in Russia are so much taken up by their functions — performing baptisms and marriages, administering communion to the dying, and so on — that they cannot pay due attention to the schools; even when the priest is paid for giving the Scripture lesson at a village school, he usually passes that lesson to some one else, as he has no time to attend to it himself. Nevertheless, the higher clergy, exploiting the hatred of Alexander II. toward the so-called revolutionary spirit, began their campaign for laying their hands upon the schools. "No schools unless clerical ones" became their motto. All Russia wanted education, but even the ridiculously small sum of four million dollars included every year in the state budget for primary schools used *not* to be spent by the ministry of public instruction, while twice as much was given to the Synod as an aid for establishing schools under the village clergy, — schools most of which existed, and now exist, on paper only.

All Russia wanted technical education,

but the ministry opened only classical gymnasia, because formidable courses of Latin and Greek were considered the best means of preventing the pupils from reading and thinking. In these gymnasia, only two or three per cent of the pupils succeeded in completing an eight years' course, — all boys promising to become something being carefully sifted out before they could reach the last form. At the same time, the ministry of education was engaged in a continuous, passionate struggle against all private persons and all institutions — district and county councils, municipalities, and the like — that endeavored to open teachers' seminaries or technical schools, or even simple primary schools. Technical education — in a country which was so much in want of engineers, educated agriculturists, and geologists — was treated as equivalent to revolutionism. It was prohibited, prosecuted; so that up to the present time, every autumn, something like two or three thousand young men are refused admission to the higher technical schools from mere lack of vacancies. The universities were filled with boys unable to follow the higher education, and even in the classical gymnasia all sorts of measures were taken to *reduce* the number of pupils. A feeling of despair took possession of all those who wished to do anything useful in public life; while the peasantry were ruined at an appalling rate by over-taxation, and by "beating out" of them the arrears of the taxes by means of semi-military executions.

Such was the official St. Petersburg. Such was the influence it exercised upon Russia.

v.

When we were leaving Siberia, we often talked, my brother and I, of the intellectual life which we should find at St. Petersburg, and of the interesting acquaintances we should make in the literary circles. We made such acquaintances, indeed, both among the radicals

and among the moderate Slavophiles; but I must confess that they were rather disappointing. We found plenty of excellent men, — Russia is full of excellent men, — but they did not quite correspond to our ideal of political writers. The best writers — Chernyshévsky, Mikháiloff, Lavróff — were in exile, or were kept in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, like Písareff. Others, taking a gloomy view of the situation, had changed their ideas, and were now leaning toward a sort of paternal absolutism; while the greater number, though holding still to their beliefs, had become so cautious in expressing them that their prudence was almost equal to desertion.

At the height of the reform period nearly every one in the advanced literary circles had had some relations either with Hérzen or with Turguéneff and his friends, or with the Great Russian or the Land and Freedom secret societies which had had at that period an ephemeral existence. Now, these same men were only the more anxious to bury their former sympathies as deep as possible, so as to appear above political suspicion.

One or two of the liberal reviews which were tolerated at that time, owing chiefly to the superior diplomatic talents of their editors, contained excellent material, showing the ever growing misery and the desperate conditions of the great mass of the peasants, and making clear enough the obstacles that were put in the way of every progressive worker. The amount of such facts was enough to drive one to despair. But no one dared to suggest any remedy, or to hint at any field of action, at any outcome from a position which was represented as hopeless. Some writers still cherished the hope that Alexander II. would once more assume the character of reformer; but with the majority the fear of seeing their reviews suppressed, and both editors and contributors marched "to some more or less remote part of the empire," dominated all other feel-

ings. Fear and hope equally paralyzed them.

The more radical they had been ten years before, the greater were their fears. My brother and I were very well received in one or two literary circles, and we went occasionally to their friendly gatherings; but the moment the conversation began to lose its frivolous character, or my brother, who had a great talent for raising serious questions, directed it toward home affairs, or toward the state of France, where Napoleon III. was hastening to his fall in 1870, some sort of interruption was sure to occur. "What do you think, gentlemen, of the latest performance of *La Belle Hélène*?" or "What are you going to say of that cured fish?" was loudly asked by one of the elder guests — and the conversation was brought to an end.

Outside the literary circles, things were even worse. In the sixties, Russia, and especially St. Petersburg, was full of men of advanced opinions, who seemed ready at that time to make any sacrifices for their ideas. "What has become of them?" I asked myself. I looked up some of them; but, "Prudence, young man!" was all they had to say. "Iron is stronger than straw," or "One cannot break a stone wall with his forehead," and like proverbs, so numerous, alas, in the Russian language, constituted now their code of practical philosophy. "We have done something in our life: ask no more from us;" or "Have patience: that sort of thing will not last," they told us, while we, the youth, were ready to resume the struggle, to act, to risk, to sacrifice everything, if necessary, and only asked them to give us advice, some guidance and some intellectual support.

Turguéneff has depicted in *Smoke* some of these ex-reformers from the upper layers of society, and his picture is disheartening. But it is especially in the heart-rending novels and sketches of

Madame Kohanóvsky, who wrote under the pen name of "V. Krestóvskiy" (she must not be confounded with another novel-writer, Vsévolod Krestóvskiy), that one can follow the many aspects which the degradation of the "liberals of the sixties" took at that time. "The joy of living" — perhaps the joy of having survived — became their goddess, as soon as the nameless crowd which ten years before made the force of the reform movement refused to hear any more of "all that sentimentalism." They hastened to enjoy the riches which poured into the hands of "practical" men.

Many new ways to fortune had been opened since serfdom had been abolished, and the crowd rushed with eagerness into these channels. Railways were feverishly built in Russia; to the lately opened private banks the landlords went in numbers to mortgage their estates; the newly established private notaries and lawyers at the courts were in possession of large incomes; the shareholders' companies multiplied with an appalling rapidity and the promoters flourished. A class of men who formerly would have lived in the country on the modest income of a small estate cultivated by a hundred serfs, or on the still more modest salary of a functionary in a law court, now made fortunes, or had such yearly incomes as in serfdom times were possible only for the land magnates.

The very tastes of "society" sunk lower and lower. The Italian opera, formerly a forum for radical demonstrations each time that Wilhelm Tell was played (under the name of Charles le Téméraire) or the duet of the Puritans was sung, was now deserted; the Russian opera, timidly asserting the rights of its great composers, was frequented by a few enthusiasts only. Both were found "tedious," and the cream of St. Petersburg society crowded to a vulgar theatre where the second-rate stars of the Paris small theatres won easy laurels from their Horse Guard admir-

ers, or went to see *La Belle Hélène*, which was played on the Russian stage, while our great dramatists were forgotten. Offenbach's music reigned supreme.

It must be said that the political atmosphere was such that the best men had reasons, or had at least weighty excuses, for keeping quiet. After Karakó-zoff had shot at Alexander II. in April, 1866, the state police had become omnipotent. Every one suspected of "radicalism," no matter what he had done or what he had not done, had to live under the fear of being arrested any night, for the sympathy he might have shown to some one involved in this or that political affair, or for an innocent letter intercepted in a midnight search, or simply for his "dangerous" opinions; and arrest for political reasons might mean anything: years of seclusion in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, transportation to Siberia, or even torture in the casemates of the fortress.

This movement of the circles of Karakó-zoff remains up to this date very imperfectly known, even in Russia. I was at that time in Siberia, and know of it only by hearsay. It appears, however, that two different currents combined in it. One of them was the beginning of that great movement "toward the people," which later became so important and extended; while the other current was mainly political. Groups of young men, some of whom were on the road to become brilliant university professors, or men of mark as historians and ethnographers, had come together about 1864, with the intention of carrying to the people education and knowledge in spite of the opposition of the government. They went as mere artisans to great industrial towns, and started there coöperative associations, as well as informal schools, hoping that by the exercise of much tact and patience they might be able to educate the people, and thus to create the first centres from which better and

higher conceptions would gradually radiate amongst the masses. Their zeal was great; considerable fortunes were brought into the service of the cause; and I am inclined to think that compared with all similar movements which took place later on, this one stood perhaps on the most practical basis. Its initiators certainly stood very near to the working people.

On the other side, with some of the members of these circles — Karakózzoff, Ishútín, and their nearest friends — the movement took a political direction. During the years from 1862 to 1866 the policy of Alexander II. had assumed a decidedly reactionary character; he had surrounded himself with men of the most reactionary type, taking them as his nearest advisers; the very reforms which made the glory of the beginning of his reign were now wrecked wholesale by means of by-laws and ministerial circulars: a return to manorial justice and serfdom in a disguised form was openly expected in the old camp; while no one could hope at that time that the main reform — the abolition of serfdom — could withstand the assaults directed against it from the winter palace itself. All this must have brought Karakózzoff and his friends to the idea that a further continuance of Alexander II.'s reign would be a menace even to the little that had been won; that Russia would have to return to the horrors of Nicholas I. if Alexander continued to reign. Great hopes were felt at the same time — this is "an often repeated story, but always new" — as to the liberal inclinations of the heir to the throne and his uncle Constantine. I must also say that before 1866 such fears and such considerations were not unfrequently expressed in much higher circles than those with which Karakózzoff seems to have been in contact. At any rate, Karakózzoff shot at Alexander II. one day, as he was coming out of the summer garden to take his carriage. The shot

missed, and Karakózzoff was arrested on the spot.

Katkóff, the leader of the Moscow reactionary party, and a great master in extracting pecuniary profits from every political disturbance, at once accused of complicity with Karakózzoff all radicals and liberals, — which was certainly untrue, — and insinuated in his paper, making all Moscow believe it, that Karakózzoff was a mere instrument in the hands of the Grand Duke Constantine, the leader of the reform party in the highest spheres. One can imagine how much money the two rulers, Shuváloff and Trépoff, made out of these accusations and of the consequent fears of Alexander II.

Mikhael Muravióff, who had won during the Polish insurrection his nickname "the Hangman," received orders to make a most searching inquiry, and to discover by every possible means the plot which was supposed to exist. He made arrests in all classes of society, ordered hundreds of searches, and boasted that he "would find the means to render the prisoners more talkative." He certainly was not the man to recoil even before torture, — and public opinion in St. Petersburg was almost unanimous in saying that Karakózzoff was tortured to obtain avowals, but made none.

State secrets are well kept in fortresses, especially in that huge mass of stone opposite the winter palace, which has seen so many horrors, only in recent times disclosed by historians. It still keeps Muravióff's secrets. However, the following may perhaps throw some light on this matter.

In 1866 I was in Siberia. One of our Siberian officers, who traveled from Russia to Irkútsk toward the end of that year, met at a post station two gendarmes. They had accompanied to Siberia a functionary exiled for theft, and were now returning home. Our Irkútsk officer, who was a very amiable man, finding the gendarmes at the tea table

on a cold winter night, joined them and chatted with them, while the horses were being changed. One of the men knew Karakózzoff.

"He was cunning, he was," he said. "When he was in the fortress we were ordered, two of us, — we were relieved every two hours, — not to let him sleep. So we kept him sitting on a small stool, and as soon as he began to doze we shook him to keep him awake. . . . What will you? — we were ordered to do so! . . . Well, see how cunning he was: he would sit with crossed legs, swinging one of his legs to make us believe that he was awake, and himself, in the meantime, would get a nap, continuing to swing his leg. But we soon made it out and told those who relieved us, so that he was shaken and waked up every few minutes, whether he swung his legs or not." "And how long did that last?" my friend asked. "Oh, many days, — more than one week."

The naïve character of this description is in itself a proof of veracity: it could not have been invented; and that Karakózzoff was tortured to this degree may be taken for granted.

When Karakózzoff was hanged, one of my comrades from the corps of pages was present at the execution with his regiment of cuirassiers. "When he was taken out of the fortress," my comrade told me, "sitting on the high platform of the cart which was jolting on the rough glacis of the fortress, my first impression was that they were bringing out an india-rubber doll to be hanged; that Karakózzoff was already dead. Imagine that the head, the hands, the whole body were absolutely loose, as if there were no bones in the body, or as if the bones had all been broken. It was a terrible thing to see, and to think what it meant. However, when two soldiers took him down from the cart, I saw that he moved his legs and made strenuous endeavors to walk by himself and to ascend the steps of the scaffold. So

it was not a doll, nor could he have been in a swoon. All the officers were very much puzzled at the circumstance and could not explain it." When, however, I suggested to my comrade that perhaps Karakózzoff had been tortured, the color came into his face and he replied, "So we all thought."

Absence of sleep for weeks would alone be sufficient to explain the state in which that morally very strong man was during the execution. I may add that I have the absolute certitude that — at least in one case — drugs were administered to a prisoner in the fortress, namely, Adrián Mikháiloff, in 1880. Did Muravióff limit the torture to this only? Was he prevented from going any further, or not? I do not know. But this much I know: that I often heard from high officials at St. Petersburg that torture had been resorted to in this case.

Muravióff had promised to root out all radical elements in St. Petersburg, and all those who had had in any degree a radical past now lived under the fear of falling into the despot's clutches. Above all, they kept aloof from the younger people, from fear of being involved with them in some perilous political associations. In this way a chasm was opened not only between the "fathers" and the "sons," as Turguéneff described it in his novel, — not only between the two generations, but also between all men who had passed the age of thirty and those who were in their early twenties. Russian youth stood consequently in the position not only of having to fight in their fathers the defenders of serfdom, but of being left entirely to themselves by their elder brothers, who were unwilling to join them in their leanings toward Socialism, and were afraid to give them support even in their struggle for more political freedom. Was there ever before in history, I ask myself, a youthful band engaging in a

fight against so formidable a foe, left in so complete an isolation by fathers and even by elder brothers, although those young men had merely taken to heart, and had tried to realize in life, the intellectual inheritance of these same fathers and brothers? Was there ever a struggle undertaken in more tragical conditions than these?

VI.

The only bright point which I saw in the life of St. Petersburg was the movement which was going on amongst the youth of both sexes. Various currents joined to produce the mighty agitation which soon took an underground and revolutionary character, and engrossed the attention of Russia for the next fifteen years. I shall speak of it in a subsequent chapter; but I must mention in this place the movement which was carried on, quite openly, by our women for obtaining access to higher education. St. Petersburg was at that time its main centre.

Every afternoon the young wife of my brother, on her return from the women's pedagogical courses which she followed, had something new to tell us about the animation which prevailed there. Schemes were laid for opening a medical academy and universities for women; debates upon schools or upon different methods of education were organized in connection with the courses, and hundreds of women took a passionate interest in these questions, discussing them over and over again in private. Societies of translators, publishers, printers, and bookbinders were started in order that work might be provided for the poorest members of the sisterhood who flocked to St. Petersburg, ready to do any sort of work, only to live in the hope that they, too, would some day have their share of higher education. A vigorous, exuberant life reigned in those feminine centres, in striking contrast to what I met elsewhere.

Since the government had shown its determined intention not to admit women to the existing universities, they had directed all their efforts toward opening universities of their own. They were told at the ministry of education that the girls who had passed through the girls' gymnasia (the high schools) were not prepared to follow university lectures. "Very well," was their reply, "permit us to open intermediate courses, preparatory to the university, and impose upon us any programme you like. We ask no grants from the state. Only give us the permission, and it will be done." Of course, the permission was not given. Then they started private courses and drawing-room lectures in all parts of St. Petersburg. Many university professors, in sympathy with the new movement, volunteered to give lectures. Poor men themselves, they warned the organizers that any mention of remuneration would be taken as a personal offense. Natural science excursions used to be made every summer in the neighborhoods of St. Petersburg, under the guidance of university professors, and women constituted the bulk of the excursionists. In the courses for midwives they forced the professors to treat each subject in a far more exhaustive way than was required by the programme, or to open additional courses. They took advantage of every possibility, of every breach in the fortress, to storm it. They gained admission to the anatomical laboratory of old Dr. Gruber, and by their admirable work they won this enthusiast of anatomy entirely to their side. If they learned that a professor had no objection to letting them work in his laboratory on Sundays and at night on week days, they took advantage of the opening, working late and earnestly. At last, notwithstanding all the opposition of the ministry, they opened the intermediate courses, only giving them the name of pedagogical courses. Was it possible, indeed, to forbid future

mothers studying the methods of education? But as the methods of teaching botany or mathematics could not be taught in the abstract, botany, mathematics, and the rest were soon introduced into the curriculum of the pedagogical courses.

Step by step they thus widened their rights. As soon as it became known that at some German university a certain professor might open his lecture room to a few women, they knocked at his door and were admitted. They studied law and history at Heidelberg, and mathematics at Berlin; while at Zürich more than a hundred girls and women worked at the university and the polytechnicum. There they won something more valuable than the degree of Doctor of Medicine; they won the esteem of the most learned professors, who expressed it publicly several times. When I came to Zürich in 1872, and became acquainted with some of the students, I was astonished to see quite young girls, who were studying at the polytechnicum, solving intricate problems of the theory of heat, with the aid of the differential calculus, as easily as if they had had years of mathematical training. One of the Russian girls who studied mathematics under Weierstrass at Berlin, Sophie Kovalévsky, became a mathematician of high repute, and was invited to a professorship at Stockholm; she was the first woman in our century to hold a professorship in a university for men. She was so young that in Sweden no one wanted to call her anything but Sophie; she went in the country by her diminutive name of Sónia.

In spite of the open hatred of Alexander II. for educated women, — when he met in his walks a girl wearing spectacles and a round Garibaldian cap, he began to tremble, thinking that she must be a nihilist bent on shooting at him; in spite of the bitter opposition of the state police, who represented every woman student as a revolutionist; in spite of the thunders and the vile accusations

which Katkóff directed against the whole of the movement in almost every number of his venomous gazette, the women succeeded, in the teeth of the government, in opening a series of educational institutions. When several of them had obtained medical degrees abroad, they forced the government, in 1872, to let them open a medical academy with their own private means. And when the Russian women were recalled by their government from Zürich, to prevent their intercourse with the revolutionist refugees, they forced the government to let them open in Russia four universities of their own, which soon had nearly a thousand pupils. It seems almost incredible, but it is a fact that notwithstanding all the prosecutions which the Woman's Medical Academy had to live through, and its temporary closure, there are now in Russia more than six hundred and seventy women in possession of the degree of M. D.

It was certainly a grand movement, astounding in its success and instructive in a high degree. Above all, it was through the unlimited devotion of a mass of women in all possible capacities that they gained their successes. They had already worked as sisters of charity during the Crimean war; as organizers of schools later on; as the most devoted schoolmistresses in the villages; as educated midwives and doctors' assistants amongst the peasants. They went afterward as nurses and doctors in the fever-stricken hospitals during the Turkish war of 1878, and won the admiration of the military commanders and of Alexander II. himself. I know two ladies, both very eagerly "wanted" by the state police, who served as nurses during the war, under assumed names which were guaranteed by false passports; one of them, the greater "criminal" of the two, was even appointed head nurse of a large hospital for wounded soldiers, while her friend nearly died from typhoid fever.

In short, women took any position, no matter how low in the social scale, and no matter what privations it involved, if only they could be in any way useful to the people; not a few of them, but hundreds and thousands. They have *conquered* their rights in the true sense of the word.

Another feature of this movement was that in it the chasm between the two generations — the older and the younger sisters — did not exist; or, at least, it was bridged over to a great extent. Those who were the leaders of the movement from its origin never broke the link which connected them with their younger sisters, even though the latter were far more advanced in their ideals than the older women were.

They pursued their aims in the higher spheres; they kept strictly aloof from any political agitation; but they never committed the fault of forgetting that their true force was in the masses of younger women, of whom a great number finally joined the radical or revolutionary circles. These leaders were correctness itself, — I considered them too correct; but they did not break with those younger students who went about as typical nihilists, with short-cropped hair, disdaining crinoline, and betraying their democratic spirit in all their behavior. The leaders did not mix with them, and occasionally there was friction, but they never repudiated them, — a great thing, I believe, in those times of madly raging prosecutions.

They seemed to say to the younger and more democratic people: "We shall wear our velvet dresses and chignons, because we have to deal with fools who see in a velvet dress and a chignon the tokens of 'political reliability'; but you, girls, remain free in your tastes and inclinations." When the women who studied at Zürich were ordered by the Rus-

sian government to return, these correct ladies did not turn against the rebels. They simply said to the government: "You don't like it? Well, then, open women's universities at home; otherwise our girls will go abroad in still greater numbers, and of course will enter into relations with the political refugees." When they were reproached with breeding revolutionists, and were menaced with the closing of their academy and universities, they retorted, "Yes, many students become revolutionists; but is that a reason for closing all universities?" How few political leaders have the moral courage not to turn against the more advanced wing of their own party!

The real secret of their wise and fully successful attitude was that none of the women who were the soul of that movement were mere "feminists," desirous to get their share of the privileged positions in society and the state. Far from that. The sympathies of most of them went with the masses. I remember the lively part which Miss Stásova, the veteran leader of the agitation, took in the Sunday schools in 1861, the friendships she and her friends made among the factory girls, the interest they manifested in the hard life of these girls outside the school, the fights they fought against their greedy employers. I recall the keen interest which the women showed, at their pedagogical courses, in the village schools, and in the work of those few who, like Baron Korff, were permitted for some time to do something in that direction, and the social spirit which permeated those courses. The rights they strove for — both the leaders and the great bulk of the women — were not only the individual right to higher instruction, but much more, far more, the right to be useful workers among the people, the masses. This is why they succeeded to such an extent.

P. Kropotkin.

THE VITAL TOUCH IN LITERATURE.

I.

Is it not true that, in literature proper, our interest is always in the writer himself, — his quality, his personality, his point of view? We may fancy that we care only for the subject matter; but the born writer makes any subject interesting to us by his treatment of it or by the personal element he infuses into it. When our concern is primarily with the subject matter, in the fact or the argument, or with the information conveyed, then we are not dealing with literature in the strict sense. It is not what the writer tells us that makes literature; it is the way he tells it; or rather, it is the degree in which he imparts to it some rare personal quality or charm that is the gift of his own spirit, something which cannot be detached from the work itself, and which is as vital as the sheen of a bird's plumage, as the texture of a flower's petal. In other words, that which makes literature in all its forms — poetry, fiction, history, oratory — is personal and subjective, in a sense and to a degree that that which makes science, erudition, and the like is not. There is this analogy in nature. The hive bee does not get honey from the flowers; honey is a product of the bee. What she gets from the flowers is mainly sweet water or nectar; this she puts through a process of her own, and to it adds a minute drop of her own secretion, formic acid. It is her special personal contribution that converts the nectar into honey.

In the work of the literary artist, common facts and experiences are changed and heightened in the same way. Sainte-Beuve, speaking of certain parts of Rousseau's *Confessions*, says, "Such pages were, in French literature, the discovery of a new world, a world of sunshine and of freshness, which men had near them

without having perceived it." They had not perceived it because they had not had Rousseau's mind to mirror it for them. The sunshine and the freshness were a gift of his spirit. The new world was the old world in a new light. What charmed them was a quality personal to Rousseau. Nature they had always had, but not the Rousseau sensibility to nature. The same may be said of more recent writers upon outdoor themes. Readers fancy that in the works of Thoreau or Jefferies some new charm or quality of nature is disclosed, that something hidden in field or wood is brought to light. They do not see that what they are in love with is the mind or spirit of the writer himself. Thoreau does not interpret nature, but nature interprets him. The new thing disclosed in bird and flower is simply a new sensibility to these objects in the beholder. In morals and ethics the same thing is true. Let an essayist like John Foster or Dr. Johnson state a principle or an idea, and it has a certain value; let an essayist like Ruskin or Emerson or Carlyle state the same principle, and it has an entirely different value, makes an entirely different impression, the qualities of mind and character of these writers are so different. The reader's relation with them is much more intimate and personal.

This intimate personal quality is no doubt one of the secrets of what is called style, perhaps the most important one. If the essay, poem, novel, has not this personal quality or flavor, it falls short of being good literature. If it has this, and has not common sense, it still has a good lease of life. It is quality of mind which makes the writings of Burke rank above those of Gladstone, Ruskin's criticism rank above that of Hamerton, Froude's histories above Freeman's, Renan's *Life of Jesus* above that of Strauss;

which makes the pages of Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, literature in a sense that the works of many able minds are not. These men impart something personal and distinctive to the language they use. They make the words their own. The literary quality is not something put on or superadded. It is not of the hand, it is of the mind; it is not of the mind, but of the soul; it is of whatever is most vital and characteristic in the writer. It is confined to no particular manner and to no particular matter. It may be the gift of writers of widely different manners, — of Carlyle as well as of Arnold; and in men of similar manners, one may have it, and the other may not. It is as subtle as the tone of the voice or the glance of the eye. Quality is the one thing in life that cannot be analyzed, and it is the one thing in art that cannot be imitated. A man's manner may be copied, but his style, his charm, his real value, can only be parodied. In the conscious or unconscious imitations of the major poets by the minor, we get only a suggestion of the manner of the former; their essential quality cannot be reproduced.

English literature is full of imitations of the Greek poets, but that which the Greek poets did not and could not borrow they cannot lend; their quality stays with them. The charm of spoken discourse is largely in the personal quality of the speaker, — something intangible to print. When we see the thing in print, we wonder how it could so have charmed or moved us. To convey this charm, this aroma of the man to the written discourse is the triumph of style. A recent French critic says of Madame de Staël that she has no style: she writes just as she thinks, but without being able to impart to her writing the living quality of her speech. It is not importance of subject matter that makes a work great, but importance of the subjectivity of the writer, — a great mind, a great soul, a great personality. A work that

bears the imprint of these, that is charged with the life and power of these, which it gives forth again under pressure, is alone entitled to high rank.

All pure literature is the revelation of a man. In a work of true literary art, the subject matter has been so interpenetrated and vitalized by the spirit or personality of the writer, has become so thoroughly identified with it, that the two are one and inseparable, and the style *is* the man. Works in which this blending and identification, through emotion or imagination, of the author with his subject has not taken place, or has taken place imperfectly, do not belong to pure literature. They may serve a useful purpose; but all *useful* purposes, in the strict sense, are foreign to those of art, which means foreign to the spirit that would live in the whole, that would live in the years and not in the days, in time and not in the hour. The true literary artist gives you of the substance of his mind; not merely his thought or his philosophy, but something more intimate and personal than that. It is not a tangible object passed from his hand to yours; it is much more like a transfusion of blood from his veins to yours. Montaigne gives us Montaigne, — the most delightfully garrulous man in literature. "Cut these sentences," says Emerson, "and they bleed." Matthew Arnold denied that Emerson was a great writer; but we cannot account for the charm and influence of his works, it seems to me, on any other theory than that he has at least this mark of the great writer: he gives his reader of his own substance, he saturates his page with the high and rare quality of his own spirit. Arnold himself does this, too; else we should not care much for him. It is a particular and interesting type of man that speaks and breathes in every sentence; his style is vital in his matter, and is no more separable from it than the style of silver or of gold is separable from the metal.

In such a writer as Lecky, on the other hand, or as Mill or Spencer, one does not get this same subtle individual flavor; the work is more external, more the product of certain special faculties, as the reason, memory, understanding; and the personality of the author is not so intimately involved. But in the writer with the creative touch, whether he be poet, novelist, historian, critic, essayist, the chief factor in the product is always his own personality.

Style, then, in the sense in which I am here using the term, implies that vital, intimate, personal relation of the man to his language by which he makes the words his own, fills them with his own quality, and gives the reader that lively sense of being in direct communication with a living, breathing mental and spiritual force. The writer who appears to wield his language as an instrument or tool, something exterior to himself; who makes you conscious of his vocabulary, or whose words are the garments, and not the tissue, of his thought, has not style in this sense. "Style," says Schopenhauer, "is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face." This definition is as good as any, and better than most, because it implies that identification of words with thoughts, of the man with his subject, which is the secret of a living style. Hence the man who imitates another wears a mask, as does the man who writes in a language to which he was not born.

II.

The more artistic aspect of style, or style considered as a special verbal grace and charm, a certain magic in the use of words which heightens and transforms whatever a man touches, and which gives to his work a value quite apart from its subject matter, is the aspect in which we most frequently meet the question in current literature. The critics use the word in this sense when they speak of that indescribable something

called style which the few attain to, and the many miss. In this sense style is only one of many literary values. Great writers have been without it.

Arnold denied style to Wordsworth, and yet looked upon his poetry as the most important contribution in verse to English literature of our century; he denied it to Emerson, and yet regarded him as the most valuable prose of the century. One would not read Zola or Victor Hugo for his style as he would read Voltaire or Flaubert, or Carlyle or Emerson as he would read Lamb or Landor, or Browning as he might read Swinburne. Scott had not style in the sense in which Stevenson had it; Thackeray, Dickens, Richardson, Fielding, had it not in the sense or in the measure that Flaubert or Feuillet or Mr. Howells has it. We cannot ascribe style to Shakespeare as we can ascribe it to Milton, or to Burns as we can ascribe it to Gray, or perhaps to Keats and Arnold. We read the modern French writers and certain essayists and novelists of our own for their delicate art and verbal felicities. Our interest in them is literary rather than human. Our æsthetic perceptions, and not our sympathies, are touched. Our pleasure in art is one thing, our pleasure in life and reality quite another. Both are legitimate. My point is that some writers give us more of the first, and others more of the second. Whitman, for instance, gives us little of the pleasure of pure art, but much more of the stimulus of real life and things. We do not admire the art of Wordsworth as we do that of Tennyson, but we are more impressed by the simplicity and moral grandeur of his genius. There is a finer art in Poe than in Bryant or Longfellow, but less of sane human interest and helpfulness.

Mr. Howells has said that novel-writing is a much finer art in our day than it was in the time of Scott, or of Dickens and Thackeray, — finer, I think, because it is in the hands of finer-strung, more

daintily equipped men, but would one dare say it is a greater art? One may admit all Mr. Howells says about Scott's want of style, his diffuseness and cumbrousness, and his tedious descriptions, and still justly claim for him the highest literary honors. He was a great nature, as Goethe said, and we come into vital contact with that great nature in his romances. He was not deficient in the larger art that knows how to make a bygone age live again to the imagination. He himself seems to have deprecated his "big bow-wow" style in comparison with the exquisite touches of Jane Austen, but we need not take him at his word. No fineness of workmanship, no deftness of handling, can make up for the want of a large, rich, copious human endowment. I think we need to remember this when we compare unfavorably such men as Dickens and Thackeray with the cleverer artists of our own day. Scott makes up to us for his deficiencies in the matter of style by the surpassing human interest of his characters and incidents, their relations to the major currents of human life. His scenes fill the stage of history, his personages seem adequate to great events, and the whole story has a certain historic grandeur and impressiveness. There is no mistaking a great force, a great body, in literature any more than there is in the physical world; in Scott we have come upon a great river, a great lake, a great mountain, and we are more impressed by it than by the lesser bodies, though they have many more graces and prettinesses.

III.

Frederic Harrison, in a recent address on style, is cautious in recommending the young writer to take thought of his style. It is giving too much thought to style in the more external and verbal aspects of it, which I am here considering, that gives rise to the "stylist." The stylist shows you what can be done with mere words. He is the foliage plant of

the literary flower garden. When I meet him, with his straining for verbal effects, I love to recall this passage from Whitman. The great poet, he says, "swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome. I will not have in my writing any elegance or effect or originality, to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell I tell for precisely what it is. Let who may exalt or startle or fascinate or soothe; I will have purpose, as health or heat or snow has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me."

This is the same as saying that the great success in writing is to get language out of the way, and put your mind directly to the reader's, so that there be no screen or veil of words between you. If the reader is preoccupied with your words, if they court his attention or cloud his vision, to that extent is the communication imperfect. To darken counsel with words is a common occurrence. Words are like lenses: they must be arranged in just such a way, or they hinder rather than help the vision. When the adjustment is as it should be the lens itself is invisible, and language in the hands of the master is perfectly transparent. Some of the more recent British poets affect the archaic, the quaint, the eccentric, in language, so that one's attention is almost entirely occupied with their words. Reading them is like trying to look through a pair of spectacles too old or too young for you, or with lenses of different focus.

But has not style a value in and of itself? As in the case of light, its value is the revelation it makes. Its value is to conceal itself, to lose itself in the matter. If humility, or self-denial, or any of the virtues becomes itself conscious of and claims credit for its own sake, does

it not that moment fall from grace? What incomparable style in the passage I have quoted from Whitman, when we come to think of it, but how it effaces itself and is of no account for the sake of the idea it serves! The more a writer's style humbles itself, the more it is exalted. There is nothing true in religion that is not equally true in art. Give yourself entirely. All selfish and secondary ends are of the devil. Our Calvinistic grandfathers, who fancied themselves willing to be damned for the glory of God, illustrate the devotion of the true artist to his ideal. "Consider the lilies of the field, . . . they toil not, neither do they spin." The style of the born poet or artist takes as little thought of itself, and is the spontaneous expression of the same indwelling grace and necessity.

IV.

I once overheard a lady say to a popular author, "What I most admire about your books is their fine style." "But I never think about my style," was his reply. "I know you don't," said his admirer, "and that is why I like it so much." But there can be no doubt that he did think about his style, though he fancied himself thinking only about his matter. In his case the style and the subject matter were one. When he was consciously occupied only with the substance and texture of his thought, he was occupied with his style. Every effort to make the idea flow clear and pure, to give it freshness and fillip, or to seize and embody in words a mental or emotional impression in all its integrity, without blur or confusion, is an effort in style. It is like taking the alloys and impurities out of a metal; the style or beauty of it is improved. The making of iron into steel is a process of purification. When Froude was questioned about his style, he confessed that he had never given any thought to the subject; his aim had been to say what he had to say in the most direct and simple way

possible. He was conscious only of trying to see clearly and to speak truly. I suppose this is the case with all first-class minds, in our day at least: the main endeavor is directed toward the matter, and not toward the manner; or rather, it is to make the one identical with the other. In no page of Froude's, nor in any writer of equal range and seriousness, are we conscious of the style as something apart and that claims our admiration on its own account, as we are in the case of certain lesser men. The lesser men are enamored of style itself, and cultivate it for its own sake. They conceive of it as an independent grace and charm that may be imparted to any subject matter by dint of an effort directed to verbal arrangement and sequence alone.

V.

There is a good deal of wisdom in Voltaire's saying that "all styles are good that are not tiresome." The saying of course needs qualifying a little. We tire of anything, of the most exquisite music, if we get too much of it; and we tire more quickly when we are old than when we are young. The wit of the comic paper, of the circus clown, of the colored minstrels, that afforded us so much amusement when we were boys, becomes a bore by the time we reach middle life. But, other things being equal, the style that does not tire us is better than the style that does. Thus Arnold's style is better than Walter Pater's, because it is easier to follow; it is not so conscious of itself; it is not so obviously studied. Pater studied words, Arnold studied ideas. Pater sacrificed the more familiar democratic traits of language — ease, simplicity, flexibility, transparency — to his passion for the more choice aristocratic features, — the perfumed, the academic, the highly wrought. Again, I find Arnold's style less fatiguing than Lowell's, because it has more current, more continuity of thought, and is freer from *concetti* and mere surface

sparkle. I find Swinburne's prose more tiresome than that of any contemporary British critic, because of its inflated polysyllabic character, and his poetry more cloying than that of any other poet, because of its almost abnormal lilt and facility; it has a pathological fluidity; it seems as if, when he began to write verse, his whole mental structure was in danger of melting down and running away in mere words. His heat is that of fever; his inspiration borders on delirium.

We never tire of Addison or Swift or Lamb by reason of his style, or of our own Hawthorne or Warner or Howells. It is probably as rare to find a French writer whose style tires the reader as it is to find a German whose style does not. As M. Brunetière well says, French literature is a social literature, German is philosophic, and English individualistic. It is the business of the first to be agreeable, of the second to be profound, of the third to be original. Who does not tire of Strauss sooner than of Renan, of Ma-caulay sooner than of Sainte-Beuve?

To contrast Browning with Tennyson in this respect is to contrast a choppy sea with a smooth or gently rolling one. Which is the larger or deeper sea is not the question here; but over which has the voyager the more agreeable passage? Readers who want their poetry in sudden jets and spurts, with a sense of muscular vigor and bounce, will prefer Browning; those who want it in more flowing and equable currents, with a sense of ease and contemplation, will go to Tennyson. A writer with a pronounced, individualistic style — one full of mere mechanical difficulties, like Browning's or Carlyle's — runs great risk of wearying the reader and of being left behind. So far as his style degenerates into mannerism, so far is he handicapped in the race. Smoothness is not beauty, neither is roughness power, yet without a certain harmony and continuity there is neither beauty nor power. Herbert Spencer, in his essay

on the Philosophy of Style, would have a writer avoid this danger of wearying his reader, by writing alternately in different styles: now in the style of Lamb, now in the style of Carlyle, now in the style of De Quincey, as the moods of these different types possess him. Did a philosopher ever express a more ridiculous notion? A man who should try to follow this advice would be pretty sure to be Jack of all styles, and master of none. What a piece of patchwork his composition would be! A "specific style" is not to be avoided: it is to be cultivated, and practiced till every false note, every trace of crudeness and insincerity, is purged out of it.

The secret of good prose is a subtle quality or flavor, hard to define, like that of a good apple or a good melon, and it is as intimately bound up in the very substance and texture in the one case as in the other, and, we may add, is of as many varieties. We are sure always to get good prose from Mr. Howells and Colonel Higginson, but we are not always so sure of getting it from certain of our younger novelists. Here is a sample from the last book of Mr. James Lane Allen: —

"The whole woods emerged from the divine bath of nature with the coolness, the freshness, the immortal purity of Diana united to the roseate glow and mortal tenderness of Venus; and haunted by two spirits: the chaste, unfading youth of Endymion and the dust-born warmth and eagerness of Dionysus."

Yet the writer who could permit himself to fall into such bathos as that was capable of turning off such a passage as this: —

"Some women, in marrying, demand all and give all: with good men they are happy; with base men they are the broken-hearted. Some demand everything and give little: with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are the divorced. Some demand little and give all: with congenial souls they

are already in heaven ; with uncongenial they are soon in their graves. Some give little and demand little : they are the heartless, and they bring neither the joy of life nor the peace of death."

That is sound prose ; it is like a passage from a great classic.

VI.

I have often asked myself why it is that the interviewer will sometimes get so much more wisdom out of a man, and so many more fresh and entertaining statements, — in short, so much better literature, — than the man can get out of himself. Is it because one's best and ripest thoughts rise to the surface, like the cream on the milk, and does the interviewer simply skim them off ? Maybe, in writing, we often dip too deep, make too great an effort. Interviews are nearly always interesting, — much more so than a formal studied statement by the interviewed himself. Many a piece of sound excellent literature has been got out of a man who had no skill at all with the pen. His spoken word is vital and real ; but in a conscious literary effort the fire is quenched at once. Hence the charm of letters, of diaries, of the simple narrations and recitals of pioneers, farmers, workers, or persons who have no conscious literary equipment. As Sainte-Beuve discovered, "every peasant has style," because he has reality. Who would not rather read a bit of real experience of a soldier in battle, such as a clever interviewer could draw out of him, than to read his general's studied account of the same engagement ? "To elaborate is of no avail," says our poet. "Learned and unlearned feel that it is so." Only the great artist can rival or surpass the sense of reality we often find in common speech. Set a man to writing out his views or his experience, and the danger is that he will be too formal ; he will get himself up for the occasion ; there will be no ease or indifference in his manner : he will go to delving in his

mind, and we shall miss that simple, direct self-expression we are after.

In Dr. Johnson's talk, as reported by Boswell, we touch the real man ; in the Rambler you touch only his clothes or periwig. His more formal writing seems the product of some kind of artificial put-on faculty, like the Sunday sermons one hears or the newspaper editorials one reads. The sermon is in what may be called the surpliced style, the Rambler in the periwigged style. Emerson said of Alcott that his conversation was wonderful, but that when he sat down to write his inspiration left him. Most men are wiser in company than in the study. What is interesting in a man is what he himself has felt or seen or experienced. If you can tell us that, we shall listen eagerly. The uncultured man does not know this, but seeks the far off or the deep down.

Our thoughts, our opinions, are like apples on the tree : they must take time to ripen ; and when they are ripe, how easily they fall ! A mere nudge brings them down. How easily the old man talks, how full he is of wisdom ! Time was when his tongue was tied ; he could not express himself ; his thoughts were half formed and unripe ; they clung tightly to the bough. Set him to writing, and with great labor he produced some crude, half-formed notions of his own, mixed with the riper opinions of the authors he had read. But now his fruit has matured and it has mellowed ; it has color and flavor, and his conversation abounds in wisdom.

VII.

The standard of style of the last century was more aristocratic than the standard of to-day. The important words with Hume, Blair, Johnson, Bolingbroke, as applied to style, were elegance, harmony, ornament, and the chief of these was elegance ; the composition must make the impression of elegance, as to-day we demand the impression of the

vital and the real. Even the homely is more suited to the genius of democracy than the elegant. Perhaps the word is distasteful to modern ears from its conventional associations or its appropriation by milliners and dressmakers. One would not care to write *inelegantly*, but would rather his page did not suggest the word at all, as he would have his home or his dress suggest the quieter, humbler, more serviceable virtues. In the old story of Bruce's saying the style may be said to be homely. "I doubt I have killed the comyn." "Ye doubt," replies Kirkpatrick; "I mak siccar." Hume puts this into elegant language in this wise: "Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, one of Bruce's friends, asking him soon after if the traitor was slain, I believe so, replied Bruce. And is that a matter, cried Kirkpatrick, to be left to conjecture? I will secure him." This is polite prose, dressed-up prose, but its charm for us is gone.

VIII.

There are as many styles as there are moods and tempers in men. Every work of genius has its own physiognomy — sad, cheerful, frowning, yearning, determined, meditative. This book has the face of a saint; that, of a scholar or a seer. Here is the feminine, there the masculine face. One has the clerical face, one the judicial. Each appeals to us according to our temperament and mental predilections. Who shall say which style is the best? What can be better than the style of Huxley for his purpose, — sentences level and straight like a hurled lance; or than Emerson's for his

purpose, — electric sparks, the sudden unexpected epithet, or tense audacious phrase, that gives the mind a wholesome shock; or than Gibbon's for his purpose, — a style like solid masonry, every sentence cut four square, and his work, as Carlyle said to Emerson, a splendid bridge, connecting the ancient world with the modern; or than De Quincey's for his purpose, — a discursive, round-about style, herding his thoughts as a collie dog herds sheep; or than Arnold's for his academic spirit, — a style like cut glass; or than Whitman's for his continental spirit, — the processional, panoramic style that gives the sense of mass and multitude? Certain things we may demand of every man's style, — that it shall do its work, that it shall touch the quick. To be colorless like Arnold is good, and to have color like Ruskin is good; to be lofty and austere like the old Latin and Greek authors is good, and to be playful and discursive like Dr. Holmes is good; to be condensed and epigrammatic like Bacon pleases, and to be flowing and copious like Macaulay pleases. Within certain limits, the manner that is native to the man, the style that is a part of himself, is what wears best. What we do not want in any style is hardness, glitter, tumidity, superfetation, unreality.

In treating of nature or outdoor themes, let the style have limpidness, sweetness, freshness; in criticism, let it have dignity, lucidity, penetration; in history, let it have mass, sweep, comprehension; in all things, let it have vitality, sincerity, and genuineness.

John Burroughs.

WRITERS THAT ARE QUOTABLE.

THERE is a kind of writing by which the reader is led along, perhaps hurried along, if it be a narrative, without pause from beginning to end. Everything follows directly from what has gone before; the mind is held upon the same level of interest; and the impression produced is, as it were, a single impression. There is another kind of writing, which brings the reader now and then to a halt. He looks up from the page, perhaps, fixing his eyes upon vacancy, and turning the thought, or the expression of it, over in his mind; or he betakes himself to a book of extracts and conveys a sentence or two into its keeping; or, possibly, if he is one of the rare ones who buy books and read with pencil in hand, he may indite a note on the margin of the leaf, or at least set a mark there, — as one blazes a tree at the foot of which treasure is buried. The author has said something, — something in particular, fresh, surprising, original; something that seems to have come from his own mind; a thing to be pondered over and returned upon. For the moment there is no going further; the reader has turned thinker, or is lost in a dream. It is as if a man had been walking down a pleasant road bordered with hedges and fields, one much like another, and now of a sudden has rounded a corner, and sees before him a lake or a waterfall, something new, different, unexpected, at the sight of which he stops as by instinct. Or you may say, it is as if a man had been traveling steadily forward, thinking only of his journey's end, and all at once catches the shine of a gold piece in the path, or sees by the wayside a flower so novel and beautiful that it must be stepped aside for and looked at.

We have had in America three writers, living in the same country village at the same time, who exemplified in a

really striking manner these two styles of writing: Hawthorne on the one hand, and Emerson and Thoreau on the other.

Hawthorne's work you may read from end to end without the temptation to transfer so much as a line to the commonplace book. The road has taken you through many interesting scenes, and past many a beautiful landscape; you may have felt much and learned much; you might be glad to turn back straightway and travel the course over again; but you will have picked up no coin or jewel to put away in a cabinet. This characteristic of Hawthorne is the more noteworthy because of the moral quality of his work. A mere story-teller may naturally keep his narrative on the go, as we say, — that is one of the chief secrets of his art; but Hawthorne was not a mere story-teller. He was a moralist, — Emerson himself hardly more so; yet he has never a moral sentence. The fact is, he did not make sentences; he made books. The story, not the sentence, nor even the paragraph or the chapter, was the unit. The general truth — the moral — informed the work. Not only was it not affixed as a label; it was not given anywhere a direct and separable verbal expression. If the story does not convey it to you, you will never get it. Hawthorne, in short, was what, for lack of a better word, we may call a literary artist.

Emerson and Thoreau, on the other hand, were journalizers. Their life was not to create, but to think, to see, to read, and to set down the results of it all, day by day. When Emerson would make a piece of literature, — a lecture, or an essay, or even a book, — he sought out related paragraphs from his diary, dovetailed them together, disguising the joints more or less successfully, as it might happen, — it was no great matter,

—added collateral ideas as they occurred to him, and the job was done. It was done the more easily because the journal was not a receptacle for impressions hastily noted. Sentence and paragraph had been assiduously finished to a word, turned this way and that and settled finally into shape, before they went into it; for a journal, with him, was not a collection of rough jewels, but a drawer full of pearls and precious stones, each carefully cut and polished, ready for the setting or the string.

And what was true of Emerson was true in a good degree of Thoreau, who followed the same general method, but with a less pronounced and continuous effect of discontinuity: partly, it would appear, because of a difference in the turn of his mind (more given to reason, and less to intuition), and partly because of the narrative form into which his natural historical bent almost of necessity carried him, — a form by which pages and whole chapters of his work are held pretty closely together.

If with Hawthorne we put Irving, — who was like him so far as the point now under consideration is concerned, fluidity of style and an absence of “passages,” — we have four of our American classics in well-contrasted pairs. One, we may say, did work that was like tapestry, woven throughout; the other’s product was rather like patchwork, — composed of rare and valuable stuff, but still patchwork.

This comparison, be it understood, is not to be taken as an attempt to settle a question of comparative rank. A contrast is not of itself an appraisal, nor a figure of speech an end of the argument. And after all, if figures of speech are to be regarded, a floor of tiles may be as beautiful, and even as “artistic,” as the finest of woven carpets. Let comparisons go. We may study differences without exalting one or depreciating another. Of the four writers now named, we are not to say that any one was greater

than all the rest. Each had his superiorities and his inferiorities, the second necessary concomitants of the first; for every virtue casts its shadow.

Emerson, for his part, seems to have been keenly aware of the disconnectedness of his work, — his “formidable tendency to the lapidary style,” he terms it, — and even to have accepted it as a defect. “I dot evermore in my endless journal, a line on every knowable in nature,” he writes to Carlyle; “but the arrangement loiters long, and I get a brick-kiln instead of a house.” That was one face of the medal; but his “bricks” are now of more value than many another man’s streetful of buildings.

Thoreau, though he too had his humble moods, was in general more self-reliant — or at least more self-assertive — than his older friend and master. He *believed* in the “lapidary style,” or in some wholesome approach to it; and what he believed in he would stand up for. “We hear it complained of some works of genius,” he says, “that they have fine thoughts, but are irregular and have no flow. But even the mountain peaks on the horizon are, to the eye of science, parts of one range.” He is defending Emerson, — though he does not name him, — and, indirectly, himself; and with the same end in view he goes on to praise Sir Walter Raleigh, whose style, he says, has a natural emphasis, like a man’s tread, “and a breathing space between the sentences.” And he declares, correctly enough, that what the ignorant applaud as a “flow” of style is much of it nothing but a “rapid trot.”

One thing is certain: a man must work according to his own method. For him that is the best method, and indeed the only one. Carlyle entreated Emerson to “become concrete, and write in prose the straightest way.” “I wish you would take an American Hero, one whom you really love; and give us a History of him, — make an artistic bronze statue (in good words) of his Life and

him. I do indeed." Thoreau's appeal to Emerson is for exactly the opposite: less art, if need be, and less concreteness, but more "far-off heats," more "stardust and undissolvable nebulae." To that end he turns Emerson's own verse against him. "From *his*

'lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle.'

And yet, sometimes,

We should not mind if on our ear there fell
Some less of cunning, more of oracle."

Clever critics, both of them, the Scotchman and the Yankee; but meanwhile, between the two fires, Emerson kept on polishing pearls and cutting cameos, with hardly so much as an attempt at an "artistic bronze statue." The author of the essay on Self-Reliance knew that a man must work with his own mind, as he must wear his own face; that no method is so good or so bad but that it may be damaged by an attempt to make it as good as another's.

And admirable as artistic perfection and absolute unity are, there remains a place, and a high place, for works of another order. All the world, even the stickler for classical perfection, loves a good sentence. Blessed is the writer who now and then says something. We forgive him for carelessness of construction, and, almost, for every other literary fault, if once in a while — not *too* infrequently — he packs wit or wisdom into a score of memorable words.

In speaking of a quotable style, we are not thinking of works like the Wisdom of Solomon, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and the Thoughts of Pascal and Joubert, books that are nothing but collections of maxims and aphorisms; nor even of books like Bacon's Essays or Amiel's Journal, that come near to falling under the same head. To find a happy and pregnant sentence in such a place is like taking an apple out of a dish and eating it at the table; to run upon one in the reading of a *book* is like plucking an apple from a wayside

tree in the midst of a half-day ramble and munching it on the road. The fruit may be as fair and well-flavored in the first case as in the second, but what a difference in the relish of it! It is one thing to receive a coin over the banker's counter, and another to pick a nugget out of the gravel. In reading, as well as anywhere else, a man enjoys the thrill of discovery.

Here, in great part, lies the enduring charm of an author like Montaigne, who wrote without plan, rambling at his own sweet will, never sticking to his text, and never so much as dreaming of unity or anything else that could be called "artistic," yet making a book to live forever. As Sainte-Beuve says, you may open it at what page you will, and be in what mood you may, and you are sure to find a wise thought expressed in lively and durable phrase, a beautiful meaning set in a single strong line. And the best of it all is that these fine sentences, so detachable and memorable, are written like all the rest of the essay, and are part and parcel of it. No attention is called to them; they call no attention to themselves. They drop on the page, and the pen runs on. Seemingly, it was as easy for the writer to set down a "durable" phrase — done once for all and past all bettering — as to mention the kind of fish he preferred or any other trivial every-day matter. His good things are never tainted with smartness, the besetting vice of sentence-makers in general, nor have they at all the appearance of things designed to nudge the reader, to keep him awake, as if the writer had said to himself, "Go to, let us brighten up the discussion a bit."

A gift of this sort comes mostly by nature, but no one ever wrote much and well without arriving at some pretty definite notions as to the art of writing; and so it was with Montaigne. If his style was discursive, formless, highly sententious, and yet to an extraordinary degree familiar, he was not only aware of the

fact, but gloried in it. He loved a natural and plain way of speaking, he tells us; the same on paper as in the mouth; juicy and sinewy (*succulent et nerveux*), irregular, incontinuous and bold, every piece a body by itself, — “a soldier-like style.” Fine words he had no place for. “May I never use any other language than what is used in the markets of Paris!” he exclaims. As for mere rhetoric, he held it cheap, as every good writer does. Word painting, no matter how well done, is “easily obscured by the lustre of a simple truth.” But a good sentence, a thing worth saying and well said, he believed to be always in order. “If it is not good for what went before nor for what comes after, it is good in itself.” He praises Tacitus for being “full of sentences.” And therein, perhaps, as in Thoreau’s eulogy of Sir Walter Raleigh, we may see the author defending his own practice. There is no neater way of speaking well of ourselves than by complimenting our own special virtues in the person of another. In truth, however, Montaigne had no need to apologize, even with indirectness. His “good sentences” are not only good in themselves, but good for what precedes and follows. They are never stuck on nor thrust in. On the contrary, as has been already observed, they are sure to be part of the very substance of the essay itself. You will never find Montaigne writing or retaining a paragraph for the sake of its snapper, like those authors of whom he said that they would “go a mile out of their way to run after a fine word.”

There is a natural relation, it would seem, between a quotable style and a fondness for quoting. If a man’s own thought falls easily into well-minted, separable phrases, he will almost of course be appreciative of similar aphoristic turns of speech in the works of others. So we find Montaigne’s pages bespattered from top to bottom with extracts from the philosophers and poets

of an older time. As years passed, and successive editions of the book were published, the quotations grew steadily more and more numerous, till some of the essays seemed in danger of losing their identity and becoming hardly more than leaves out of a commonplace book.

And as it was with the Frenchman, so was it with our two Concord philosophers, Emerson and Thoreau. They were almost as fond of others’ bright things as of their own. And the same may be said of their contemporary and critic, Lowell, who, like them, was also a master of the phrase, a putter forth of “stamped sentences,” like gold and silver coins, as one of his admirers has called them. He too is always offering us a nugget out of another man’s pack. All three of these men, be it added, borrowed not only with freedom, but with great advantage to their own work. They had a right to borrow, being in good measure original in their very quotations, because, as has been remarked of Montaigne, “they employed them only when they found in them an idea of their own, or had been struck by them in a new and singular manner.”

But what a change when we turn to Hawthorne! His work is all of a piece, woven in his own loom. As nobody quotes him, so he quotes nobody. Inverted commas are as scarce on his pages as November violets are in the Concord meadows. You will find them, but you will have to search for them. On Thoreau’s page they are thick as violets in May.

We were not undertaking to determine rank or to appraise values, we said, but so much as this we will venture upon suggesting: that a piece of pure art — *The Scarlet Letter*, if you will — is not, on that ground alone, to be considered as worthier in itself, or better assured of lasting honor, than some work less perfectly constructed, but, it may be, more nobly inspired. In the final result of things, literary merit and literary fame

are not portioned out by any critical yardstick. Lowell complained of Thoreau that "he had no artistic power such as controls a great work to the serene balance of completeness." True enough. It is the same criticism which Carlyle, and Arnold after him, brought against Emerson; in whose case, also, we need not dispute the point. But Lowell said further of Thoreau, "His work gives me the feeling of a sky full of stars;" and again: "As we read him, it seems as if all-out-of-doors had kept a diary and become its own Montaigne. . . . Compared with his, all other books of similar aim, even White's *Selborne*, seem dry as a country clergyman's meteorological journal in an old almanac." In other words, Thoreau was not an artist, but he did something new, and something grandly worth doing. Emerson, likewise, was not an artist; but the critic who tells us so tells us in the same breath that Emerson's essays are the most important work done in English prose during the present century.

Whether Emerson will outlive Hawthorne, or Hawthorne outlive Emerson, who can say? It would be rash guessing to attempt a prophecy. As for Thoreau, there are some who would bid higher for his chance of immortality than for that of either of his two famous townsmen.

Let such things turn out as they may, Emerson and Thoreau have each given to American literature, and better still to American life, something that can never be lost, even though their works and their names together should be forgotten; and they have done this partly by reason of their very limitations, their making of sentences and paragraphs — portable wisdom — instead of "artistic bronze statues." "Wisdom is the principal thing," said an ancient writer; and

an English critic and statesman of our own day has uttered the same truth in more modern fashion. "Aphorism or maxim," says Mr. John Morley, "let us remember that this wisdom of life is the true salt of literature; that those books, at least in prose, are most nourishing which are most richly stored with it; and that it is one of the main objects, apart from the mere acquisition of knowledge, which men ought to seek in the reading of books."

Yes, and it is one of the objects that men do seek; for the history of literature proves abundantly that the world keeps a relish for that which feeds the soul as well as for that which ministers to the passion for beauty; if it crowns the literary artist, it has a wreath also for his humbler brother — if he *is* humbler — the originator and disseminator of thought. For it is to be considered that a man with a genius for writing is not therefore a man of original ideas, or indeed, so far as the necessity of the case goes, of any ideas at all. His gift may be — nay, perhaps is likely to be — purely artistic and literary, a faculty for seeing and describing. Thus we read of Sterne that he was a great author, "not because of great thoughts, for there is scarcely a sentence in his writings which can be called a thought, . . . but because of his wonderful sympathy with and wonderful power of representing simple human nature." Obviously, it is not to such as he that we are to go in search of wisdom. The man who furnishes us with that commodity, the quotable man, be his rank higher or lower, is one who thinks, or, lacking that, has an instinct for the discovery and expression of thought, — a man under the friction of whose pen ideas crystallize into handy and final shape, and so become current coin.

Bradford Torrey.

A WINTER HOLIDAY.

TO T. B. M.

IN the crowd that thronged the pierhead, come to see their friends take ship
 For new ventures in seafaring, when the hawsers were let slip
 And we swung out in the current, with good-bys on every lip,

'Midst the waving caps and kisses, as we dropped down with the tide
 And the faces blurred and faded, last of all your hand I spied
 Signaling, Farewell! Good fortune! Then my heart rose up and cried:

"While the world holds one such comrade, whose sweet durable regard
 Would so speed my safe departure, lest home-leaving should be hard,
 What care I who keeps the ferry, whether Charon or Cunard!"

Then we cleared the bar, and laid her on the course, the thousand miles
 From the Hook to the Bahamas, from midwinter to the isles
 Where frost never laid a finger, and eternal summer smiles.

Three days through the surly storm-beat, while the surf-heads threshed and
 flew,

And the rolling mountains thundered to the trample of the screw,
 The black liner heaved and scuffled and strained on, as if she knew.

On the fourth, the round blue morning sparkled there, all light and breeze,
 Clean and tenuous as a bubble blown from two immensities,
 Shot and colored with sheer sunlight and the magic of those seas.

In that bright new world of wonder, it was life enough to laze
 All day underneath the awnings, and through half-shut eyes to gaze
 At the marvel of the sea blue; and I faltered for a phrase

Should half give you the impression, tell you how the very tint
 Justified your finest daring, as if Nature gave the hint,
 "Plodders, see Imagination set his pallet without stint!"

Cobalt, gobelin, and azure, turquoise, sapphire, indigo,
 Changing from the spectral bluish of a shadow upon snow
 To the deep of Canton china, — one unfathomable glow.

And the flying fish, — to see them in a scurry lift and flee,
 Silvery as the foam they sprang from, fragile people of the sea,
 Whom their heart's great aspiration for a moment had set free.

From the dim and cloudy ocean, thunder-centred, rosy-verged,
 At the lord sun's Sursum Corda, as implicit impulse urged,
 Frail as vapor, fine as music, these bright spirit things emerged;

Like those flocks of small white snowbirds we have seen start up before
Our brisk walk in winter weather by the snowy Scituate shore;
And the tiny shining sea folk brought you back to me once more.

So we ran down Abaco; and passing that tall sentinel
Black against the sundown, sighted, as the sudden twilight fell,
Nassau light; and the warm darkness breathed on us from breeze and swell.

Stand-by bell and stop of engine, clank of anchor going down,
And we're riding in the roadstead off a twinkling-lighted town,
Low dark shore with boom of breakers and white beach the palm trees crown.

In the soft wash of the sea air, on the long swing of the tide,
Just for once, the voyage ended, dream come true, to have descried
The Hesperides in moonlight on mid-ocean where they ride!

Surely those Hesperidean islands lived for you and me.
Just beyond the lost horizon, every time we looked to sea
From Testudo, there they floated, looming plain as plain could be.

Who believed us? "Myth and fable are a science in our time."
"Never saw the sea that color." "Never heard of such a rhyme."
Well, we've proved it, prince of idlers, — knowledge wrong and faith sublime.

Right were you to follow fancy, give the vaguer instinct room
In a heaven of clear color, where the spirit might assume
All her elemental beauty, past the fact of sky or bloom.

Paint the vision, not the view, — the touch that bids the sense good-by,
Lifting spirit at a bound beyond the frontiers of the eye,
To superb unguessed dominions of the soul's credulity.

Never yet was painter, poet, born content with things that are, —
Must divine from every beauty other beauties greater far,
Till the arc of truth be circled, and her lantern blaze, a star.

This alone is art's ambition, to arrest with form and hue
Dominant ungrasped ideals, known to credence, hid from view,
In a mimic of creation, — to the life, yet fairer too, —

Where the soul may take her pleasure, contemplate perfection's plan,
And returning bring the tidings of his heritage to man, —
News of continents uncharted she has stood tiptoe to scan.

So she fires his gorgeous fancy with a cadence, with a line,
Till the artist wakes within him, and the toiler grows divine,
Shaping the rough world about him nearer to some fair design.

Every heart must have its Indies, — an inheritance unclaimed
In the unsubstantial treasure of a province never named,
Loved and longed for through a lifetime, dull, laborious, and unfamed,

Never wholly disillusioned. *Spiritus*, read, *hæres sit*
Patriæ quæ tristia nescit. This alone the great king writ
 O'er the tomb of her he cherished in this fair world she must quit.

Love in one farewell forever, taking counsel to implore
 Best of human benedictions on its dead, could ask no more.
 The heart's country for a dwelling, this at last is all our lore.

But the fairies at your cradle gave you craft to build a home
 In the wide bright world of color, with the cunning of a gnome;
 Blessed you so above your fellows of the tribe that still must roam.

Still across the world they go, tormented by a strange unrest,
 And the unabiding spirit knocks forever at their breast,
 Bidding them away to fortune in some undiscovered West;

While at home you sit and call the Orient up at your command,
 Master of the iris seas and Prospero of the purple land.
 Listen: here was one world corner matched the cunning of your hand.

Not, my friend, since we were children, and all wonder tales were true, —
 Jason, Hengist, Hiawatha, fairy prince or pirate crew, —
 Was there ever such a landing in a country strange and new.

Up the harbor where there gathered, fought and reveled many a year,
 Swarthy Spaniard, lost Lucayan, Loyalist, and Buccaneer,
 "Once upon a time" was now, and "far across the sea" was here.

Tropic moonlight, in great floods and fathoms, pouring through the trees,
 On a ground as white as sea froth, its fantastic traceries,
 While the poincianas, rustling like the rain, moved in the breeze,

Showed a city, coral-streeted, melting in the mellow shine,
 Built of creamstone and enchantment, fairy work in every line,
 In a velvet atmosphere that bids the heart her haste resign.

Thanks to Julian Hospitator, saint of travelers by sea,
 Roving minstrels and all boatmen, — just such vagabonds as we, —
 On the shaded wharf we landed, rich in leisure, hale and free.

What more would you for God's creatures, but the little tide of sleep?
 In a clean white room I wakened, saw the careless sunlight peep
 Through the roses at the window, lay and listened to the creep

Of the soft wind in the shutters, heard the palm tops stirring high,
 And that strange mysterious shuffle of the slipshod foot go by.
 In a world all glad with color, gladdest of all things was I:

In a quiet convent garden, tranquil as the day is long,
 Here to sit without intrusion of the world, or strife, or wrong, —
 Watch the lizards chase each other, and the green bird make his song;

Warmed and freshened, lulled yet quickened in that paradisal air,
Motherly and uncapricious, healing every hurt or care,
Wooring body, mind, and spirit firmly back to strong and fair;

By the Angelus reminded, silence waits the touch of sound,
As the soul waits her awaking to some Gloria profound;
Till the mighty Southern Cross is lighted at the day's last bound.

And if ever your fair fortune make you good St. Vincent's guest,
At his door take leave of trouble, welcomed to his decent rest,
Of his ordered peace partaker, by his solace healed and blessed;

Where this flowered cloister garden, hidden from the passing view,
Lies behind its yellow walls in prayer the holy hours through;
And beyond, that fairy harbor, floored in malachite and blue.

In that old white-streeted city gladness has her way at last;
Under burdens finely poised, and with a freedom unsurpassed,
Move the naked-footed bearers in the blue day deep and vast.

This is Bay Street, broad and low-built, basking in its quiet trade;
Here the sponging fleet is anchored; here shell trinkets are displayed;
Here the cable news is posted daily; here the market's made,

With its oranges from Andros, heaps of yam and tamarind,
Red-juiced shaddocks from the Current, ripened in the long trade wind,
Gaudy fish from their sea gardens, yellow-tailed and azure-finned.

Here a group of diving boys in bronze and ivory, bright and slim,
Sparkling copper in the high noon, dripping loin-cloth, polished limb,
Poised a moment, and then plunged in that deep daylight green and dim.

Here the great rich Spanish laurels spread across the public square
Their dense solemn shade; and near by, half within the open glare,
Mannerly in their clean cottons, knots of blacks are waiting there

By the courthouse, where a magistrate is hearing cases through,
Dealing justice prompt and level, as the sturdy English do,—
One more tent-peg of the Empire, holding that great shelter true.

Last the picture from the town's end, palmed and foam-fringed through the cane,
Where the gorgeous sunset yellows pour aloft, and spill, and stain
The pure amethystine sea and far faint islands of the main.

Loveliest of the Lucayas, peace be yours till time be done!
In the gray North I shall see you, with your white streets in the sun,
Old pink walls and purple gateways, where the lizards bask and run;

Where the great hibiscus blossoms in their scarlet loll and glow,
And the idling gay bandannas through the hot noons come and go,
While the ever stirring sea wind sways the palm tops to and fro.

Far from stress and storm forever, dream behind your jealousies,
While the long white lines of breakers crumble on your reefs and keys,
And the crimson oleanders burn against the peacock seas.

Bliss Carman.

NASSAU, N. P.

THE LARGEST LIFE.

I LIE upon my bed and hear and see.
The moon is rising through the glistening trees;
And momentarily a great and sombre breeze,
With a vast voice returning fitfully,
Comes like a deep-toned grief, and stirs in me,
Somehow, by some inexplicable art,
A sense of my soul's strangeness, and its part
In the dark march of human destiny.
What am I, then, and what are they that pass
Yonder, and love and laugh, and mourn and weep?
What shall they know of me, or I, alas!
Of them? Little. At times, as if from sleep,
We waken to this yearning passionate mood,
And tremble at our spiritual solitude.

Nay, never once to feel we are alone,
While the great human heart around us lies;
To make the smile on other lips our own,
To live upon the light in others' eyes;
To breathe without a doubt the limpid air
Of that most perfect love that knows no pain;
To say, I love you, only, and not care
Whether the love come back to us again, —
Divinest self-forgetfulness, at first
A task, and then a tonic, then a need;
To greet with open hands the best and worst,
And only for another's wound to bleed:
This is to see the beauty that God meant,
Wrapped round with life, ineffably content.

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the great human soul complete her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appall,
To listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all;
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,

- That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul:
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

Archibald Lampman.

BENEDICTUS.

For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!

Our tide of fortune was at flood;
We were content to live for gains;
Our flesh was flaccid, and our blood
But tamely tintured in our veins.
Thou sawest, and didst lift thy rod:
Stern was thy face.

For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!

For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!

Such soul of pity for thine own,
Suffering worse than only death,
As made the heart in us to groan
As groaneth one who travaileth.
Not peace thou gavest, but a sword
To us, thy ranks.

For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!

For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!

Our bullets buttoning the bond
'Twixt us and ours across the sea;
Our armor all unhalting donned
By South and North, from ranch to quay;
Our common love of flag and sod,
Leveling race.

For what we have received, O God,
We give thee grace!

For what we have received, O Lord,
We offer thanks!

Thy meat of mercy and thy cup
Of bitter weeping for our slain,
Whereby we may be lifted up,
And not cast down nor broke in twain;

Such is the Death the Soldier Dies.

The holy hope wherefor we warred,
 In one phalanx.
 For what we have received, O Lord,
 We offer thanks !

We offer thanks, we give thee grace,
 O Lord our God,
 For all thy measure of success,
 Thy light, thy strength, thy guiding hand !
 And now we call on thee to bless
 Our tested and triumphant land.
 Meek make our hearts, lest thou shouldst trace
 There "Ichabod."
 We offer thanks, we give thee grace,
 O Lord our God !

Julie M. Lippmann.

SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES.

SUCH is the death the soldier dies : —
 He falls, — the column speeds away ;
 Upon the dabbled grass he lies,
 His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke wraiths drift among the trees,
 The battle storms along the hill ;
 The glint of distant arms he sees,
 He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
 And vanish in the rolling din :
 He knows the sweeping charge is made,
 The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
 He faintly calls and seeks to rise ;
 But weakness drags him to the ground : —
 Such is the death the soldier dies.

Robert Burns Wilson.

THE UPBUILDING OF THE THEATRE.

OF the few great plays seen in the United States most are given in foreign tongues. In New York, last season, but six of the classics were presented in English, and many more in German and Italian. Our theatres are devoted to the play of the year, and, as but one drama out of a thousand is great in any age, our regular "rounder" may be privileged, after some years of first nights, to behold one work of art, while the frequenter of the subsidized homes of the drama in Germany and France continually sees the selected masterpieces of centuries. Unless theatres can be conducted partly in the love of art, instead of wholly in the worship of mammon, the regeneration of our drama will be slow. Since our traditions are against government subvention, our main hope lies in generous individuals, who freely support institutions of learning and orchestras which could not exist without assistance. The ragged Italians on the Bowery in New York give their mites to a theatre in which Shakespeare is played as often as two evenings a week, and the Jews on that thoroughfare listen to the modern classics in Hebrew. On Irving Place, in the same city, Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing, with their worthiest successors, are interspersed with French and English dramatic literature. Meanwhile, in English, one prominent theatre in this whole nation has a few of the classics in its repertory.

"Unless," said George Henry Lewes in 1867, writing of the drift of our plays toward cheap diversion, "unless a frank recognition of this inevitable tendency cause a decided separation of the drama which aims at art from those theatrical performances which only aim at amusement of a lower kind (just as classic music keeps aloof from all contact and all rivalry with comic songs and senti-

mental ballads), and unless this separation takes place in a decisive restriction of one or more theatres to the special performance of comedy and the poetic drama, the final disappearance of the art is near at hand." Aid to the sinking art would not benefit exclusively the scholarly few, for the people would receive not only the indirect advantage which they have in any advance in education, but also a direct influence. In Europe the poor flock to the best plays, especially on Sundays and holidays, and the effect of the theatre is often strong. An elevated drama makes them talk and think. The older Germans in New York go home to discuss the play. Their children, already Americanized, demand farce. To stir up thought is the essence of education. Nothing moves vicious spectators to keener emotion than stage morality, but the melodramatic virtue is a debauch without lasting traces on character, — wherein it differs from sound art, the results of which are substantial.

A few actors would find in a theatre wisely endowed a haven of content. They could not be the majority, — only a handful who care less for display, conspicuousness, and money than they care for good plays, ensemble performances, and critical audiences. Such a company would be small and permanent, housed in a building which should allow rapid speaking and easy hearing. The task of forming the company would require patience, since most desirable actors would be wary until they saw success already accomplished. Once thoroughly organized, the troupe would know few changes except from death, age, and the occasional defection of some players who, like Rachel, Bernhardt, and Coquelin, might prefer to star with bad companies and lower their methods to a coarser audience. In England and America most

actors have no training in playing neatly into one another's parts; and when they are finished and well proportioned in their art, it is in spite of their environment. To get together a company in which the actors could do "team" work in classic drama would require years, even if the comparison were, not with the subsidized theatres of Europe, but with the disciplined playing which may be seen in the German theatre in New York.

Another difficulty is the dearth of playwrights. Although masterpieces of other times would furnish part of the repertory, one blessing of an endowed theatre should be the proper production of contemporary dramas not written wholly for money. No such sudden fortunes could be made as spring up from "runs" in the present system. The Little Minister might have lived longer had it been acted at an endowed theatre, but Mr. Barrie could not possibly in so short a time have earned so much in royalties. Perhaps a theatre conducted for art would for many years have to take mainly those plays which had already spent their first vogue, and those which were somewhat beside the taste of our managers and their audiences. It might receive help from dramatists who shrank from the compromises — the alterations in the text, the uneven casts — of the commercial companies. As soon as the performances were recognized as the most artistic in the country, support from leading playwrights would not be lacking; and, on the other hand, the mere existence of such a theatre, with its traditions and its patrons, would do much to stimulate dramatic production among literary men who now feel alienated from the stage. Some of the foreign plays of the day should be given, but the best success would not be reached until the theatre became primarily American. "Out on the good-humored notion of procuring for the Germans a national theatre," cried Lessing, "when they are not yet a nation! I speak, not

of our political constitution, but of our social character, which might almost be said to consist in not desiring to have any social individuality." Bad art would not be favored, whatever its birthplace, nor would any American institution have the exclusiveness of the French, but rather the catholicity of the German theatres; yet certainly the keenest satisfaction to the supporters of such a theatre would come when the work of art which it nourished sprang from our own conditions.

Attempts to maintain a theatre on a proper basis have hitherto failed, but they have been few, feeble, and mistaken. Only last year, an independent theatre company, organized in New York to advertise a cheap periodical, gave two of the best performances of the year, John Gabriel Borkmann and El Gran Galeato, at slight cost. The actor-manager theatres, which flourish in England, have failed here in the hands of Booth and Mansfield, — not the worst misfortune, since in such houses dramas old and new are cut to the measure of the actor, but yet regrettable, for, in spite of this distortion, these theatres are the best in Great Britain, inferior as they are to the subsidized companies of the Continent. There is no road to the best but endowment. Our millionaires are generous. The task is to touch motives in them which shall divert some fortune from hospitals and colleges to the drama. Once established, the theatre would find supporters; but first must come the man who believes in plays as Mr. Higginson in Boston believes in music. In Chicago it is a distinction to be a guarantor of the Thomas concerts. Honor and fame lie before the founder of our first permanent and independent theatre. But he will need wealth, discretion, and patience. He must not expect everything in a year, and he must not measure success by receipts. To advance serenely, slowly, to be content with a small building, winning every

month the confidence of a few more persons, acquiring better actors, losing less money every year than the year before, — this task would require a man of settled conviction. Yet were he the right man his millions might be as fertile in benefits as the millions of any man who has established a university.

It is easier to see that the English-speaking stage, especially the American, is degenerate, than to find the reason. Literary talent seldom goes into the drama; the managers are not artists, and the audience is untutored. Causes have been suggested, from farcical to philosophic. One scientific mind finds the germ in the tendency of people to dine too late, another in the influence of the music halls, a third in the price of seats, and a Frenchman in the excitement on the stage of the world. When streets and newspapers are crowded with gigantic farces and melodramas, why pay to see puny plays by make-believe actors in tiny theatres? Why waste substance on a poor imitation? asks the frivolous Gaul. "Shakespeare and Balzac are no longer with us, but reality, as it is to-day, made more clear and more dramatic, tortured and illuminated as it is, would discourage even them, and what they saw would force them to renounce what they were able to imagine." A merchant of Paris explains the loosening grasp of the theatre by the reflective pessimism of all disinterested persons capable of observation and judgment. In many of our accomplished dramatists there is a tone of sadness and disquiet. "The expression of this pessimism differs with the temperaments of men, but under the hard logic of one, under the melancholy of another, under the subtle and bitter philosophy of a third, there is always the same disapprobation, either expressed or suggested, of all that they observe. At the theatre, whether the piece be of M. Hervieu, of M. Henri Lavedan, of M. Maurice Donnay, of M. Brieux, it leaves the heart pinched and dry, after

having laughed or cried. The droller the piece, the more bitter it is." It is not merely satire, but "ensemble condemnation, ironical or terrible, of the whole social system. To find a parallel we must revert to the time of Voltaire and of Beaumarchais. But then they demolished with joy, with a wonderful plan for ideal reconstruction before their eyes. Now we swing the destructive axe with a tired hand, with a resigned nihilism, which says, all is bad, and all will be worse." The Figaro tried to console the discouraged frequenter of the theatre by telling him not to think so much, to dine oftener and to be happy, adding that everybody has not the privilege of dining.

Really he is worthy of notice, because he represents, in one form, the dislike of the middle class, more in this country than in his, to any reflection not obviously cheerful or sentimental, — a taste which guides comedy toward farce, and tragedy into the path of melodrama.

The degeneration of the drama is probably to be sought in the audience even more than the deterioration of the audience can be traced to the drama. The more ignorant spectators, who formerly followed the lead of the educated, now read, have opinions and enforce them. Caliban is in power and sits in judgment at the theatre. Other forms of art can survive for the few, but plays must reach the heart of all, or managers will none of them. A comedy must suit the gentleman who says, in one of our farces, "I hate to talk about myself, but I know more about art than any man as raises hogs in these United States." In deferring to this expert the manager argues that he gives the public what it wants, — which is incompletely true. He guesses at what the majority prefer; but if he misses, far from taking off his play, he uses modern devices to escape loss by foisting his goods on his victims. He manufactures long runs by filling up the theatre with "paper," or by continuing

when the houses are small ; and he sends the plays on the road with the record of a "metropolitan run" to make up their losses by fooling the public. It would be as fair to say that a clever advertiser who sold bad shoes gave the public what it wanted. In this system of making every play pay what it cost, the managers are helped by the critics, most of whom have written plays. A powerful manager can get a drama produced in London which has already failed in America, because an English manager contemplates an American tour.

Some things which the public wants are good for it, and some are not. Certain books which the public keenly desires are forbidden by law. It is not a reasonable standard of judging character that would expect a man to starve for an ideal, but there are men who prefer an ideal with a moderate income to vulgarity and commonplace for the sake of a few thousand dollars more a year. Our managers are, on the whole, an evil influence, because they make no effort to encourage the finer possibilities of the people. In former times the author was everything, except in the case of great actors, and the manager was anonymous ; but if the present rate of progress continue, the author will soon be anonymous, and the players will be prominent only in proportion to their familiarity in the manager's shop. If you are a maker of bicycles, you call them by your name, so that finally the public may know that whatever proceeds from your shop is excellent. What does it care who the workmen are that made the saddles and the tires ? The head of the house is responsible. So, in the drama, why should not the manager concentrate attention on himself, assume credit for whatever his servants, the actors and the playwrights, do, and work up an individual fame for his drama-shop ?

The founder of a theatre devoted to art must refrain from competition with these business men whose brilliant tal-

ents are expended for popular and financial success. The men who once spent their nights in the playhouse now gather in clubs, remain with their wives and children, or, on their occasional visits to the theatre, demand pieces suitable to those invaluable ornaments of society, so that even the domestic virtues seem arrayed against the reformer. His only hope of victory lies in a sagacious choice of his battleground. Competition in pecuniary gain spells disaster. Record-breaking runs, sensationally crowded houses, a large theatre and company, fancy prices, would lead him to ruin. It is in art only that he must compete, satisfied with virtuous progress. Mr. Gladstone, dogmatic theologian though he was, said that the menace to spiritual life to-day lay, not in the scientific spirit, but in the love of money. No improvement in any art need be expected while the dollar is the test of worth.

The reasonable economy of such an enterprise would consist almost wholly in this rigid limitation of the objects sought. The play and the acting should be everything. Rivalry in scenery and stage-setting would be unintelligent and wasteful. Dramas to-day are advertised for what they cost. Mr. Charles Frohman's highest praise of *The White Heather* is that thirty thousand dollars were needed to produce it, — a sum which went into numberless paper trees, bilious heather, horses, sheep, dogs, and mechanical diving arrangements. Another manager, recently discussing the attitude of the public toward the dramas of our greatest poet, remarked that his plays require the same attention to realism in stage furnishings, the same elegance of appointments, as a modern play, and these things are more difficult and more expensive in a Shakespearean production. Nothing does more to kill drama than extravagance in accessories. Scenery is expensive, plays are judged by the mounting, and it is necessary to run one drama continuously to pay for its dress. We

cannot have several plays a week when each must be decked out like a Hebrew belle. The tragic quality of *Macbeth* is smothered in Sir Henry's magnificent adornments. High drama is degraded, and tawdry concoctions like *A Lady of Quality* ride to glory on the richness of their trappings. The worship of stage moonlight, glass dewdrops, revolving forests of Arden, and mahogany doors deepens every year, so that there is now a hope that the evil may die of its own excess. Perhaps the invention of the great American biograph will relieve the pressure, diverting the spectacle-loving audiences to separate houses, limiting the others to mere drama and acting.

The stage depends upon the eye as well as the ear, else it would add nothing to the reading drama, and all great playwrights have written much of which the value is appreciated only in representation. The expression of the actor likewise should be as much in outward motion as in delivery. One famous critic, carrying the words in his memory, used to stop his ears, to judge the pantomime, — the acting, in the strictest sense. A play is something more than dramatic literature, but what we need to remember is that it is something more than spectacle. *Twelfth Night* is corrupted to enable an actress to wear good clothes, and I was puzzled for some time by the phrase "costume plays" among stage people, until I discovered that it included all historical drama. The Greeks paid little attention to costume. The acting and the play were the centres of their attention. "Scenery, indeed," says Aristotle briefly, "has an emotional attraction of its own, but of all the parts [of a play] it is the least artistic and connected least with the art of poetry." "Some have insinuated," records Colley Cibber, two centuries ago, "that fine scenes proved the ruin of acting."

In the expenses of an endowed theatre, the two greatest savings would be

in the small size and moderate salaries of the company, and in frugal setting, but it would be remembered that acting is far more intimately connected with the drama than are any accessories. Even Lessing, strict as he was from the intellectual point of view, favored, in his experiment with the Hamburg Theatre, the retention of some plays merely because of the opportunities they gave certain actors. On the other hand, no attempt to maintain a theatre for intelligent people is likely to succeed without a sharp rejection of the whole tendency away from simplicity in production. Scenery should be a background, hardly noticed, to take the place of stage directions and explanatory dialogue, not an independent attraction. A fair amount of money is spent on scenery at some of the best theatres in Europe, but it is kept in its place.

Dramatists write with an eye to this drift toward undramatic elements, and study real gondolas and boot-trees, giving pages of directions about the flowers and candelabra in a room or the dresses on a woman. Modjeska speaks of "these times of encroaching realism, when modern imagination needs material help to transport itself into another sphere." While a great dramatist says one thing, he sees twenty. What gives his metaphors their illuminating value and great strength is in part their distance from the object. A man of the largest imagination does not stop to say that there are sixteen flowers in a bouquet, or how his hero is dressed from head to foot.

Why has the novel never given us the greatest literature? Because most of it is paltry and of little relevance. It may be a play with every possible stage direction put in. The play is the novel reduced to its elements. The scene in a novel is described at length; the motions of the actors are given; that part of the dialogue is included which ought to be omitted. In two hours the drama gives

us the essentials of what the novel dilutes into three volumes. There is a novel in every drama, but not a play in every novel. It is small art that leaves nothing to the imagination. The playwright whose mind is occupied with how high the lamp is turned is adopting the baggage of the novelist, loading himself with fetters for his own imagination and the imagination of readers or actors. "This showing of everything," says Lamb, "levels all things; it makes bows and courtesies of importance. . . . By actors and judges of acting all these non-essentials are raised into an importance injurious to the play." Where the interest is not in the irrelevant skill of the actor, which Lamb objected to, but in his shoes and the curtains in his room, the harm is infinitely greater. In this respect our metropolitan theatres are the worst. An audience in New York goes to the theatre and talks, not about the essential elements of Pinero and his art, but about the appearance of a local favorite in his new rôle. It applauds, not when the pauses in the dramatic story invite a relaxation of attention, but when a popular actor makes his entrance or a stage waterfall is revealed. Perhaps no Anglo-Saxon public will ever enter into the drama with such whole-souled reality as the French and Italians do, but in smaller cities in the United States there is much more ingenuousness and direct feeling than in the large centres. A play therefore often has on the road a fairer test of its merits. In New York it is personal flavor, the something that lends a kind of piquancy to the idea of the player, which makes a favorite, and, curious as it may seem, art has a better chance, in proportion to personal idiosyncrasy, in Cincinnati or in Cleveland. The overemphasis of scenery, costumes, and properties is made in New York for the same reasons. If you are self-conscious at the theatre, if you go there neither to lose yourself in the play nor to get the idea of it, but to gossip about

persons on the stage, you will desire a setting which is not barely what is needed for background and suggestion, but which gives you a lot of little points to notice and chat about. You like to see a pretty lake in the middle distance or a "taking" gown on Miss So-and-So. It is a lack of true, vital love of the drama, a jaded palate and a desire to be amused. Any art is in a period of decay when it runs into meaningless elaboration. An ideal theatre should seek to bring back the public to creation, away both from frivolous amusement and from imitation of the insignificant. I believe Goethe called such art pathological reality. At any rate, he reminded us of the ape, at large in a library, who made his dinner from a bound volume of beetles, and of the sparrows who pecked at the cherries of a great master.

"Does not that show that the cherries were admirably painted?"

"By no means. It convinces me that some of our connoisseurs are true sparrows. Does not the uncultivated amateur, like the ape, desire work to be natural, that he may enjoy it in a natural, which is often a vulgar way?"

Most of our playwrights to-day are mediocrities, yet we must have so many new dramas a year. The demand makes the supply. What a supply! Whether it be that nineteenth-century life is not conducive to dramatic expression, or whether the cause be less fundamental, the greater number of plays are manufactured by small persons who know nothing but the market. They are dramatists by effort, without genius, with a painstaking knowledge of what will "go" on the stage. Lacking creative genius, illuminating wit, large originality of any kind, they set about to bolster themselves up with something else. They "adapt" very largely, but their adaptations are not re-creations, only patchwork. When they make a new play, it is so rickety that it can run only in one direction; it is spoiled if a man

does not sit down in a particular way on a special kind of sofa. The only things they aim at are little things, and these little things must be done precisely so. The characters tell you nothing, the dialogue nothing, the situations nothing; all must be explained literally by the poor playwright, who therefore becomes the stage manager, as nobody else knows what fine effects he is driving at.

If it were clearly and steadfastly believed that at least one theatre in each great city is to exist for plays of imagination and acting of sustained and even excellence, and not for extravagant competition for effects which are decadent, the endowment required would not be large, compared with American gifts to other institutions. The public and the actors would understand that an intellectual theatre does not mean Browning and Tennyson, but that the greatest literary drama is the greatest acting drama. The smallness of the theatre would be accepted, and a rational scale of salaries — not parsimonious, and yet not an alluring bait — would be the more satisfactory because the employment would be constant. While the practical direction of such a theatre ought to be largely

in the hands of a manager, who should combine intimacy with the stage and familiarity with ideal modes of thought, the safest seat of final control would be a committee, in which various points of view should be represented, all agreeing on the fundamentals. Were I forming such a body, I should let the managerial element be represented by the director of the theatre, the actors by two or three of the most scholarly and disinterested, and I should fill out the committee with unprofessional lovers of the theatre. The dream may never become substantial, for few of us care to live quietly and continuously for a distant good, or to seek our happiness in the service of art. But if a millionaire, devoted to the drama and its larger bearings, should come forward, he would be a benefactor at once to the forsaken few and to the misguided many. A playhouse with a repertory of great plays, kept alive by a body of trained actors, would stand as a reproach to the degraded aims of its companion theatres, it would be a refuge for the worthiest actors, and in widespread and profound public service it would be a worthy rival of any university.

Norman Hapgood.

EXPERIENCES OF A WAR CENSOR.

On April 25, 1898, by direction of the President, the cable telegraph systems, seven in number, having their termini in New York city, were constructively taken into possession of the chief signal officer of the army, who is charged by law with the control of all telegraph and cable lines in the United States, in time of war. The first weeks of the censorship were chiefly employed in keeping from the press information regarding the projected movements of bodies of troops, naval vessels, and transports, and to that

end I was directed to assume control of the cables at New York city in the name of the government.

With the cutting of the cables both east and west of Santiago, and the establishment of censorship at Santiago, Key West, and New York, the efforts of the enemy to procure and to transmit information and orders between their home government and their officers in Cuba became most energetic. After July 10 no line was open by which messages from Spain could reach Cuba except by pass-

ing through American territory. Then the Spanish government resorted to various subterfuges. I frequently stopped messages coming from Madrid addressed to private individuals in Havana, so worded as to be apparently harmless. But we soon learned that certain words were not always intended to convey their ordinary meaning. Such messages as excited the slightest suspicion were stopped in New York. On some days their number would exceed fifty, and in the store-room of one telegraph company the stack of "stopped" or delayed dispatches during the war made a pile more than three feet high.

My most important duty was to edit or to hold back from publication the press dispatches from the seat of war; and there are many keener pleasures than to edit the sensational, if not always truthful narratives of the alert newspaper correspondents, written from their perilous positions. The day after a battle on land or on sea always brought between ten thousand and fifteen thousand words over the Haiti cable, or the land lines which connected at Halifax with the cable that ran to Kingston, Jamaica, via Bermuda. The volume of messages offered for transmission over the Haiti cable, from the day when hostilities began and the dispatch of fleets to Haitian waters was decided upon, became so large that the cable was in use continuously throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, and at no time did it seem safe to the government that the censor should be absent from his office.

A brief account of my daily routine may be interesting. The important task of forwarding the hundreds of messages sent by our own government made it necessary that its official representative should be at the Haitian cable office. Thither, at all hours of the day and night, in an almost endless procession, came the messenger boys of the various companies, each bearing a bundle of telegrams, specially stamped and sealed,

and addressed to the "United States Military Censor."

Official messages of neutral governments, when signed by cabinet ministers or diplomatic or consular representatives, were passed unscrutinized, whether they were written in a code or not; but it required a good memory to keep pace with the changes that were occurring among cabinet officers and others entitled to this privilege. Dispatches in Dutch from the Hague to the governor at Curaçoa, and occasionally a message from a Japanese merchant to a fellow countryman in one of the smaller West Indian islands, indicate the range of languages used, among which were Spanish, Portuguese, French, and German of course. Indeed, we never knew what language we should be called upon to read the next minute. There was no hour of the day or of the night when dispatches, political or commercial, newspaper or private, were not passing to and from every corner of the earth; and despite the large commercial interests of London, not even that city's cable business exceeds New York's. There were often on my desk between twenty and thirty government messages from the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of State, or some one of the bureau chiefs of the two military departments, all waiting to be forwarded and all of the greatest importance. Especially great was the rush between the hours of two and five every afternoon, when the day's orders had been made ready.

Government business took precedence of all press dispatches and every other kind of message awaiting transmission in either direction. As between the various government messages, those of the Navy Department were given the preference until our forces had landed in Cuba; and thereafter those of the War Department, followed by the business of the Navy, the State, and the Post Office Departments, in the order named. But at

all times right of way was given to any government message that plainly called for prompt transmission, regardless of the department whence it came. Occasionally the President issued an order or sent a dispatch in his capacity as commander in chief of all the military and naval forces of the United States; but these were rare occurrences, and their importance always gave them priority. When, toward the end of July, the capture of the province of Santiago was complete, the President issued a proclamation to the people of this newly acquired territory. That message was nearly a thousand words long; and so essential was its accurate transmission that every period, every comma, and every other mark of punctuation was telegraphed to Santiago, and the people of that city, the next morning, had as accurate a copy as was furnished by our own newspapers.

The readers of the daily papers must have become familiar with many names of hitherto unknown telegraph stations, from which many a startling piece of news was dated. Mole St. Nicholas, Caimanera, and Playa del Este are places of which neither the school geographies nor the commercial world, in times of peace, could give us much information; but they became suddenly important, for they were connected with us more or less directly by cable, and many messages were dated from them.

In this short war, not only did the submarine cable, the telegraph, and the telephone play a more prominent part than ever before in any war, but the daring work of the men of the Signal Corps, in their perilous labors of grappling, cutting, and afterward repairing these necessary means of the enemy's communications, deserves a separate recital. The great value of their work was everywhere recognized, but I was often obliged to suppress the accounts of their successes, so that confidential dispatches to and from the enemy might

continue to follow the old route, and thus fall into our hands. It was not by telegraph only that the most important messages came from our armies in Cuba and Porto Rico. Telephone lines supplemented the cable, and land lines extended to the very outposts of our forces and ran to the headquarters of the generals, who were of course in direct communication with the War Department at Washington; and the admiral from his flagship, by the use of his signal flags or "wig-wagging," as the practice is termed, communicated with his representative on shore, who in turn telegraphed what he had signaled.

On the 3d of July, when the situation of our forces before the city of Santiago looked so discouraging, the first intelligence of the destruction of Cervera's fleet was received at the cable office six hours before it was given either to the press or to the public. At half past seven on the evening of that day, a message from Colonel Allen, the signal officer in charge of the cable communications in the vicinity of Santiago, was read from the recording tape of the Haiti cable. It gave the first news of the flight of the Spanish fleet out of the harbor, and told how the vessels, one by one, were either burned or beached. The message was brief, — scarcely twenty-five words in length, — but it was read with joy in the cable office, and hurried by telephone to General Greely, to whom it was addressed, and who chanced to be in New York city that night on government business. At the same time, the message was repeated to the White House and to the Secretary of the Navy over the private wire which ran from the same desk which held the cable instrument.

It was Sunday evening; the following day was to be a holiday, and the newspapers were making up their usual uninteresting Monday edition. What an opportunity for the issue of an extra! But the news was not mine to

give out. The President and his Cabinet received it within five minutes after its receipt in New York, and it was for them to determine the use to be made of it. Swiftly the wires ticked back the wish of the President that the news be guarded until it could be verified, and then at eight o'clock began the effort to confirm, in the shortest possible time, this most startling and gratifying news. General Greely had hurried to the cable office, and messages of inquiry for confirmation of the news and for details were hastily dispatched. The news itself seemed too good to be true, but the signature to the message almost precluded any possibility of a mistake; for Colonel Allen was one of the most careful of officers, and he had probably himself obtained confirmation of the report before he transmitted it. But the President's order was peremptory, — "Hold the news until confirmed." Then followed the anxious hours of waiting by the administration for the details which we were striving to get for them. The time passed slowly, as when one watches by the bedside of a sick person; we bent over the tiny tape of paper, slowly unwinding its coil as it passed beneath the needlelike point of the recorder, making no sign for minutes or for hours of the news so eagerly desired. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, midnight, and still no answer; but in the meantime the line between New York and Washington had not been silent, for the officials at the capital were as impatient as we were. We were obliged to explain to them at frequent intervals the difficulties of cable communication over these lines and through the country from which we were seeking information. When we were about to give up hope of more news, slowly, at nine minutes past midnight, the glass needle of the recorder began to trace in the wavy, threadlike line of deep blue characters which told us that the good news was true. This message also was from Colonel Allen,

and it confirmed his earlier dispatch, and gave the additional information that the whole Spanish fleet had been overtaken and destroyed, and that Admiral Cervera and the survivors of his crew were our prisoners. In one minute this message was in the President's hands at Washington. Then the doors of the cable office, which had been locked during the evening, were opened, and a sigh of grateful relief and congratulation went up from all present.

A supplement to this news, which was one of the most impressive and interesting incidents of my censorship, was the receipt of Admiral Cervera's historic message to General Blanco. I inquired at Washington whether a message from Admiral Cervera, then a prisoner on one of our warships, addressed to Captain-General Blanco, should be allowed to pass New York on its way from Santiago to Havana. The consent of the military authorities was given, and at a later hour I read the surprising message which began with the words: "On the morning of the 3d of July, in accordance with your express orders, I sailed my fleet through the channel of Santiago harbor, meeting the enemy outside, by whom my vessels were engaged, and in succession each burned and destroyed, with the loss of the lives of many of my brave officers and crews. I myself am a prisoner with the survivors." I at once transmitted it to Washington.

During the following days, it was a touching and pathetic part of my duty to read the brief but expressive messages which were sent and received by the officers and men of Cervera's fleet. Some contented themselves, in the first tidings to their families, with the one word that they knew would carry most joy, "Buenos." Others sent longer messages, expressing both comfort and grief: "Well. Am carefully cared for. Pepe dead." But the one idea which seemed to possess them all, indicative of their surprise as well as their happiness, was

in the words "Well cared for," which they knew, by their own preconceived estimates of the Americans, would give the greatest surprise and happiness to those at home. Equally pathetic were the answers which came from many a little hamlet and town in Spain, bringing the first news to the prisoners that their safety was known to their friends, and asking if money or any delicacy or article of clothing were needed which the parent or the wife or the friend could send to lessen the terrors of imprisonment. These messages also it was my fixed policy to hasten to their destinations without loss of time; and great was the delight both of the officers and of their families at the ease of communication between them, in contrast with the difficulties and restrictions of a few days previous.

But the censor's office had other kinds of service to perform than the receiving of news from the front. One day there came a dispatch from a cable ship engaged in cutting or repairing cables off Santiago, saying that the vessel was out of coal. A telegram had been sent by the captain of the vessel to the representative of his company on the island of Martinique, a distance of one thousand miles eastward of Santiago. The need of coal was pressing. The immensely important work of cable cutting and repairing, which was hardly appreciated by the public at that time, was then most active. The fate of the Santiago campaign, if we could but cut Blanco off from Madrid, might depend on the promptness with which a fresh supply of coal could be hurried to this cable vessel. The company's manager at Martinique cabled to the manager in New York a brief cipher message repeating the cable-ship captain's wants. In spite of the hour, — it was midnight, — the New York manager repeated the message by telephone to me at my house up town. I immediately understood the importance of the request; but how could the needs

of the vessel be attended to at that hour of the night? No hours, however, were sacred to the sleep of either cabinet minister or bureau chief in Washington, and a dispatch was sent, to be delivered without delay to the Secretary of the Navy. About two o'clock came a reply from the Secretary, addressed to Admiral Sampson, directing that a collier be sent at once to the relief of the cable vessel. Thus, in three hours this call from a helpless vessel had traveled four thousand miles, had passed through the hands of no fewer than half a dozen officials, and had given another striking proof of the promptness with which the various departments of the government met the demands upon them.

While our government was thus active, Spain was not idle. Many evidences of Spanish activity came under my notice. Many communications were allowed to pass, the messages and answers being carefully copied, so that a decisive move might be made by our government at the right moment, if the Spanish plans were carried out. One Sunday evening, toward the end of July, a harmless-looking dispatch in plain Spanish, between twenty and thirty words long, without signature, addressed to a firm of bankers in New York from a place in the West Indies, attracted my attention. There was nothing in the fact that the message was unsigned to excite my suspicion. Indeed, in ordinary communications between persons well known to one another the signature is usually omitted, as unnecessary and expensive. Nor did the fact that the message was in Spanish make it improper to forward it. But this dispatch was peculiarly frank. It requested that the correspondent in New York hire a steamer of about four hundred tons burden for thirty days; that she be fitted out with a cargo of flour, potatoes, butter, lard, hams and bacon, and other food; that she then be cleared for a port in the neutral island of Jamaica; but that her captain be notified

that his vessel would be met long before she came in sight of British territory, and that he must seek a landing for his cargo at the first convenient point in Cuba where he could evade the blockading fleet. This was delicious, but the sender must not have his fear aroused that his dispatch had been read. The message, therefore, was promptly delivered. Within two or three hours, a dispatch clearly in answer to this message was filed in the office of a different cable company. It acknowledged the receipt of the order to charter the vessel, and named two or three vessels that could be hired. A copy of the message was retained, and further developments were awaited. The following day came the reply in Spanish, naming the vessel to be engaged, and urging the utmost haste in the purchase of her cargo and in her departure for West Indian waters. In this way was accumulated the necessary evidence to connect this firm of bankers with Spain's agent in Jamaica. The custom-house authorities in New York were notified of the vessel's proposed departure, and Secret Service men were sent from Washington by the Secretary of the Treasury to aid in ferreting out the blockade runner. In less than a week fifteen telegrams had passed between the conspirators without a suspicion that their plans were known to the government. The day before the vessel sailed, and while she was yet loading her valuable cargo intended to relieve the Spaniards in Cuba, I strolled, in citizen's dress, to the dock where she lay, and went aboard her unsuspected. I had been ordered to report information about her appearance and cargo, that it might be cabled to Admiral Sampson, who in turn would pass the information to the commanders of the various vessels of his blockading fleet. The camera also was brought into play; early in the morning of the day when the steamer was to sail a photographer passed unnoticed to a little tug anchored off the same pier, and,

on the plea that he wanted to get a view of some adjacent buildings, he took a picture of the trim, rakish little craft with steam up ready to sail. By noon the cable carried to Admiral Sampson the information regarding the vessel and her departure, and a government transport sailing the same day took in its mail bag a little bundle of photographic prints of what proved to be the blockading fleet's next capture.

Hardly had my interest in the fate of this vessel subsided when a new plot was brought to my attention, as ingenious and as daring as any chronicled in fiction. It was nothing more nor less than the capture of an American vessel laden with gold, on her return from the Klondike! That was the bold proposition of some adventurers in British Columbia. At this time the papers were full of reports that several gold-laden vessels were on their way from the Yukon to San Francisco. I read the suggestion when it came, addressed to certain Spanish sympathizers in New York city. They cabled to Spain, but I could not believe that any attempt to capture one of these rich prizes on the far Pacific would be seriously contemplated by the enemy. It was a surprise, therefore, a day or two later, to receive two dispatches from a Spanish cabinet minister in Madrid, one addressed to the Spanish consul at Vancouver, the other to a firm of shipowners in the same place. Only the day before, the newspapers had been spreading the report of the arrival in San Francisco of a vessel with millions of dollars' worth of ore, and announcing that others were coming. I quietly pigeonholed the two messages to Vancouver, and neither the Spanish consul nor the firm of shipowners had a chance to try their skill in capturing a defenseless American vessel in that part of the Pacific. The importance of the telegrams may be guessed when it is recalled that for a week the Spanish consul in Vancouver and his government in Madrid made numerous

and frantic efforts to communicate with each other, but their messages seemed, for some reason, to stop in New York.

Much has been said and written about the "luck" of the navy during the war, and perhaps the following incident will illustrate the good fortune that followed us. Late one night two messages came in cipher from the Minister of Marine in Madrid, one addressed to the captain of a Spanish warship then cruising off the island of Haiti, the other to the military commander of Spanish forces at San Juan de Porto Rico. The messages were intercepted on their arrival in New York en route to their destinations. They might be harmless, or they might be of the greatest importance to us. The words of the cipher conveyed no meaning, but I knew that the sender and his correspondents were at least not friendly to the United States. By a strange happening, at almost the same moment that they were handed to me I received a message from Santiago, saying that one of our naval officers, while inspecting the hulk of one of the Spanish vessels, had found in her captain's cabin a copy of the cipher code book used by the Spanish naval officers. Could there have been a more startling coincidence? Could any information have come more pat? Here were two messages stopped in the nick of time, and here was the news that the means to decipher them had curiously come into our possession. I telegraphed to the President and the War Department of the interception of the two code messages, told who had sent them and their destinations, and repeated the news of the finding, only a few hours before, of the Spanish naval code book. I suggested that the two messages be cabled to Admiral Sampson. Swiftly the wires brought back the congratulations of the President and the Cabinet, who chanced to be in conference. Orders were given that the messages be transmitted to Admiral Sampson, to be deciphered. It is almost needless to say that after these

messages were translated they were still detained; but the story they told shortened not a little the period of our Porto Rican campaign.

Two examples will suffice to show the diversity of the inquiries which came to the censor's office. An officer in charge of cable repair work off Santiago, who held the end of a cut cable which he wished to carry ashore to connect with an existing land line of wire, telegraphed to ask how many yards from the harbor entrance was the spot where the land line approached the shore. He did not wish needlessly to expose his party to attack by trying to force a landing at any other than the proper place. The enterprise that he had in hand was an important one. The cable would connect Washington with General Shafter's headquarters in the field, if he could find the line on shore. I learned that there was only one man who could give this information. He was the builder of the land line of wire, and lived in the island of Martinique. No one else knew exactly where the line came to the shore. The coast was in possession of the enemy, and armed Spanish forces could be seen from the cable boat as they patrolled the beach. When our men took the cable ashore, it must be to the exact spot where it could be connected with the land line, or many lives would be sacrificed. An inquiry was cabled to the constructor at his home in Martinique. He was visiting in the interior, but he soon replied, "Seven hundred and fifty yards to the east of the harbor entrance." This information was telegraphed to our waiting party bobbing up and down in the cable boat. They made a successful landing and, a few hours later, established communication between the headquarters before Santiago and New York.

One day a message came through the cable office at Santiago, from an officer of Admiral Sampson's flagship, asking, "What time is it?" That did not seem a difficult question to answer until it

was made clear that the admiral was adjusting the chronometers of his fleet preparatory to sailing, and that he wished accurate, not to say official time to aid in such adjustment. It was then fifteen minutes before midday, and there was a good opportunity to give to the careful navigator the benefit of the precise noon time of his home meridian at Washington. Accordingly the Naval Observatory was notified by telegraph. The land lines as well as the cable lines and all their connections were cleared, and for the space of one minute preceding noon the line between Santiago and Washington, for the first time in one hundred days, was silent. The signal of one click of the key was agreed upon, and it was awaited eagerly at the various relay stations as well as by the officers of our fleet in Santiago. Precisely at noon the click at Washington was transmitted to New York, thence over the 1450 miles of cable terminating at Cape Haytien, where another cable operator sent it on the last stage of its journey into Santiago, within three seconds of its first transmission nearly 2500 miles away. This is the first instance of chronometer regulation by cable and telegraph lines over so long a distance.

Toward the end of the censorship the government removed the interruption of all forms of commercial business. I was ordered to notify firms in New York which might wish to employ a code or a cipher in the composition of their messages that they might do so, provided they gave me assurance in writing that no matter hurtful to the interests of our country or dealing with its political relations with Spain should lie hidden in any message. No sooner was this announcement made than persons of all ages and nationalities came in crowds. Representatives of houses that imported sugar, tobacco, and fruit, and shippers of cargoes of all kinds, came flocking in, until one doubted whether

there could be so many interests in the United States having close relations with Cuba and Porto Rico, and requiring so great a use of the cables. One representative of a steamship line declared that the new order would save him nearly \$5000 a month, in the lessened cost of his cable tolls. Another declared that this was the first day that he had been able to do business in more than three months, for the danger that knowledge might leak out to his rivals from messages in plain language had compelled him to suspend all his enterprises. One firm filed fifteen code messages within five minutes after their agent had taken his precipitate departure.

Our government, however, had reckoned without due regard to the conditions existing at the other end of the line. The next day a message came from the Spanish censor at Havana, couched in dignified but haughty Castilian: "By what authority does the military censor in New York dictate to me what messages I shall receive and deliver to their destinations, and how long is it since the same authority has declared to whom I may pass messages with its approval?" This message was provoked by the large volume of code and cipher messages which had come to this Spanish functionary, after I had telegraphed to the censor in Key West the long list of firms which had received the government privilege of sending code dispatches. The censor at Havana never received an answer to his inquiry; for a few days later I was instructed to announce to all the cable companies at once that similar instructions had been telegraphed or cabled to our censors at Key West, Santiago, and Ponce, and that all restrictions in the use of code or cipher in commercial business to Cuba or Porto Rico were raised. Thus ended, after a duration of about one hundred and ten days, the military censorship exercised by the United States.

Grant Squires.